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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

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"No man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world: and, were they but as the dust and cinders of vain men, so long as in that notion, they may yet serve to polish and brighten the ornaments of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away."—MILTON.

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1883.

WARREN HASTINGS IN SLIPPERS.

BY DR. J. GRANT.

Unpublished Letters of Warren Hastings.

WE are about to contribute a few stones to the cairn of Warren Hastings. Not that we propose to write his life, to describe his public career, to examine his administrative schemes, or even to analyze his character as statesman or as hero. That task has been performed by a mightier hand. The writer who follows where Macaulay has reaped, must be content to glean the few ears abandoned in the carelessness of boundless wealth. The story of Warren Hastings, of his early pride, and early failures, his struggles in the Council and his triumph at Benares, his services to England, and the black ingratitude with which they were requited, is now a household word. The character of the calm, sagacious statesman, whom no opposition could weary, and no insult annoy, who never hated, but never spared, is as familiar to us all as the character of Wellington. But there is a side in Warren Hastings' character not yet so thoroughly appreciated. There ran through that strong nature a vein of genial natural humour, such as we believe to underlie almost all great characters. In one it produces the exquisite grace which was the household characteristic of Napoleon. In another it elicits the dry satire which gave salt to the conversation of the Iron Duke. In a third it is the kindly appreciation of art which made Sir Robert Peel the first of amateur connoisseurs. And lastly, in too many it produces the ineffectual striving after poetic excellence, which enables Macaulay to style Hastings and Frederick the Great half statesmen and half Trissotins. The sarcasm is unjustifiably severe. The men of the day who are not addicted to out-door amusement find relaxation in the newspaper and the novel. Frederick and Hastings both found it in small attempts at literature, in little poems, and in those carefully written letters which have embalmed for us so much of the spirit and flavour of that age. In the present case these letters are singularly valuable. They shew us the sunny side of a mind which, on the other half, is dark with a weight of care which would have destroyed a heart less brave or a temper less serene.

In regard to the original letters of Warren Hastings and several by his friends, that have been kindly placed at our disposal, it suffices to state that their present possessor obtained them after the death of Nathaniel Brassey Halhed *the second*, and nephew of Hastings' friend. He inherited a good deal of his uncle's intellectual ability. He was a very distinguished member of the Bengal civil service, and considered in his day a great authority on all questions of revenue. He was an admirable oriental linguist, and as was stated in a former article of the

Calcutta Review,* he could pass for a native, sit down and smoke a pipe with any group he fancied, and never be recognized as an European,—the court language or the *patois* of the peasantry being equally facile to him. Those who may expect that these letters will throw any light but of a faint or oblique kind on the Indian career of Hastings, will be disappointed. They are nevertheless not without high interest as admitting us to a fire-side familiarity with men who were remarkable in their day for commanding force of character, or rare intellectual powers. In the correspondence before us we see the great Indian Dictator as it were in his night gown and slippers; and the reader can scarcely fail to compare the oriental ogre-like portrait of Burke and Sheridan, with the retired statesman, in his green old age, settled down as a genial, scholarly, urbane, and neighbourly country gentleman.

The materials before us may be stated as being generally of a social and literary nature, with an occasional sprinkling of light political speculation in prose and verse. Of Warren Hastings it were superfluous here to intrude more upon the reader than what we have already ventured to premise. It is different as respects his correspondent and friend, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, the author of a treatise on Hindu law, and of the first English Hind-dee grammar. Of him, much less is known now in the republic of letters, than his eminent talents and splendid acquirements deserve. "Honour to him who first through the impassable paves a road."† The man who furnishes a grammar for a language, unknown save in the far region where it is vernacular, cannot fail to be acknowledged as a public benefactor. He paves a way through the impassable. This will be the more readily acknowledged if we bear in mind the difficulties that stand in his way, and the disproportion between his opportunities and their results. Gratefully admitting our obligations to such an agent, we are further free to confess, that he who was not only the contemporary, but the friend of a Warren Hastings, a Sir William Jones, and a Brinsley Sheridan, could be no ordinary man, even if we knew nothing more concerning him than the simple fact of his being their friend. His mind, indeed, was one of a quick and versatile turn, as well as of a large capacity for usefulness, had circumstances been more propitious than they proved. He resembled his friend the founder of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and its first President, in forming an exception to the remark, that a great facility for acquiring languages is not always joined to high intellectual ascendancy, or a fine imagina-

* Article vi. vol. 7.

† Mr. T. Carlyle on Goethe.

tion. These, however, Halhed happily united, for whatever passed through his mind was sure to acquire, in that transit, those beautiful hues which a fertile fancy well versed in various learning can alone supply. As we never had the advantage of being personally acquainted with that extraordinary man, we presume that our readers will not be sorry to be now introduced to him, by one who knew and loved him well. We mean the late Elijah Barwell Impey. Alas! that we should have to say the *late*, but so it is—"after life's fitful fever he sleeps well—nothing can touch him further." How much touched he was by revived slanders upon his father's memory, we knew by personal communication with himself, for we had the good fortune to be acquainted with that estimable, amiable and accomplished gentleman. Though of gentle and retiring disposition, yet had he a resolute will to do bravely what he deemed his sacred duty. His mission was to clear a father's reputation from grievous obloquy, and to brush from his ermine those spots which the arts of that chartered libeller, Philip Francis, had endeavoured to stain it with.

"Contemporary, and of like continuance in Parliament with my father"—says Mr. E. B. Impey—"was Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a name never to be mentioned by me but with reverence and affection. Our family friendship, and, subsequently, my own personal intimacy with that extraordinary man, enable me to confirm all that has been recorded of the versatility of his talents.* In my long walk through life, I have seldom met the man who knew so much of so many things, or who had so ready a command of all he knew. In him the brightest of intellects was accompanied by the kindest of hearts. His principles were as sound as his erudition, and his friendship not less steady and enduring than his conversation was attractive and admired. Halhed's acquaintance with Mr. Hastings and my father began in India, where he held very important employments, and where his ability and zeal were of incalculable service to the Governor-General and to the Company. To Hastings he always professed personal obligations, but it was not singly by the tie of gratitude that he was bound, for life, to that great and good man: he revered Mr. Hastings as an eminent statesman who had saved and enlarged an empire;—and none knew better than Mr. Halhed the difficulties with which he had to contend;—also he loved him as the friend of letters, the patron of every elevating pursuit, the pleasantest of companions, the kindest and the easiest man to live with that might be found in the wide world."

If the stern utilitarian should object that much of our materials comes under the head of literature, and criticism of so light a nature as to be even sportive or trivial, it ought at the same

* See Life of Sir W. Jones, by Lord Teignmouth, and Memoirs of R. B. Sheridan, by Mr. Moore.

time to be borne in recollection that it served to soothe care, and to alleviate the pressure of painful circumstances. It was the lenitive of many a dark hour. It thus innocently promoted a beneficial end. It may do so still ; for what amused the great Hastings, may also entertain us, albeit we be a more fastidious if not less mirthful generation. We are perhaps too much of the temperament ascribed to "the lean and hungry Cassius"—scorning ourselves that we should be brought to laugh at any thing. We are in all things not so easily pleased as those who have gone before us. We are made of sterner stuff, and look more for a *quid pro quo* in every thing. We do not like to throw a laugh away even : we must have the laugh's worth first. Our ancestors looked not at the grassy meadow, and the corn-field, with a mere cold, calculating glance, as to their probable outturn. They gazed with a consideration quite beside the agricultural or, politico-economical one. They had also a feeling for by-ways and green lanes, and hedge nests and flowers ; where a meditative rambler might take his quiet stroll and enjoy himself, either in pleasant solitude, or in the society of some congenial friend.

"From my earliest years"—writes one of our kind informants,* "I have loved the name of Halhed. The late Robert W. Halhed of Birchfield Priory, Berks, a dear friend of my father and mother, and scarcely less of myself, was my original informant on the points of the family genealogy, and my passport to the intercourse I afterwards enjoyed with his gifted and eccentric brother." From this source we learn that Nathaniel Halhed, the grandfather, had been a broker in Exchange Alley, where he acquired a considerable estate, and died 17th January 1730-1, at the age of 66. He had married twice : first, (who died 30th March 1717, aged 43), Elizabeth, daughter of William Houghton, of Reading, Berks, by whom he had eight children. One of these was Captain of a man-of-war, and was lost at sea. He married secondly, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of George Mason, of Noke Herefordshire, who died 16th October 1729, aged 44. By her he had William Halhed of the Noke, and of great George's Street, Westminster, &c. He was a bank director, and died 30th September 1786, aged 64. He was also twice married ; first to Frances Caswall, by whom he had, 1st *Nathaniel Brassey*, 2nd Robert William, 3rd John (both of whom married their cousins of the name of Caswall) and Ellen Frances, the wife of Edwin Atkins of Kingston—Lisle, Berks. Of the early career of Nathaniel Brassey Halhed our reverend informant could know little, as he was at the time unborn. He then adds—"I distinctly remember to have heard that he proposed to himself three principles of action, from all

of which he deviated. I recollect one only, his determination not to marry in India, whereas he married Helena Louisa Ribau, the daughter of the Governor of Chinsurah. From this lady, I gathered a beautiful anecdote of Warren Hastings. On his return from India an old friend treated him cavalierly, to his great mortification: this treatment arose from his having given a son, whom he sent to India, a letter of recommendation to the Governor-General, and resenting his imagined neglect of the young man. In fact Mr. Hastings had done all he could for him, but found him utterly unprincipled and incapable of advancement. Mrs. Hastings, who did not like the desertion of an old friend to be added to the other cruel persecutions her husband suffered, was one day urging his making known this *cause* of the check to the young man's promotion, when Mr. H. replied,—“Nay, it matters little what he may think of me; but let us not make a father think ill of his own child.”

“Halhed was in later life *exceedingly* deaf, almost precluding the intercourse of conversation. Impossible as it was to converse with him in company, I had many delightful opportunities of glean- ing his opinions when we were together domiciled at Beech Hill Priory, and his companion in a rural ramble. I cannot help thinking that he perceived in myself a simplicity and sincerity, which propitiated him, where professional pedantry would have induced him to stand aloof. I need not say to you that his religious opinions were rather wild. Some doubted whether he had any religion at all. In fact, however, I found that though he had deviated from all the beaten tracks, his principles were deeply religious, and his reverence for revelation profound. Though not acquiescing in every old woman's superstitious tale, no child was more docile, where he could reasonably consider the authority Divine.”

To the above we have only to add, that on the mother's side Mr. Halhed was lineally descended from Lenthal, the speaker of the House of Commons at the time when the bluff Protector, Oliver Cromwell, ordered a certain *bauble* to be removed. Mr. Halhed received the principles of a sound classical education at Harrow, under the celebrated Dr. Summer, whence, after an assiduous application of ten years, he removed to Oxford, and entered himself of Christ Church College. He remained at Oxford from 1768 to 1770, and was, as we learned, neither conspicuous for extraordinary exertions nor remarked for deficiency of talent. He and Sheridan, as Mr. E. B. Impey informs us, had sate on the same form at Harrow school, and after their schoolboy days the closest intimacy had subsisted between them. Moore mentions Halhed in his life of Sheridan, but as is pettishly observed in the communication of the Rev. Mr. Streatfield, he (Moore)

"manifestly knew nothing." We may therefore *cum grano*, admit his statement that they were afterwards engaged together in various literary speculations. He gives no dates, but we learn from the friend of all others whom, next to Mr. Hastings, he most valued, and whom he from his boyhood appeared to love like a son—*viz.*, Mr. E. B. Impey—that after a separation of many years, which had been spent by Halhed in the east, "they met again in England at the moment when Sheridan, with an entire ignorance of the subject, was preparing his oration on the Benares charge, and acting with the foremost of the enemies of the two men whom Mr. Halhed most loved and venerated, Mr. Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey." It appears that Halhed in his conscientious simplicity deemed that he could save his friend of the "*School for Scandal*" from the commission and propagation of falsehood and defamation. He fondly imagined that if he could once demonstrate to Sheridan from his own knowledge,* that the charge he had undertaken to maintain against Hastings was founded upon false grounds, the companion of his youth would thank him and throw up the charge. At the interview that took place the result turned out otherwise. "Halhed, (we quote Mr. Impey) than whom no one was capable of conveying surer information, entered at that meeting into full particulars relative to the Benares charge. He opened the discussion with a heart overflowing with candour and conciliation. He was met with an artificial reserve, and an evasive arrogance which at once closed the door to all negotiation. *From that moment Halhed and Sheridan never met nor spoke with each other upon amicable terms.*" Alas! it was not truth, or correct information, that Sheridan was hunting after, for "into the porches of his ears," and those of his party, Philip Francis had been "pouring his leprous distillment, whose effect holds such an enmity with blood of man!" According to Mr. Moore, Halhed was also a suitor of the fair Miss Linley, who afterwards became Mrs. Sheridan. It was, however, he testifies, a generous rivalry, but the circumstances arising out of Mr. Matthews' duel with the young dramatist, demonstrated the hopelessness of any competitor standing a chance with him.

The learning of the east having formed a considerable part of Mr. Halhed's studies, and an opportunity offering of a writership in the service of the India Company, he went in the beginning of 1771 to Bengal. Here he soon recommended himself to the great patron of literary, as well as official merit, Mr. Hastings, then at Madras, but about to become second in Council at Calcutta. Of the various extracts from literary speculations referred to by

Mr. Moore, as having been carried on between Sheridan and Halhed, we have reason to believe that the greater portion was from the pen of the latter. Under all these circumstances, supposing them to be correctly stated, the destination of the young Halhed for the far East may be looked upon as a sort of lover's leap, calculated entirely to cure him of his passion for a lovely object, now entirely beyond his reach. When such a disappointment does not unhinge moral energy, or blight with despair the green vigour of youth, it becomes a question whether on the whole it may not prove beneficial; serving as an instrument of discipline, and preparing the heart, in the fulness of time, for a more lasting attachment. He remained in India upwards of six years.

As already stated, he married in this country Miss Helena Louisa Ribaut, daughter of the Governor of the Dutch settlement of Chinsurah. For some time, it would appear that the union was not a very happy one. There might not perhaps have been on the lady's part "all that young poets dream of whom they love." Admirable in other respects, there might have been some coldness on the lady's part towards the ideal. His keen relish too, of the subtle, the humorous, or the occult, might possibly not have met a corresponding accordance in a mind amiably anxious to conform in all things to his, but sometimes at a loss to comprehend all it might desire. The game of ambition played eagerly in the hey-day of youth, strength and prosperity, as well as absorbing literary pursuits, sometimes may incapacitate men of more than ordinary intellectual powers and acquirements, from fulfilling all the expectations of a young girl's loving and devoted heart. Be that as it may, the persevering fondness of the lady, not untinctured with jealousy, (perhaps with reason,) triumphed, at length, over all his foibles and won his unalterable affection and esteem. Mrs. Halhed, indeed, from all we have heard on the part of those who knew her well, no less than from the internal evidence of the correspondence in our possession, appears to have been a very estimable woman, as well as a most amiable and excellent wife. In the dark days of her husband's adversity her good qualities shone forth in their full yet modest and benignant lustre, and her cheerful conformity to altered fortunes, no less than her unobtrusive strength of character, proved his chief solace and support.

It was easier in the days of Mr. Halhed's sojourn in India to acquire an independence than it is now. For this there were obvious reasons, sufficiently familiar to those conversant with the history of our Indian empire. It is sufficient here to note that though the nominal salary of a civil servant was far less than in our own days, various avenues to the acquisition of wealth were

then available that have since been closed up. Certain privileges were allowed in the way of trade, while a greater latitude in regard to accepting presents was permitted. The amount of available talent too, was then less, or it may perhaps be more correct to say, that there was less competition in a wide field than now obtains, so that all men might stand more upon their pretensions, and self-estimation, in a market comparatively limited, than they could now, when India is well known, and the means of supply exceed the demand in a service rendered still more honourable by the many distinguished men who have flourished in it since Halhed's day. In a printed memoir of Mr. Halhed that appeared in 1795, we find it stated with reference to his six years' sojourn in the East—"As the busy tongue of detraction has never dared utter a syllable to his disadvantage, during this time, we feel no hesitation in saying that his conduct was such as to entitle him to the full approbation of his superiors abroad, and every degree of indulgence from the Directors at home." His application to business did not wean his mind from his studies; and it was during this interval that he produced his grammar, and work on Hindoo law.

In 1778 Mr. Halhed returned to England, and employed some of his succeeding years in travelling for health and amusement. Though his constitution had suffered very materially from the climate of Bengal and his intense application, after a short stay in England, he returned to India in 1784, to resume his official functions, but was obliged soon after his arrival to abandon what then proved to him an ungenial and inhospitable shore. He reached England in 1785, at which time, the state of his health was such, as to excite the serious fears of his friends. From this to the year 1790, little trace is to be found of him except in his literary effusions. The pursuit of a convalescent after the most invaluable of blessings, would, even if we had the details, afford little entertainment to the reader. His pursuits, however, were such as did credit to his philanthropy and taste. He wrote verses, studied chronology, collected pictures and books, and led the easy life of the independent gentleman. At the general election in 1790, he started as candidate for the town of Leicester. He and Mr. Samuel Smith were candidates in the ministerial interest, against two in that of the opposition. The contest was severe, and conducted with spirit for several days, when after the most vigorous exertions, Mr. Halhed, not desiring to enter into boundless expense, agreed with Mr. Montolieu, one of the opposition candidates, to withdraw their efforts on a compromise. He was afterwards more successful in another quarter, being returned for Lymington, Hants.

From Mr. E. Barwell Impey himself we learned that his first

recollection of him was about 1790, when he was living in an expensive style in Harley-street. About the same period, a mistaken confidence in the financial resources of M. Necker, then at the head of affairs in France, induced him as it did many others, (his friend Sir Elijah Impey included) to invest his property in the French funds. The result proved most unfortunate. From certain data we believe that his loss could scarcely be under thirty thousand pounds. He was thus reduced to the dismal prospect of passing the remainder of his days almost on the verge of positive privation. Mr. Halhed sat in two parliaments for Ly-mington. His chief display in the house, or at least that which created the greatest sensation, was his speech on behalf of Mr. Brothers, who had been an officer in the navy, but who made himself remarkable by setting up for a prophet. The following extract from Mr. Impey's memoirs of Sir Elijah will prove not uninteresting to those of our readers who have not the work at hand to refer to.

"The attachment between my father and Halhed was mutual, and lasted till dissolved by death, nor was it for a moment interrupted by a strong divergency of opinion on some important subjects. On one point, and only on that one, Halhed's imagination was too strong for his judgment. I would speak with the utmost delicacy of this foible of my highly gifted and long lamented friend: nor would I speak of it at all, were it not already a matter of public notoriety. Among other abstruse questions, Mr. Halhed had devoted much time to the study of prophecy, and the awful mysteries of the Apocalypse. The amount of European as well as Asiatic lore which he brought to bear upon these subjects, was immense; nor in a less degree was the ingenuity with which he applied it all. But his head was heated by this one absorbing and inexplicable subject. At this juncture another very inoffensive enthusiast—Richard Brothers, commonly called "Brothers the Prophet," began to utter his wild predictions. Halhed listened, examined, and became more than half a believer in them. This was during the early part of the French Revolution, when the British Government and people took alarm at every suspicious circumstance. Brothers was constantly announcing the fast approaching subversion of all states and kingdoms; but in a far different sense from that maintained by the republicans of France. Government, however, chose to couple his religious insanity with their political madness; and Richard Brothers, for some supposed seditious words, was apprehended and committed to Newgate, as one guilty of high treason. Halhed, who rightly thought that he had been committed on a very irregular and foolish warrant, resolved to stand forward as his champion in the House of Commons, and gave notice of a motion for his discharge."

Mr. Halhed was both a profound and extensive scholar. .We

have the conclusive evidence of Parr* as to his qualifications in Greek and Latin, nor was his progress in Hebrew and Sanscrit behind them. His oriental acquirements, indeed, are those most generally known to the world. To these he added a colloquial knowledge of modern languages, and there is ample evidence in his manuscripts of his being well versed in mathematics. His defects arose in a great measure from excellencies not sufficiently disciplined. The mind which, with mirror-like fidelity, is capable of reflecting the beauties that present themselves to a fertile imagination, may also exhibit blemishes. There is a daguerreotype faculty, so to say, of genius, to represent both combined, nor is it always an easy task for self-love to separate the truly beautiful from the meretricious. Perfection in regard to taste, no less than conception and execution, is very rare. The subject of these remarks was no exception to this truth. That he had his own doubts in regard to the standard of his literary labours, is most probable, had we nothing more conclusive to judge from than his aversion to publication in his more advanced years. This aversion might originally have its source partly in the want of means to meet the expenses of publication, which at one, and that the darkest phase of his life, he laboured under. In the prime of life, he looked to literature, not merely as a recreation, but as an available means of income. In maturer years, he appears altogether to have abandoned such an idea. Whatever in the literary path he contemplated latterly, was only in the way of pastime, or bagatelle. As he grew older, his deafness, we imagine, added to that indifference to publicity which became positive repugnance. Whatever he now composed, was confined to the admiration of a small circle of friends. It is our duty to exhibit him as he really was, nothing extenuating, and nothing withholding that is due to biographical truth. Then shall we have simply to tell of a man of undoubted genius, of rare gifts somewhat misapplied and wasted, of unstained integrity of character, and of warm and kindly feelings and aspirations. His penetrating and expansive mind went perhaps too far upon the wing of imagination into the dim and shadowy regions of the speculative and the mythic. From these, again, he could at a bound revert to the genial realms of humour and burlesque. As respects the former, such recondite subjects have for many minds an overpowering fascination, drawing it with potent spells into an enchanted land of syrens, and spirits of air and flood.

In the remote tracks of home tradition and Ethnic speculation, his flights were as vigorous as they were frequent, but even in the

darkest portion of his course, there was a track of light such as genius only leaves. He might not always convince, but he could not fail to charm, by his originality, his learning, and his eloquence. The love of speculation became with him a passion, in some sort, but not an obtrusive one. Far inferior to him in erudition and reading, it is not to be wondered at, that his conclusions might appear startling to near relations and connexions. Such are not always the best judges of character, or even the most lenient. In his case, we have the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Streatfield that some members of his family did him grave injustice. This may account for an estrangement of some years duration between himself and his brothers, who though truly worthy men, nevertheless held very different pursuits from his ; and being more practical men, most likely held in sovereign contempt the ideal and the mythic. Unaware of the steps by which he arrived at his induction, we can easily conceive what *caviare* the whole affair must have been to their sense, and how to their honest and more *brawny* impressions, it must have appeared insanity as well as impiety, to hint that Adam was Pan, Eve Pandora, and Vishnu in the Varaha Avatar, the Redeemer of the world ! To speak phrenologically, his organ of veneration was so largely developed, that he was liable to be carried away by the impulsive liveliness of his imagination, and the ductility of his feelings, beyond the bounds of prudence if not of decorum itself. The brilliancy of his own fancy cast a glare round the most eccentric speculations, which were sure to be illustrated by vivid antithesis, and classic felicity of erudition. It is minds thus toned that are liable to be warped by the mirage of intellectual speculation. The besetting fault of minds so constituted, is a proneness, not to scepticism, but its very opposite, a tendency to the belief of more than is warranted. We shall not be surprised then on finding that an intellect of his calibre should for a moment have been puzzled by the voluble and plausible fanaticism of a man like Richard Brothers, appealing to scripture itself for curious coincidences which seemed to harmonise with contingencies of the time. We have an apt illustration of this tendency to extension of belief in the marvellous in another remarkable man, also associated with Indian recollections,—John Zephaniah Holwell, the historian of the said catastrophe of the so-called, "Black Hole of Calcutta." Mr. Holwell was no less distinguished for his administrative talents and his ability for business, than for certain psychological eccentricities, such as a belief in genii, and that human souls are fallen angels permitted to do penance in the form of humanity. This sort of hobby may be ridden by more than may be dreamed of in the bills of mortality ; for

who is without some oddity of belief, or motive, would he but have Halhed's candour to avow it? Developments of this kind no more infer general unsoundness of mind than the retention of extraordinary opinions, though existing in the mind, predicates their non-existence. It is thus that the mirthful hoyden may be more truly virtuous than the sedate but sly prude. Were all who entertain opinions that their duller or more phlegmatic neighbours may deem odd, to be therefore considered as of unsound understanding, who would be pronounced the reverse? The day has been, nay, now is, that suggests the prudence of a man abstaining from riding his hobby too much *coram populo*. A question of abstract nicety might thus place a man in a false position, though in all that affects his dealings with society he may be practically right. Had George III. but whispered a belief in transubstantiation, it would have excited "admired disorder"—and might have shaken allegiance. On matters of practical government, on the other hand, his obstinacy even to the severing of fourteen colonies from the empire, came within the line of sane prerogative.

It would seem to be a difficult point for many to judge wisely between the physician and the quack, but at this hour we believe quackeries as absurd as Brothers' revelations. To suppose Mr. Richard Brothers to be an honest man even, much less a true exponent of prophecy, if not himself a prophet, was, it seems, in days when metallic tractors, earth baths, tar water, and mesmerism attracted a large affluence of implicit faith, deemed a kind of solecism of rationality. The belief itself, or a leaning towards it, in any of these oddities of the day, as in the Brothers' oddity, might have passed with other follies of the hour, but the assertion of one or other of them in so conspicuous a place as the House of Commons was for the million too astounding. Were all who verge on the line of nonsense in Parliament liable to be brought to question in regard to the *mens sana*, on account of what they utter there, it might make a fearful reduction in the votes of the House. As respects Brothers himself, he was by rank and station a gentleman, and as far as we can understand, an amiable and sincere enthusiast. His vaticinations, however, were in one sense inexpedient; they were not seasonable, and had an agitative tendency, at a time when agitation was felt by all to be dangerous. It appears that he not only claimed to be a prophet like unto Moses, but assumed also the character of a Jew, and to be the leader of the Jews, who according to his prediction, were soon to be restored to the Holy Land. Having at length promulgated prophecies regarding the French revolution, the destruction of London, and so forth, sprinkled with apocalyptic illustrations, Govern-

ment took the alarm, and he was on the morning of the 4th March 1796, arrested at his house, by two king's messengers and their assistants, on a charge of high treason. He received the messengers with a complaisance and mildness that were habitual to him, and even expressed his knowledge of the purpose they were come for. After they had shewn their authority for intruding upon him, he submitted without opposition to have all his papers examined. A crowd gathered, who appeared furious at his being arrested. He was taken in the first instance to the house of Mr. Ross, the messenger in Crown Court Westminster. There were grounds, or there were supposed to be, for deeming that he had become the tool of faction to delude the people and to excite sedition. The warrant on which he was apprehended was grounded on the XV. of Elizabeth, in which he stood charged with "unlawfully, maliciously, and wickedly writing, publishing, and printing various fanatical prophecies, with intent to cause dissensions, and other disturbances within the realm, and other of the king's dominions contrary to the statute."

Mr. Halhed now made a motion in the House of Commons for the release of Mr. Brothers. His friends were naturally anxious that he should not thus make what they not unjustly considered, an exposé of himself. Sir Elijah Impey, with the warm earnestness of genuine friendship, wrote to Mr. Halhed the night before his motion was to come on, urging that he should not make such a display. It was all in vain. He replied that he *must* make his motion—and that he should not be at home to Sir Elijah next morning. He had, in fact, made up his mind to what he conceived an act of imperative duty. "On Wednesday, March 31, 1795."—(testifies Mr. E. B. Impey,) "Halhed made his motion in the House, and delivered his extraordinary oration. Extraordinary, indeed, and startling and extravagant in its premises was the greater part of the speech; yet so ingeniously and systematically was it constructed, and so eloquently was it delivered, that it was listened to in profound silence for three long hours. My father often described that silence, by saying, "you might have heard a pin drop in the House." Another writer, whose remarks were printed at the time, thus delivers his opinion of Mr. Halhed's performance. "The speech he delivered pursuant to his notice on the 31st March, is one of the finest flowers of parliamentary elocution; for closeness of reasoning, and persuasive candour, it is almost unparalleled. Though the scholar and man of brilliant talents are discernible in every part, yet nowhere is the accuracy of the logician sacrificed to the graces of the orator. We might suppose our own judgment bribed by the occasion of the speech, for assuredly the character of the British senator never

shines more, than when his abilities are employed to rescue from persecution, a man whose only imputed crime is an effort to warn his countrymen against dangers he fancies he sees prepared for them ; but when we recollect the manner in which the speech was received, on its delivery—what deep attention pervaded the House—what solemn expectation it excited—with what eagerness every sentence was heard—that wit was, by the importance and elegance of it, disarmed of its profligate sneer, and sophistry of its quirking reply, our judgment becomes unalterably confirmed, and we feel no sentiment but astonishment, that an instant discussion was not provoked, by some candid and spirited member seconding Mr. Halhed's motion."*

The discussion which the writer of the above wished for, did not take place, as there was no seconder, and for some time afterwards there was no end of ridicule in all its phases of squib, epigram and pamphlet—of which the prophet had his ample share. David Levi, the author of "*Lingua Sacra*," and other works, addressed a series of printed letters to Mr. Halhed, of a controversial character of course. He pointed out the weakness of the pillars against which Mr. Halhed had rested his evidence for Brothers—especially in regard to the apochryphal book of Esdras, which Mr. Levi called an arrant piece of plagiarism, probably written by some Hellenistic Jew, taken into the service of the Christians of the second or third century. He treated with contempt Brothers' pretension to be a prophet like unto Moses, and Mr. Halhed's testimony in support of this pretension. "I cannot conceive," he wrote, "how he (Brothers) can be accounted a Jew, (and which he certainly must before he can lay claim to be their prince), while he is deficient in the most essential qualification of a Jew, namely, God's covenant in his flesh : circumcision is an indispensable rite, and no one can be incorporated into their society till he has undergone the operation. How the prophet came to overlook this, which is so essential to his mission, I know not : but it is plain to me that he has not learned his business."†

Perhaps an extract from Mr. Halhed's speech may be not unacceptable to our readers, as it keeps close to the argument of liberty of conscience, and personal liberty.

"Christianity, we all know, is subdivided into an innumerable multiplicity of sects, who differ from each other in more or fewer subordinate articles ; but they must all necessarily admit the interference, in some shape or other, of God in the government of the world, and the authenticity of the Scriptures, in which all Christianity depends.

* "*Register of the Times*," April 1795.

† Letters to N. B. Halhed, M.P. in answer to his testimony, &c. &c.

NOW, though I do not say it is altogether orthodox, yet it certainly is not inadmissible in this free country, where a translation of the whole Bible is published in the vernacular tongue, by royal authority, for any man to build upon those scriptures a theory of his own, in conformity to that which he may conceive to be their true and recon-dite meaning ; always, however, I most implicitly allow, in perfect submission to the laws and police of the country. As a matter most in point, I shall beg leave to instance the very numerous and very discordant commentaries which have been written, more in this kingdom than in any other, on the prophecies contained in the Old and New Testaments. I shall be bold to say, that by the very canons of the Anglican church, the authenticity of the prophecies themselves is put out of all doubt ; all the difference that can exist in opinion must necessarily be on the score of interpretation.

“ One man finds the whole of their mysterious and hidden allusions to bear exclusively on Rome, and another on Turkey. France is by some deemed the grand theatre of their denunciations ; by others, perhaps, Germany or Poland ; but if one solitary individual happen to pitch on Great Britain as the destined spot for the elucidation of these enigmatical predictions, surely it is not unreasonable that he should request cool and dispassionate investigation of the grounds of his assertion, before you condemn him to fire and faggot. We have all heard and thought that persecutions for religious opinions were annihilated in England, and that toleration was everywhere making a rapid progress. This toleration is what I now solicit ; not immediately on Mr. Brothers’ account, but on my own.”

It never rains, but it pours. A perfect crowd of witnesses came to the rescue of the sorely belcagured prophet—but some also testified against him. Amongst the latter was one who in her letter addressed to Mr. Halhed, designated herself simply as “ An old woman.” As the reviewer of her letter (1795) remarked, she was a sensible good sort of old woman, who had read her Bible to very good purpose, and minded the apostolic precept, not to give heed to old wives’ fables. She pronounced Mr. Brothers mad—and produced what appeared stubborn facts in confirmation of her assertion. She then proceeded to shew the absurdity of applying the prophecies of the 18th of Revelations exclusively to London, as Mr. Halhed had done, and to rally him pretty handsomely on his making Brothers a second Moses, and on his eloquent harangue upon the subject in the House of Commons. Mr. Halhed, however, was not convinced at all, and held out stoutly for his own convictions. The members of his family, and some of his staunchest friends viewed all with infinite pain. His brothers remonstrated to a degree that he considered unwarranted, and estrangement ensued that lasted for some years. It preyed deeply on his sensitive mind, and the effect of this, as well as of his pecuniary losses

in France, and his inability to live in that easy and liberal style he had been accustomed to, was to make him withdraw altogether from general society for a period of some fourteen years, ranging from 1796 to 1808. During this season of suffering, self-denial, and seclusion, his course cannot be very clearly traced—since he entirely gave up writing, even to Mr. Hastings, or the Impey family, with the exception perhaps of Elijah. This state of things could not fail to cause sincere concern to his friends, who nevertheless scarcely knew how to deal with the poor, but proud man, shrinking from all approach to obligation, save such as might be acknowledged by a *gentleman* without a wound to his *amour propre*. He persisted, therefore, in standing entirely aloof from society, with a philosophical determination of remaining in that state of self exile until he could enter his circle again, upon more equal terms than were then within his reach. However justified to themselves they might have felt in intention, his brothers at length made the requisite advances to a reconciliation, and admitted frankly that they had been in the wrong, expressing regret that their zeal for his own welfare, and that of his family, had carried them too far. This simple admission was all their warm-hearted relative sought for. It re-established perfect and affectionate union between them, to be interrupted no more, but by death. There is evidence in the correspondence, not only of this cordial re-adjustment of difference, but of acts of substantial kindness and service on their part, springing from this restored confidence. During the whole time of his seclusion, there is every reason to believe that he was any thing but idle. He had always some speculative field of his own to range, or some attractive intellectual object in view. He certainly wrote a great deal, at the same time that he had an undefined horror of publishing. Repeatedly we find Mr. Hastings expressing regret that some of his ingenious friend's beautiful compositions would never be seen beyond a circle of three or four. The family of his Mæcenæ, as he loved to call Mr. Hastings, that of the Impeys, and one or two relatives, came at length to form his little public, beyond which he had no desire that his fugitive compositions should be known.

In the days of their prosperity Mrs. Halhed was a good deal about the Court, and on terms of easy intimacy with the late Princess Elizabeth, who presented her with many valuable marks of regard. Of her Royal Highness' goodness and their grateful appreciation of it, many traces exist in the correspondence. At last Mr. Halhed emerged from his state of voluntary exile, although his increasing deafness, there is reason to infer, enhanced his reluctance to quit it. There is, however, a radiation of kindness centering from several points, that like the magnet

island of the Arabian tale, loosens the iron rivets of the sternest resolution. Halhed's heart was not a stern one, and could not remain inflexible to the love of so many true friends. It is impossible to contemplate this man of true genius during his isolation of so many years, under the pressure of adverse fortune without a feeling of deep sympathy and respect. How many, under circumstances of a similar nature, have, to "drown care," as the phrase is, sought relief in intemperance! How mournfully frequent have been the instances, when owing to that Circean refuge, the wreck of fortune has been embittered by the wreck of reputation! It is in no ungenerous spirit that we would here compare the two school fellows, each so gifted, but each coming so differently out of the fiery ordeal—Sheridan and Halhed. *Requiescant in pace.* The latter came out of the vale of tribulation without stain on his integrity of purpose or conduct, under the guidance of uncompromising conscientiousness. Among the scraps of his composition, we find the following lines, never meant for any eye but his own, and which may be accepted as a true transcript of his state of mind. They are dated 3rd July 1806, and are simply entitled in his own handwriting

N. B. H.'S PRAYER.

"I ask not life, I ask not fame,
I ask not gold's deceitful store;
The charms of grandeur's wealth and name
Thank heaven, are charms to me no more.
To do Thy will, oh God, I ask,
By faith o'er life's rough sea to swim,
With patience to work out my task,
And leave the deep result to him."

During the eclipse of his fortunes there were no vain complaints, no murmuring, no unmanly querulousness. He bore all with the dignity of quiet Christian fortitude—the truest and best of all philosophy. He was no grievance monger, that most intolerable of bores, laying hold of the button of all he meets, like that unhappy "Ancient Mariner" whom Coleridge has immortalised. At this time, too, which may well be called his passage through the "slough of despond," he had to bear with the irritating impertinences (for such they must not unfrequently have been,) of a number of uneducated admirers, or followers of the pseudo prophet, who clung tenaciously to the skirts "of one of us"—and be a member of Parliament.

It is high time, however, that we proceed to lay before our readers portions of the correspondence in our possession. In the letters to Mr. Hastings, there is ever a deferential, not to say

filial tone, the honest tribute of a grateful and highly cultivated mind ; while on the part of the Daysford family, we recognize an earnest desire to anticipate little wants in a delicate spirit of genuine neighbourly kindness.

The following letter to Mr. Hastings was written with reference to a political mission to the Court of the Nabob Vizier of Oude. He asks for instructions and terminates with an effusion in verse, allusive to Mr. Hastings' departure for England.

"Muzafferpore, 9th November 1784.

"HONOURABLE SIR,—It is usual for ambassadors, charges d'affaires, and public agents of all kinds to forward to the Court whither they are bound, copies of those credentials and authoritative instructions which entitle them to a confidential reception at the said Court, and of which they are bound to present the originals in person. In conformity to established precedent, therefore, I take the liberty to enclose copies of two letters which came to hand this day from the Nabob Wajah and Sir Edward Hughes. I may perhaps venture on the strength of this circumstance to intreat the favour of you to permit me to be the channel of any communications you may be pleased to make to His Highness ; and to solicit the honour of your instructions for an answer to the Nabob from myself, so far as may relate to the style which it is proper for me to hold under the connection which His Highness' letter so flattering supposes. I shall not acknowledge the receipt of this august epistle till your commands reach me.

"I have waited hitherto for a farther answer from Major Palmer respecting the *terms* which I plainly told him were the necessary preliminary to my engagements with the Vizier. His answer might have reached me to-day and has not. But as I would lose no time in accomplishing the object of my wishes, should the result be favourable, I mean to leave this place to-morrow, (where we have been for a few days on a visit to Grand) and proceed immediately to Benares. Wilkins has discovered three very ancient Hindoo inscriptions at Chunar, which he is to have copied, and of which we will take the first opportunity to forward you the explication, should they not be inexplicable. I would now, honourable Sir, take the liberty to request a few words of advice and information from you as to the tenor of the several documents, with which it will be proper I should be furnished by the Vizier, whether I should have a public and authoritative letter to the Company—whether to the king—whether to Mr. Pitt? In what strain they should run? Whether indicative of already established independence, or applicatory for unconditional resignation of all hitherto exercised influence and control? I doubt if we shall ever be able to discriminate all these minutiae properly at the Court of Oude, unless you will condescend to enlighten Major P.—and myself,—with a set of joint instructions. I would also submit to your judgment whether it would be decent, or advisable, or salutary to the *general cause*, or consistent with my probable en-

gagements in Oude, (which however I am sanguine enough in consequence of Mr. Palmer's letter to imagine almost beyond the reach of interested malice to circumvent or overthrow), that I should offer to become also agent for the Nabob Walajah in England. It is now the only service I have to offer, and I mean it merely in the event of no such designation having been thought of for or by Major Grattan.

"I am rendered exceedingly happy in the observation that each successive packet from England brings an addition of strength, or at least a presumption of such addition to your arm and to your cause. The prospect of daily invigorating influence will at all events throw a brighter lustre on the remaining products of your labours, and cast a rich tinge of sunshine on your final arrangements.

"But ah ! when from the parting vessel's stern,
A nation's woes shall in your bosom burn ;
While, as Calcutta fades beneath your eye,
That breast shall heave the last parental sigh,
To think that o'er this strife-devoted plain,
So long reposing in your cares—in vain,
Up rais'd by mammon, and by faction nurs'd,
So soon the storms of anarchy must burst.
Say, can a frail exotic's tender frame
Repel the torrent, or defy the flame ?
Your gardener hand, dear Sir, first gave it root,
Your kindly influence bade its buds to shoot ;
Can it but wither, when those beams are gone,
In air ungenial, and a foreign sun ?

"Mrs. Halhed begs leave to present her best respects, and I have the honour to remain, with the sincerest gratitude and esteem,

Hon'ble Sir,

Your most faithful and devoted, humble servant,

N. B. HALHED."

Benares, 12th November 1784.

"HONOURABLE SIR,—I have hit upon a source of perpetual amusement on an inexhaustible subject : "The abuse of language in modern poetry, by introducing the idioms and expressions of the poetic language of the ancients into modern verses." I have taken the liberty to subjoin a few stanzas by way of specimen : and I hope I am not presumptuous in requesting your assistance, when you feel a necessity of relaxing a little from the toils of empire, in adding to my humble effort, which has only the merit of being so lax and disjointed, that it will admit a stanza on any subject in any part where you may be pleased to put it. And I will venture to say you have only to open any book whatever of modern rhymes, to find in the first ten lines twenty expressions or thoughts that your taste will feel fully worthy of being exposed in my new pillory for poets, as the matter is infinite. You will not be surprised that my essay has no close, and as it is particularly calculated for being filled up by fits and starts, as the maggot bites, the want of connexion is no blot—so here goes—

"On the false taste of the moderns in poetry—
Of all the rusts and crusts and fusts

Which spoil and strifle genuine taste
Of fiddles, paintings, medals, busts,
In jasper, giall, antique, or paste
Nought like your modern poets' idiom
For staff, bombast, and nonsense all—
While in poetic Icarian flights that giddy'em
They labour only for a fall.—

Verse should be common sense refin'd,
The thoughts all pure, compact and new :
A well-wrought picture of the mind
Its colours warm, its outline true.

Epic.	{	While *.....sips his matin news	
		——Suppose the rhyming fit comes on.	
		——Turns <i>this</i> his laundress to a muse,	
		His tea-pot to a helicon ?	
		What magic whips him from his chamber	
		A thousand miles an end at least,	
		Up a steep two-fork'd rock to clamber	
		Where nothing grows for man or beast ?	
		——"The God of verse dwelt there."—I know it;	
		And just as much each schoolboy knows :	
Tragic.	{	But trust me, Sir, your modern poet	
		Should fly his brains, and not his toes.—	
		*In Greece, Parnassus was just by—	
		And Pegasus might waft them soon—	
		But, would your <i>English</i> songster fly,	
		It must be on an air-balloon.	
		What more impertinent by nauseous	
		Than talking of the <i>buskin'd</i> muse ?	
		While we should hiss the each modern Roscius	
		For only wearing high-heel'd shoes.	
Comic.	{	If to the comic stage I run	
		Need verse with lies my reader mock ?	
		——all know, I went to see the pen,	
		And not the actor's dirty sock.†	
Lyric.	{	When Whitehead by a sea-coal fire	
		Eke's out his annual tax of rhyme,	
		Think you, ho "sweeps the sounding lyre	
		"In heav'n-born raptures" all the time ?	
Pastoral.	{	When Lubin in the month of May	
		Beholds his Delia's auburn locks—	
		His pipe allowably may play,——	
		But why apostrophize his <i>flocks</i> ?	
		{	What poet now has flocks to drive,
		{	Or cottage with a sheep-walk to it—

Any name you chuse of two syllables.

† I'll to the comic stage anon,
If learned Johnson's *sock* be on.—MILTON.

Give him but one whole sheep alive,
You'd pose him mightily to stow it.
Theocritus perhaps *had* sheep—
His Idylls *fact* and *nature* speak :
Our bards should other measures keep,
Who buy their mutton by the steak.

"I stumbled upon this as I jogged in my palanquin hither from Patna, and have scribbled it down the instant of my arrival. Here I must wait (and I shall wait with much impatience) till I hear from you and from Palmer. I trust in your goodness not to let the matter die away : and if you will condescend to broach the hint I before mentioned to the minister, it cannot but succeed. Wilkins presents his antediluvian respects, and I have the honour to remain, with the most inviolable attachment,

Hon'ble Sir,
Your most faithful
and devoted, humble servant,
N. B. HALHED.

"13th November. Addenda.—My letter having been too late for yesterday's dawd.

"To spout alternate rhymes, is common
In Italy, as sloth or Eunuchs.
But when did sturdy British yeomen
Alternate ought save ale and blue knocks ? *
Who *really* "tunes a vocal shell ?"
Can it be tun'd ?—set once about it
You'll find a post's horn sound as well.—
Yet who can write a song without it ?
In verse no heathen god can 'scape us :
All *these* are idol-worship-holders.
From Jove to honest old Priapus
In they must come by head and shoulders.
Still Saturn sweeps his reckless scythe on,
Lucina *still* protrudes each Fœtus :
Aurora quits the bed of Tithon,
And Sol descends to that of Thetis.
Full twenty thousand odes per annum
In strains devout on Venus call.
More yet has Cupid than his Grannum,
——— and Cloacina most of all.
"Manibus Sacris" on a tomb
Writes the whole Elegiac herd :
This was plain sense in pagan Rome,
Tho' in a Christian church absurd.
A pundit in Bengal, or Molavee
May daily see a carcass burn :
But you can't furnish, for the soul of ye
A dirge sans *ashes* and an *urn*."

* *Vide* Pope's and Gray's Pastorals.

"Cawnpore, 18th November 1784.

"HON'BLE SIR,—I arrived here at 1 P. M. at Mr. Magrath's bungalow, and scribble a copy of the enclosed while dinner is getting ready. In excuse for it I can only say, that I really intended to speak of the learning, the integrity, the virtue, the philosophy and the disinterestedness of Brahmins. But that when I came to "*sweep the sounding lyre*," the devil of one of them could I find—and Mrs. Melpomene or whoever is the proper officer on these occasions, obliged me to say what I have said. As a poet I might plead the privilege of fiction. But, alas ! it is all sober fact, and therefore I cannot possibly have hit the sublime. I believe there might have been more of it, but the accursed dawk bearers have obliged me to walk so much (not being able even to drag the palanquin after me in some places,) that I was tempted to bestow all my iambics upon them. I have the honor to remain with the most undeviating respect,

Hon'ble Sir,

Your very faithful

and devoted, humble servant,

N. B. HALHED.

Shall not stop to visit Col. Ironside.

"Bath, 17th December 1804.

"MY DEAR HALHED,—Have you any objection to the publication of your lines written in the form of an epitaph on a common prostitute? I ask the question merely, but do not desire your answer to it as an assent to a request ; nor if returned in the affirmative, shall I convey it as a favor. In truth, I wish it was printed in capitals, and affixed to every church-porch and market-place in the kingdom. I must add to the former, another question : should you object to your name being put to it, or to its only being known that you were the author of the poem ? In truth, any man not absolutely torpid to the world's good will, which I will not believe, nor like to believe, that you are, might be proud to own it. It has been once already published, but carried by the vehicle to which it was committed into oblivion. A stray copy, therefore, may yet fall into worse hands than mine, or rather those to which I should transfer it.

"I am here on a transient visit, and shall return home the day after to-morrow.

"Pray, present my respects, and add my affectionate regards to Mrs. Halhed ; and receive from me the assurance of my warmest and most sincere attachment.

"I left Mrs. Hastings well. Adieu, my friend.

Yours ever,

WARREN HASTINGS."

"Pall Mall, 20th December 1804.

"HONOURED SIR,—As Mr. Halhed's thumb is still too bad to old a pen, he has made me his amanuensis to convey his best thanks for your kind letter this moment received, and as he cannot say nay to you, he is only particularly desirous that the poem alluded to

when printed, should appear nowhere but upon the church-doors according to your proposal, as it is then not likely to disturb the trade or tranquillity of the survivors of the lady in question, whose ill will, as he does not chose to encounter, he had rather not his name should be held up in reprobation amongst them. Seriously speaking, while he knows your partiality for the author, he cannot but accuse you of over-rating the merit of the piece, or at least of an exaggerated opinion of its probable effects. So if you really wish it published, he will certainly submit with pleasure to your inclination on the subject, and in return he hopes you will gratify him by suppressing the five particular letters which form the word HALHED, leaving to your option the entire remain of the alphabet, to arrange into any sounds that may be most agreeable.

And now, my dear Sir, I will resume the pen for myself, and only say, that his *thumb* is as sound as mine, but he says the *rage* is for intercepting letters, and publishing private correspondences, he is determined not to give the chance of any of his falling into such hands, and as long as he will but employ mine, to obey your wishes, I shall endeavour to be as correct a transcriber of his words as my liabilities will allow. The sentiments of his heart are so in union with mine, that I never need apply to him to assure you of the grateful attachment with which it glows; and with what ardour we not only at this season, but at all times, offer up our prayers to the Almighty to pour his choicest blessings on you. And we beg you will present our affectionate respects, and good wishes to Mrs. Hastings, whom we are happy to find in good health; and hope you will not have suffered from travelling in this piercing cold, but that you are both as well as we wish you, and that ere long we may have the satisfaction to assure you in person of the respect and-attachment with which I subscribe myself,

Honored Sir,

Your grateful and affectionate

LOUISE HALHED."

"Should you not have an original copy of the poem, command me to transcribe one for you out of my book, which contains all the verses of my good man I could save from the flames, to which he has committed a great number, and excuse this sad scrawl, for I can hardly hold my pen the cold pinches me so."

From Mr. Halhed to Mrs. Hastings on receiving a Christmas Ham.

"MY DEAREST MADAM,—Your very acceptable ham brought me a charming letter, and your very acceptable letter brought me a charming ham, like every thing else at Daylesford. I knew that all the delightful beings of the groves inhabited that blissful spot; that nymphs of every description were to be found there in all there elysian perfection, and of course the sweetest Hamadryads; and where would be there merits, if they had no hams to dry? When I read those two beautiful lines the other day—

‘ My next is a villa where grumblers reside,
‘ And gluttons and cowards in slovenly pride.’

God forgive me, I immediately thought of the party at Stow (which led me to sty) and very little expected so soon to see so astonishing a specimen of one of those celebrated gentry. Now my head is so full of that admirable couplet, that I really wish to be fully certified this thrice-christian ham is not a morsel of the said pasty, before I venture to plunge a knife into it. Its intended companion I should have supposed might once have been a general officer, and a cordon blew, if you had not obligingly informed me that it was originally a hen, perhaps one of Monsieur’s chickens, as his elder brother does not deal in the article. Certainly Daylesford must be that very country of which Rabelais somewhere speaks with so much panegyric, where he says, the very hogs, God bless us, feed on nothing but myrobalans, and it seems even the Ham quitted it with great reluctance, for while Miss Turkey danced hither on her two fair legs a week ago for our Christmas dinner, my lord, ham hoped in leisurely upon his one stump only last Saturday, consequently a day after the fare; a pair of them might perhaps have travelled much quicker. I suppose when alive it must have been an admirable performer on the organ, for as a very old proverb has long attributed peculiar excellence to the pigs of Chipping Norton upon that fine instrument, no doubt so very accomplished a gentleman would not fail to profit by the neighbourhood of that suillian academy. The delicious collar of Brawn was to be sure a vocal member of the same body corporate, and sang perhaps as divinely as any dying swan at the closing period of its existence; but whatever might be its melody, nothing could exceed the excellence of its taste. If this were to continue, I must think myself transplanted into Africa, and prepare to swear fealty to Isis and Osiris, the first great monarchs of the land of Ham. Now, my dearest benefactress, have the compassion to send us up a stomach or two, at some favourable opportunity. Admit we have swallowed the collar of Brawn whole, and the turkey ditto, cheese ditto; there are 21 yards of—ham, equal to 336 ounces, at four ounces a day adequate to the consumption of twelve weeks;—but we will cut off a week for the bone, and there remain eleven? Why, it will carry us through the winter, and we may sing, “A fig for the butcher.” O if your hogs had but come to years of discretion when we saw company! Mr. H. says that we two sitting down to table with that mountain of ham between us, puts him in mind of the epigram in Martial which he bids me to copy with a translation annexed.

‘ Non cœnat nisi apro noster, Line, Coecilianus :
‘ Bellum Convivam Coecilianus habet !’

There tête à tête we dine the winter through—
And tis a monstrous bore betwixt us two.

“ So if you will kill us with kindness, who is to pay the apothecary for our dying? for you know very well, we cannot die for nothing in London.

“ You see I write in excellent spirits, but it is because in stripping

the ham of its inexpressibles, we were made happy by your kind note, mentioning, dear Mr. Hastings being "perfectly well," and you gave us no reason to fear but that you are the same, which is meat, drink, and every thing else to us; and we daily implore the Giver of all good, to add to the 75th anniversary of our dearest friend's existence as many more years of health and happiness as human nature, in this sublunary state, is capable of furnishing strength for; may all the best compliments, usually confined to this complimentary season, attend you both the whole year through, and every day be a Xmas in its festivity, though not in its shortness, or its cold. We live in an age of fearful events; and though, with you, we most fervently wish the calamities of the times may be averted from us, and from all those we esteem, yet we dare not flatter ourselves that the storm is blown over from this country: may it pass unfelt and innoxious over the hospitable roof of our beloved friends and patrons is the heart-felt prayer of, my dearest Madam,

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

LOUISE HALHED."

"Daylesford House, 8th January 1808.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALHED,—Mrs. Hastings was so delighted with your letter, that she not only gave it to me to read, and to read it to her; but has insisted upon my taking it, and answering it for her. For the first I have thanked her, as I ought, for I was as much delighted with it as she was: but for the injunction which followed, I have prayed to be excused, conscious of my inability to obey it; for upon holding it up to the light, I saw, or thought I saw, a figure behind, busily employed in illuminating all the characters; and as I feel an humiliating consciousness of a total want of the same illuminative faculty, I have no other way to avoid the disgrace of discomfiture than by declining all attempts to equal or imitate it. But I am commanded to thank you for the oysters which you sent us, and to that I find my talents pretty equal, as the oysters have almost wholly fallen to my share; and I offer you, Mrs. Hastings' thanks, and with her's my own, gratefully; assuring you, that they were, and still are (I believe) the best oysters that I have tasted since the year 1767, when from daily practice I was a gourmet in oysters. I am not sure that the praises which you bestow on our piggery were serious. I hope so, because it is my exclusive department, having devoted all that I possess of invention, since my superiors have pronounced me unfit for the higher occupations of life, to the improvement of that article of the agricultural system; with what success it does not become me to pronounce. I do not know the family, or progenitors of the ham. Mr. Halhed's conjectures concerning both may be right: but he is mistaken in the affinity of the brawn, which (I beg your pardon for not apprizing you of it) derives its ancestry from Ajaccio in Corsica, the birthplace of the great conqueror and monarch of the western world; and the contiguous sties are shewn to this hour, in which the first squeaks were uttered, the prognostics of their future fortunes.

"I thank Mr. Halhed for his couplet; and own that it is ingenious; but I am better pleased with the transcription than the composition of it. Will you have the goodness to shew him the followings lines, which I met with lately at the end of an old thesaurus, and desire him to translate, or explain it. I cannot, for the life of me, guess what it alludes to.

'Qualiscunque fuit variae per viscera terrae,
'Quicquid habet puri fons, Arethusa facit.'

"I cannot describe to you with what a transition from mirth to the most awful and grateful feelings of affection we both read your kind wishes to us both, nor am I sure that, though more immediately concerned, I felt them more than my dear Mrs. Hastings. You were not forgotten by us, my dear friends, on the 1st of the month, when by custom we pronounced those fervent wishes which we feel, as for you we do *lost* ardently, all the year through. You have not many friends, if any, that love you better than we do. Adieu, and heaven bless you!

WARREN HASTINGS."

"P. S.—Mrs. Hastings desires me to add, that she received a letter from Lady Imhoff this morning, conveying the most welcome intelligence, that both her son and daughter were in perfect health."

10th January 1808.

"HONOURED SIR,—Between your excellent ham and Mr. Halhed's Latin, I have been doubly gratified by the honour and happiness of a most kind entertaining letter from yourself, in addition to that I had the pleasure of receiving from Mrs. Hastings. I must confess I did not myself quite stomach the application of Martial's epigram hashed up with Mr. Halhed's sauce; he says he was aware of the ambiguity you seem to hint at, and, indeed, was afraid you might turn the tables upon him, and retort by a different application of the same epigram.

One ham through winter feeds you tête à tête!

Trust me the bore is not upon the plate.

But this I myself could have borne; for I look'd at him when I read it as if I thought my own neck had escap'd the collar, and he felt the innuendo. No, says he, I will be a match for you and your sneering look, in coupling me with the ham; for now Mr. Hastings shall imitate it another way, and you shall not save your bacon.

On a sole ham while fed the winter through,

Where you see but one boar, said ham sees two.

When his laugh was over, he said he had anticipated a worse drubbing than this, which he has humbly suggested for you in behalf of so exquisite a joint; as he was afraid you might have exclaimed in anger still more archilochian.

'Quid te,—*juvat, veteri miscere Falerno
In Vaticanis condita musta cadis?'

Quid tantum fecere boni tibi pessima vina,
Aut quid fecerunt optima vina mali?
Convivæ meruere tui for tasse perire——
Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.'

Hence with your ounce, your scruple and your drachm,
Nor weigh by snippets so superb a ham !
What harm, at full t' enjoy the wholesome fare ?
What good, to starve in the sanctorian chair ?
Off with these guests, who stint the sav'ry store,
Then call such admirable pork a bore.

"While he bows in due humility to your just indignation, he is at least comforted in the success of his discernment in having discovered a twang of royalty through all the salt, and pickling, and smoking, and soaking, and stewing, and other processes to which the ham and the brawn had been subjected, before they reached the tip of his tongue; his mistake between Versailles and Corsica was at most but geographical, and that is nothing extraordinary in the present blurred and blotted state of the map of Europe. Still he cannot think there could ever be much harmony in the tones of a collar issuing from the sties that you mention.

'Twere well for earth's wide regions, sea and shore—
Ajaccio's music—were it but a bore—
Alas ! no melody those organs speak—
Napoleon only grunts—while monarchs squeak.

"A man who has but one species of merit is hardly worth a button, because his peculiar talent may happen never to be called into exertion ; and yet I must honestly confess, that when I knew you in the full exercise of a hazardous sovereignty over an extensive empire, I thought it the only employment to which you could turn your hand ; but the excellence of your pork has undeceived me ; and I find you equally expert and unrivalled in the management of a colony, into which to have introduced even cleanliness, attests more experimental skill than to have civilized all the Rajmahl districts : but, however, you have this advantage in your settlement, that you can confer a favour on one among fifty competitors, sans vous faire quarante neuf ennemis et un ingrat. O that we could but drive the Cabinet and Privy Council into your piggery ! but at the end of all your labours you would be forced to confess that hogs were less incorrigible than Yahoos. It is lucky, however, in these times of discontent to have a manageable tribe to deal with, and I hope the doctrine of the *rights of swine* has not yet been broached in your *dynasty*—but I beg pardon for the misapplication of the word, as you are determined your pigs shall not die nasty. In this vile town we can only imitate the manners of your quadrupedal government in the subordinate qualifications of grunting and grumbling ; but to be clean and well-fed is a luxury not compatible with the actual principles of taxation. The happiness of your hogs will, I doubt not, become proverbial, like that of the slaves of a former planter in St. Domingo, where it was customary to say in

describing a happy man, that he was heureux comme un Negre de Galet.

"I have obey'd your commands in showing Mr. Halhed the Latin couplet. He bids me reply, his name is Davus not CEdipus; and that like the cocket-writer who when called upon to interpret his own scribble, indignantly answered he was not paid to be cocket-reader. He can construe it, and he can imitate it, but for the soul of him he cannot understand it; and Alpheus happens not to live in this parish, to ferret out the Arethusa in question. The lines however are very pretty, and have a delicate meaning, perhaps not unlike the following—

"Glide as it may life's stream—or slow or fleet,

"Tis Marian gives whate'er it owns of sweet."

"If we rejoiced in the contents of your obliging letter, we encored at the news contained in your welcome postscript, and are very happy to hear of the welfare of Sir Charles and Lady Imhoff.

"Your conclusion, my dear Sir, is much too kind not to excite in us the warmest sentiments of gratitude and affection. We are perfectly sure of your friendship, and that of our dear Mrs. Hastings; but if we were not, it is impossible that we should love you as we do, without kindling in your breasts a sympathy bordering upon esteem. Professions are the paper currency of regard, but we pay in sterling cash, and are proof against bankruptcy; so I can only add our sincerest wishes for both your healths and happiness, while I subscribe myself,

Honoured Sir,

Your affectionate and grateful

LOUISE HALHED."

From Mrs. Halhed to Mr. Hastings, dated 16th January 1808.

"HONOURED SIR,—How shall I express the delight and gratitude with which I received your most kind and entertaining letter, in addition to that I had the pleasure of receiving from Mrs. Hastings this year. If you were amused as you say by the perusal of my scribble, my wishes are filled, and I only regret that when you come to hold this to the light, you will not find it illuminated with the same gas, for that is our favourite light now in Pall Mall. But comets you know do not emit their fire every day, and so you must accept the humbler star, who is not less desirous to attract your eyes the less able to contribute to your amusement—we were both, I assure you, most highly gratified with every line of your incomparable letter, and had it no intrinsic merits, what satisfaction must it not afford to those that love you as we do, to see such a fine, steady handwriting at the age of 75! The surest and most unquestionable proof of a mind perfectly at ease, and of nerves unshaken by intemperance or decay; how many do I know much younger than yourself unable to carry a tea-cup steady to their lips, much less to guide the pen with comfort to themselves and entertainment to their correspondents. My dearest Sir, do not lament the blindness of your superiors in leaving you to enjoy the rural improvement even of your pigs, but rather say

as I find it recorded that Cato did, I had rather it should be asked why I had not a statue, than why I had one.

"I rejoice the oysters proved so good, I wish I could make them multiply as fast as you take them out of the barrel till you were tired of eating any."

" Pall Mall, 5th March 1808.

"HONOURED SIR,—I have delay'd from day to day to thank you for your kind and affectionate postscript to dear Mrs. Hastings' last favour; in hopes that I might have sent you something to amuse you, but one may as well force a river, as the genius of a poet; it may be led to flow in another course by turning its banks, but nothing else will succeed; therefore, my dearest Sir, though there are many fragments ready to amuse you with, when we have the happiness of seeing you again, you must at the present accept only a few lines from my humble pen; as I am truly anxious to know how our dear Mrs. Hastings is, whom I trust and hope is perfectly restored to health, and that you both enjoy the mild opening of spring in your elysian fields, from whence I fear it will not be easy now to entice you to the thick atmosphere of London; yet I will indulge the hope that you and Mrs. Hastings will favour your friends with the satisfaction of seeing you here, and where none will more rejoice to pay their respects to you than Darby and Joan of Pall Mall, who in the meantime beg you will accept for yourself, and present to your beloved wife, the assurance of our most affectionate and unalterable attachment and respect, and allow me to subscribe myself ever,

Honoured Sir,
Your grateful and affectionate
LOUISE HALHED."

In the following we have a specimen of Mr. Hastings' facility in versifying, not without point.

" Daylesford House, 24th March 1808.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALHED,—My poor Mrs. Hastings is confined to her bed with a most severe cold; and has desired me to request in her name your acceptance of a leg of pork—not Corsican. I am sorry for it, remembering what a gainer I was by one of that breed in our last commercial intercourse. This is a Chinese. I hope it will prove as good to the consumers, if not so productive to the manufacturer.

"Mrs. Hastings has also enjoined me to make my apology to you for not having long ago returned my acknowledgments for your last kind letter. She knows the cause of this delay; that all my neighbours to whom I used occasionally to apply for franks, have either left the country, or vacated their seats in Parliament, and that I have no means of conveyance left for a letter, without a violence inflicted on my conscience, but the belly of a tur-

key in its season, or a basket of pork. As to entertainment, or any matter of information, which I might estimate at the value of the postage, I have absolutely none: for what interest would it afford to you, my dear Madam, or my freind Halhed, to be told that our favorite cow has calved twins, and that we mean to rear one of them upon principles of philosophic inquiry, to see whether it will turn out a free-martin? Or how will you be edified by the anecdote of a twin lamb being clad with the skin of a dead lamb, and passed upon the poor mother of the latter for her own? These events never happen, I know, in Pall Mall; and I only allude to them now, to prove how barren of intellect a man must necessarily be, who lives wholly in the country, and having no stock of his own within him, possesses only the poor resource of a farm yard, or a hog sty.

"But as I have, unhappily, no better, I will tell you the story of a twin lamb, from a principle which I borrow from Sarah Webb, the superintendent of our poultry, who seduces her hens to lay, when they are obstinate, and will not, by putting into their nests ill-formed lumps of chalk, designed to represent eggs. And they do lay; for *they* are not incorrigible. The story shall be related on a separate piece of paper. The event to which it alludes, as well as its record, happened about the time of the battle of Marengo, either before, or after it, I forgot which; but I verily believe, before. The exactness of the chronology is of consequence, and I am sorry that I have forgotten it. Mrs. Hastings desired me to add much that in her own expression was kinder and more affectionate than I can make it appear in mine, both to you and Mr. Halhed, in every sentiment of which, as in most others, my heart is in unison with her's. She has also charged me with a playful message, which must be the ingredient of another letter, either from herself, or from me: for I can laugh upon other subjects; but not cheerfully, or naturally at this time, upon any in which she is either the principal, or a party. Besides, I have received my commission so late, and have executed it with such a shameful waste of time, that I have hardly a sufficiency left for the task which I have imposed upon myself.

"Adieu, my dear Madam, and believe me to be ever,

Your sincere and affectionate freind,
WARREN HASTINGS."

"Diseas'd, and worried, and of life bereft,
Far from the flock a lamb deserted lay:
Last of its downy coat despoil'd, and left
With rot to moulder, or to kites a prey.

An alien lamb, clad in the borrow'd hide,
With surreptitious claim the mother press'd.
She, well deceived, her milky store supplied,
And the base nursling as her own caress'd.

The scene (for I beheld it) deep impress'd,
As in a mirror, my reflective thought;

And by the visions of my fancy drest,
This strange, but moral composition wrought.

I saw a potent state, of ancient frame ;
Of numbers countless ; o'er the nations round
Pre-eminent in greatness, wealth and fame ;
With science, arts, and martial glory crown'd.

Next I beheld, high seated on a throne,
That adamantine stood, or seem'd to stand,
A manly form majestic : round him shone,
The guards and emblems of supreme command.

A magic robe his graceful limbs attir'd ;
(Some saint had wove the talismanic spell)
Which who beheld, with awe and love inspir'd,
Low at his feet in adoration fell.

Sudden an earthquake shook the hallow'd ground ;
And the throne trembled to its deep laid base :
Wolves howl'd, and vultures soar'd with screams around,
Peace fled, and civil rage usurp'd her place.

From the scar'd pageant, in the foul debate,
The regal mantle fell : the bloody crew,
Their former love by madness chang'd to hate,
The living idol of their worship slew.

New scenes of war and rapine now disclose,
(The march of years abridg'd by rapid flight ;
For time and space in dreams their measure lose,)
Successive horrors to my mental sight.

One issuing from the tumult, where it fell,
The regal mantle, yet distain'd with blood,
Seiz'd, round his body pass'd, and (strange to tell,)
With all its sovereign pow'rs invested stood.

The crew, the murd'ers of their legal lord,
Low at his feet their adoration pay ;
In thought behold their long-lov'd rule restor'd,
And distant regions trembling, own its sway.

Here darkness clos'd the scene. In wonder lost
I pass'd its mystic movements in review,
Doubtful of what it seem'd portentous most,
The state of France, or my deluded ewe."

Mr. Halhed by return of post capped these lines of Mr. Hastings, but though reluctant to omit them, it behoves us to 'hus-

band our space as best we can, where materials are so abundant. A letter nominally from Mrs. Halhed, and in her handwriting, has reference to Mrs. Hastings' illness from fever. It is full of versified passages, of course, from her husband's ready pen. He yearns for the country, after Virgil, thus—

"This gloomy town's a fish-pond in my sight,
For knaves to angle in, and fools to bite :
If neither, like an out of water fish I am,
O Rus, Rus ! quando ego te aspiciam !"

In fact it would seem that he longed to be at Daylesford.

"Far from the busy hum of men,
The poet guides in peace his pen,
And paints ambition's bloody scheme,
Brim full of horrors, *as a dream*.
But shackled in this noisy cage,
'Mid cheats of every rank and age,
This magic lanthorn for the mind,
Where bustling forms and colours gay,
Their thin significance display.
Forlorn he *snuffs* the well known smoke,
Too dull to think, too sad to joke :—
His fancy flags, his tongue grows dumb—
His life and ev'n his verse—a hum."

Here is Mr. Hastings's reply, with some original verses from his own hand.

"Daylesford House, 31st March 1808.

"I cannot express, my dearest Madam, the pleasure with which my dear Mrs. Hastings and I read your first letter, nor the gratitude, and affection, and admiration, which by turns took possession of our bosoms on the perusal of the last. I might say perusals, for we read both more than once, and parts of both more than I kept count of. We both felt most the most elegant and moral lines on Mrs. Hastings' indisposition, myself in particular, as I hold their superior excellence to be a proof that they came warm from the heart. One line of them is perfectly original, and as true as it is poetical. The same character belongs to the sentiment conveyed in all the four lines with which it most happily closes. We were as much diverted, though we could not bestow on him the same warmth of heart, by "Showman Lucifer" and his gang ; and yet more by your abuse of me for my philosophical experiment. The better version of my deluded ewe has produced upon me the effect of inspiration, and I give you the fruits of it in the inclosed fragment ; which in its first formation, and yet more in its correction, and in the attempt to accommodate it to Mrs. Hastings' difficult, but accurate judgment, has cost me more labor than I ought, without shame, to own. Accept it, my amiable friend, as my last gift of the kind, from my pen, or head. If the heart had taken any part in it, you, my dear Madam, would have given it some of the

graces which it sadly wants ; and I must tell you, that the first objection to it that struck my dear Mrs. Hastings, when I first read it to her, which I did with all the emphasis and pathos which could cheat her of her approbation, was, that I had said nothing in it of the beautiful address to her, and the prayer which concludes it. I said, I felt them as much (and perhaps more, as being more interested in the subject,) as she did ; but that I could not do more without a call. Adieu, my dear Madam. Our joint love attends you both. Our joint vows for your health were offered up yesterday with the last glasses of our dinner. I hope you felt them.

"Alas ! it has this moment struck my recollection that to-morrow will be the first day of April, and I am half inclined to keep back this letter and its inclosure for a later and less inauspicious package, if this may not be postponed. Permit me, however, to take the occasion of this remembrance, to ask Mr. Halhed whether this strange mode of giving an anniversary sanctity to the day may not have been derived from the Hooly, or both from one common origin.

"I am, my dear Madam, with sentiments of the warmest and equal affection, both for yourself and your good and respected husband, which are those of Mrs. Hastings,

Your sincere and faithful friend,

WARREN HASTINGS."

"I have the great satisfaction to announce Mrs. Hastings much better."

"O for a nose of proof, whose potent sense
Might penetrate through all external fence,
(Like the fam'd priests, which Grecian poets tell ye,
Smelt ruin latent in a horse's belly,
Or thine, great James, which from the lobby floor
Could snuff up treason through the cellar door)
Through coat and doublet truth authentic scan,
And separate the semblance from the man !
Then on Detection's active wings I'd hie
To town,—if e'er Detection taught to fly,—
For Hyde Park corner soar, a bustling scene,
And scent the fragrant haunts of men between ;
(Forbid by her, to whose imperious sway
Pleas'd I submit, and all she will obey,
The road of Uxbridge, else the better way,
To pass the gate by decent verse unnam'd,
And busy Bond-street of her sons asham'd)
Thence down Pall Mall ; but for a moment stint
My flight, and stop at Halhed's for a hint :
Last to the holy fanes of palace-yard ;
For these, religion, law and freedom guard
Where patriot bands assemble, lords in suits
Of sober cost, and commoners in boots ;
Whose pores in diverse congregated streams
Waft their rich odor's down the silver Thames ;

There take my station ; or on William's roof ;
 Or Margret's spire, if reformation-proof ;
 Or from St. Peter's tow'rs my nose expand,
 And snuff the special virtues of the land :
 But let me, warn'd to fly the wrath to come,
 Shun, holy Stephen, thy pestiferous dome,
 Where once the glasses of corruption flew,
 And in their way three printer's devils slew.

" Ah ! vain the dream. No borrow'd wings have I,
 To bear me buoyant through the vacant sky ;
 Nor could my genius an excursion bear
 Far from the precincts of my elbow chair.
 To this confin'd in dosing mood I sit ;
 Or wake, to strain at imitative wit ;
 For hard-earn'd rhymes my torpid fancy pose ;
 To sneeze the sole employment of my nose.
 And well its pow'rs, and mine of flight, are lost,
 By the vile east-wind in their purpose crost :
 Though sped from India, which first gave it birth,
 By me the land the best belov'd of earth,
 Let not its breath approach my sense too near.
 There Minto sweats, and I can smell him here.

" Enough.—To thee, my friend, I now consign
 Th' unfinish'd theme. Its origin was thine.
 Thy nose from rheum, thy wit from fog is free ;
 And ev'ry sense can prove a muse to thee."

" Pall Mall, April 1808.

" HONOURED SIR,—I received your most kind and excellent letter frank'd by a very excellent member, whose name I do not recollect in Stockdale's Parliamentary list, but he is, I presume, a descendant of Lord Bacon, and Mr. H. tells me, must be in high fashion in *Aperil*. While we rejoice to hear of Mrs. Hastings' amended health, for which we offer our most hearty congratulations, we were not a little concerned to find the interruption of your's momentary, I hope we may call it, and that your nose has by this time recovered its serenity, or only disturbed by the imaginary purgatory provided for it by your all-creative brain, and not by the teasing defluxion of a cold. And that it may continue *proof* against all obstacles both from within and from without in future, is our most ardent wish ! You urge a continuation of the original and yet fertile topic you have so successfully broached : but you know it is a delicate subject for a stranger to meddle with, and sometimes is not handled with impunity, besides there is some latent ambiguity in your expressions, which time, that discloses all things, will doubtless develop. You allude to my *letters*, as if I had written two ; whereas I have positively written but one, and sent but one, in which I do not recollect that I mentioned smelling, but as connected with smoke. Now it is very true that

smoke must be a very principal ingredient in most of those delightful scents you have so poetically described, and with the peculiar merit of poetry, at a moment when by the suspended state of your odorative faculty you are under the necessity of taxing your invention for the examples: and very luckily too, for many a fume will pass very glibly upon the imagination which would throw the perceptive organ into convulsions, if exposed in all its nudity to actual contact with the real subject. You urge a continuation, but a continuation from this quarter would be like, that described in *Hudibras*, a fustian continuation of a satin cloak, such as you will see it, if it should survive the perils of parturition, to which, indeed, it is not yet arrived. But why so suicidically resolve to lay down the pen? There is indeed (as Mr. H. tells me) classical authority for it—"Victor cestus astemque reppro"—but all that is Latin, and I don't understand a word of it, tho' I am told it means "I shall leave off merely because I can do better than any body else." Poets to be sure, are much obliged to you for so magnanimous an exertion of self-denial, but if you expect thanks as encouragement for it from any other quarter, I can only predict for you a woeful disappointment.

"I have delivered your message to Mr. H. about April-day, but he says (he understands the learned to place the Hooly as according with our May-day,) and he believes, they have no occasion in India to set apart a particular day in the year for the manufacture of the commodity so plentifully fabricated in England on that anniversary—but the origin of it he imagines to exist in the visible and notorious partiality of the inhabitants of this philosophical island for their own knowledge, wisdom and sagacity: which, that it may not quite overbloat, and perhaps burst them, our provident ancestors consecrated one day to the sole inculcation of the Pythagoric lesson of 'Nocie teipsum'—allowing them to be as learned, as sensible, and as profound as they pleased for 364 days in the year. This is his opinion of the matter. But mine is somewhat more charitable, for I conceive that the true pith and intent of the solemnity consists in shewing them that they are naturally so wise, knowing, and experienced, that to bring them down to the common level of the world, it is necessary to have one day in the year solemnized by the ceremony of making them fools for which there could be no reason or use at all, if they were so already. Your most kind and entertaining letter however did not arrive till the second of April, and consequently found us *ready-made* tho' what you say of *two* letters, when I positively have written but one, seems calculated to give us the finishing stroke. As the anonymous author of the motley fragments on which you have bestowed so liberal and so prodigal an encomium is seriously desirous to preserve the most rigorous incognito—it is impossible to describe, from authority, the extravagant self applauses which he will undoubtedly feel at being the subject of such exalted panegyrie, whenever it reaches his ears; which undoubtedly tingle at this moment, however distant they may be, at the repetition of them—by my perusal of your letter.

"And now, my dear Sir, accept my adieu. You have grieved me so

much by your's to the muse, that I can no longer smother my concern, and I am not fond of epistolary whimpering, which I feel is growing fast upon me. I will exert the last remnant of my forbearance in requesting you to present our most sincere and cordial congratulations to Mrs. Hastings on her convalescence, and our most affectionate regards ever and ever attend you both.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most obliged and affectionate
LOUISE HALHED."

Postscript.

"No playful message come !
So country poets too can hum !
Unless 't were glancing at the pork,
To make a playful knife and fork.
But ah ! too luscious far is pork
For us, who never drew a cork."

"We really cannot make out what gate is not to be named."

The "Nose-of-proof" verses produced a reply apparently from Mrs. Halhed, and in her handwriting ; but it is easy to see who stood behind her chair. This was followed by an extension of the idea on Mr. Halhed's part, which we must waive for the present. Mr. Hastings having come to London on business was not able to see his friends the Halheds, but wrote to Mrs. Halhed a letter dated, 6, Portugal Street. He alludes to his harvest—"the blessed occupation of an unthinking mind"—as being uncommonly abundant—and such as he hopes it may have proved throughout all England. "They (the crops) appeared so on each side of the road as I passed from Daylesford to London. It was not always so, as it appears by the following humble apostrophe to Mr. Pitt, written, I forget when :

"My harvests drench'd by nightly rains decay :
My rents in taxes are dissolv'd by day.
Why, Pitt, this mighty pother, but to prove
Thy rule divided with imperial Jove ?"

"Pray show these, with my love, to Mr. Halhed."

Then follow these lines as a *P. S.*

"Once when my fellow tillers of the land
Felt their loins ache, smote by Pitt's iron hand,
I wine'd, but gave my rent, each varied tax
To fill, and fed contented on my stacks.
Now all I gain by produce of my stacks, is,
That though I cease to feed, I pay my taxes."

At length Mr. Halhed bethought himself of applying to one no less distinguished for true genius, than for the brilliance of his

Parliamentary career—Mr. Canning. His application was in the following terms :

“ No. 17, Pall Mall, 11th September 1808.

“ RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,—Among the crowd of unhappy beings whose aggregate composes the commonwealth of wretchedness, there is not perhaps an individual with sufferings so truly acute, and distress so unutterable as the decayed gentleman. Such is the person who now ventures to obtrude himself upon your notice. Possessed of considerable property, but all locked up in France from the very commencement of our hostilities with that country, all his other means having gradually melted away during this terrible interval, he is now reduced to the necessity of seeking from his exertions that maintenance which he has been used to derive from his fortune. * * * If there exists at present, or should providentially occur, any opening through which the services of such a man might be rendered useful at once to Government and to himself, I most anxiously solicit the preference,—and with the only merit of conciseness in my importunities, well knowing the value of every moment to you,—but with unfeigned admiration of your talents and the sincerest respect for your character, I hasten to subscribe myself,

Right Hon'ble Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
N. B. HALHED.”

To the Right Hon'ble GEO. CANNING, }
Secy. of State, &c., &c. }

On the 14th of the same month—he writes for the first time, for years, to Mr. Hastings—direct; and in his own handwriting. Sclerocardia, shadows out London—and there are voluminous productions of Mr. Halhed's pen under the title of a “Sclerocardian,” that is of an inhabitant of the hard hearted city, he himself being, we now scarcely add, one of the kindest hearted men in the world. In a vein of irony he condemns the Bank paper system of the day, to which on principle he was always opposed. The rest of the allegory, and its application to Mr. Canning will be obvious to the reader.

Extract from the Memoirs of a Sclerocardian.

“This was the period of projects and paradoxes. Among the former one, the principal was that of a society who manufactured every possible species of commodity by means of a well, in which by an apparatus contrived to imitate mastication they reduced the most worthless materials into a homogeneous pulp resembling chyle : which, when properly dried in moulds prepared for the purpose, and by the help of other supplementary processes, became an indisputable succedaneum for all the productions of nature and art. A palae or an elephant, a windmill or a pack of hounds, a fleet of ships or a set of horses were alike instantaneously conjured up by this miraculous invention. No attention was paid to the different bulk or value of the

articles required: the pieces of substitutable pulp, although not distinguishable to vulgar intellect by any discrimination of size, figure or proportion, were at all times precisely commensurate with the substances into which they were to be commuted: one of them by a single flirt of the finger became a leg of mutton, another a house and park, and a third a diamond necklace, a gold watch or a shewy equipage. Everything cognizable by all or any of the five predicables had its representative in this novel species of chylification: it seemed like witchcraft, and was indeed not a little indebted to the black art for its success. It was said that scarcely a fine woman in the whole precinct but had her exact equivalent, perfect as a facsimile, in this manufacture, and that the original and the model were at all times interchangeable.

"Elated both with their talents, and with the wonderful encouragement they enjoyed, the projectors even went further; and did actually modify their protean material so as to make it a regular and admitted substitute for invisible and impalpable objects. Nothing, for instance, was more frequent than a pulpified oath, a promise or an alibi: thousands were manufactured (as it was currently reported) in the shape and sound of a monosyllabic affirmative, and some, though rarely, were detected as the representatives of a surly No.—Votes indeed were so customarily created by this artificial manipulation, that at length it became impossible to distinguish the genuine from the factitious. Souls also were an article in which they drove a prodigious trade, equal at least in quantity to those produced by the clumsy method of parturition. In short, the transmutations and metamorphoses effectuated by this ingenious knot of manufacturers, extended to all persons, parties and professions, to all existences physical and metaphysical, and seemed co-extensive with all sublunary space in the opinions of those who were bewitched by the hocus-pocus of this extraordinary legerdemain.

"These arts of imitative sophistication quickly diffused themselves like wild-fire; and the great Club of pulpification presently generated an innumerable hord of affiliated societies in the country-provinces, who masticated in their turn stacks of wheat and chambers of malt, coal, lime and iron, salt, clay, gravel and dung, with the same facility as other more dainty or more portable commodities. But the evils introduced by this universal practice of substitution, the overthrow of every rational estimate of proportional values, the confusion of all sound ideas of right and wrong, and the amalgamation of all moral principles with the poisonous qualities of avarice and prodigality, appertain rather to the philosophical examiner, than the mere superficial annalist of passing events.

"On turning over a great number of thick-scrawled but undecipherable pages, we at length stumbled upon the following sentence which was tolerably legible, but we shall not vouch for the accuracy of our transcript.

"The Reis Effendi of the Sultan of Sclerocardia strolling one day in the bazar of the metropolis, Satanapûra, entered into a knick-knackery or shop of haberdashery of hardware: where after cursorily

admiring the gold snuff-boxes and filligree toothpick cases, the painted fans and glittering trinkets exhibited in the windows, his notice was attracted by an old box that stood in a neglected corner of the repository—which seemed although now besprent with dust and cobwebs, to have once been well-shaped and not without ornament; curiosity led him to peep into it, and he found in it a variety of instruments like carpenter's tools—the iron part all rusty by neglect, and the wood work wormeaten and decaying. No wonder he turned away his eyes with contemptuous indifference from so despicable a piece of antiquity, when just as he popped down the lid, he caught a glimpse of what had formerly been gilding, on the handle of a chisel. This led him to interrogate the toyman as to the original destination of that dirty box: who replied, that it was formerly the tool-chest of a famous Basha of Hastinapur in Bangdesa—who had often expressed his satisfaction both at the quality and edge of the instruments it contained, and had himself worked them with acknowledged success—but that since he had quitted the viceregal musnud, and buried himself in the civilization of a colony of grunting isqueakian savages, the chest had remained half buried in filth and obscurity, and the tools been consigned to inaction and rust. On this, the State minister, whose name was Abukanyanga Beg, paused a moment, and told the shopman to clean it up a little, and he *would consider about the purchase*, if it might be had cheap."

"And now my dearly-beloved friend and patron, you see me once more—proprio pollice and no longer in the borrowed plume of my dear amanuensis. As I broke my ten years fast on *your* excellent Daylesford-butter and French roll, in Portugal Street *lately*, so now I break the dozen-year-silence of my pen, by addressing myself to *you* with a thousand and a thousand acknowledgments—warm from the heart—for all the fervour of your friendship and all the steadiness of your attachment. During near fourteen years of my voluntary imprisonment your constant kindness and unwearied attention has *so far* enabled me to subsist, partly on hope, and partly, like a bear in a cave, by sucking my paws. But though I am by some folks thought to have outjob'd Job, I must honestly confess I cannot outstarve starvation: seeing, therefore, this said bladder-bellied fiend gaining upon me, with hasty strides I have at length, a few days since you left town, mustered up a little courage, and demanded of him as of any other ghost what he had to say? He answered me out of the Stratford rubric, that he should certainly "sit heavy on my soul to-morrow"—if I did not turn to, and repent of my long inactivity this very day. As the threats of a spectre may, *for ought I know*, be as formidable in purpose as in opinion, and not wishing to risk the last thin integument of my ribs on the experiment of braving him—I instantaneously determined to take up my mattock and go into the market, to be hired by the first lord of a vineyard who should be in want of a labourer, and I have offered my services to the great Abukanyanga Beg abovementioned; but whether he has seen or heard of my application—and what may be the consequence—I will most obstinately reserve to a future opportunity, when

very likely I may be less able to utter it, because I shall know more of the matter. With my most sincere and affectionate regards to Mrs. Hastings—added to those of Mrs. Halhed—and with our united wishes for the health and happiness of you both—as the truest friends we have ever met with—and far beyond all we could have hoped for, I subscribe myself,

My dear, dear Sir,
Your most grateful and sincerely affectionate
“ N. B. HALHED.”

Pall Mall, 14th September 1808.

Next day he broke his long silence towards another and most sterling friend to the last—Sir Elijah Impey.

15th September 1808.

“ MY DEAR SIR ELIJAH,—To you who have so stedfastly befriended me through all the best parts of my life, and on the immutability of whose attachment no obstinacy of retirement or unwarrantable inactivity on my side has ever made the slightest impression, I owe it most imperatively to take the earliest opportunity of communicating my resolution to resume, if possible, some of the functions of social life; and at the same time assuring you with my own pen of my profound sense of the obligations you have ever unremittedly conferred upon me, and consequently of the unalterable warmth of my esteem and affection for yourself and Lady Impey, who participating with you in all the kindness of the most tender and disinterested friendship for my dear wife and myself, merits in every point of view a full share of our gratitude and regard, which never shall decay but with our lives. To put you in possession of the reasons which have operated so unexpected a change in my conduct, I hasten to inform you, that the urgency of want (arising from a cause which you well know) has at length compelled me to quit my deep though voluntary seclusion, and to attempt once more to elicit the means of existence (aye, bare existence) from a struggle with the busy world. I had flattered myself that by exercising the most rigid self-denial, and deriving a sort of negative subsistence from severe privations, I should be able to drag on a miserable independence until the restoration of peace with France. But my computation has fallen short, my experiment has completely failed, and I have at last been driven by those unutterable distresses which none but a decayed gentleman can be exposed to, or even well imagine, to turn my thoughts to the possibility of obtaining charity under the semblance of patronage. Two short days have decided my plan. After revolving in mind all that I know (very little, I confess,) relative to the persons who now fill the prime offices of Government, I determined to make the offer of my service to Mr. Canning. Without recommendation, without introduction, (for my protracted inhumation has long since bereft me of even so much as personal acquaintance with any man of influence or connection) I have simply addressed myself to his judgment and his

feelings, and my own pen has been my Sir Clement Cotterell ; whether I may hope for any success from so informal a solicitation will depend, I think, on the peculiar disposition and character of the individual which at my distance it is impossible to appreciate. It is, however, my very last stake : and if I lose,——

"I would not trouble you, or my other only remaining dear friend, Mr. Hastings, with a premature disclosure of my intentions—for I know you would both have rushed forward to my aid, under whatever inconvenience, and perhaps under a conscious disability of being essentially serviceable. But now that the ice is broken, now that the Secretary of State is in possession of my wishes and of my application, a favourable report of my talents or my industry cannot but be most opportune. If, therefore, it falls in your way to waft by a side wind a recommendatory innuendo to the ministerial ear, I am sure I need not cavass you twice.

"I wrote yesterday to Mr. Hastings—and this is absolutely my second epistle since my determination to re-enter the circle of humanity, if it would receive me : and I believe I shall write no more : for where shall I find a third—similis ant secundus to yourself and my Mæcenæ of Daylesford ?

God Almighty bless you and yours, My dear Sir Elijah, and I beg you to believe me (with Mrs. Halhed's best love also)

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
(Signed) NATHANIEL BRASSEY HALHED."

"Our kindest united regards attend Lady Impey and our friends Elijah and Miss Mary.

The next letter in our file is from Lady Impey. There are several besides it in our possession—all having reference to continued acts of kindness, and exhibiting the amiable and excellent writer in a light that claims for her memory our sincere admiration and respect.

To Mrs. Halhed.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—In consequence of a letter received this morning from your good husband, mine has taken flight for Pall Mall, accompanied by your favourite Elijah, which is very satisfactory to me. It gives me pleasure to find that our old friend consents to return to the society of his friends. I trust that you will do all in your power to encourage so happy an event, and I hope that you will endeavour to prevail on him, to return with Sir Elijah to Newick Park. Every thing he wishes can be as well negotiated here by himself and his friends, as if he continued in London—and I cannot tell you how supremely happy you will both make me, by seeing you arrive with him. God bless you both,

Your most affectionately,
M. IMPEY."

Sept. 16, 1808.

"P. S.—Plenty of room for any servants you may choose to bring."

Mrs. Halhed's reply is dated Pall Mall, 19th September, expressing in warmest terms, her sense of Lady Impey's goodness. It appears that Sir Elijah and his son had most earnestly pressed her husband and himself to accompany them back to Newick—but they excused themselves as it was not *then* in their power to do so. We suppose that the cause here was simply *res angusta domi*. To Mr. Halhed's letter with the extract from the Sclerocardian memoir—Mr. Hastings' reply is as follows :

Daylesford House, 16th September 1808.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The sight of your name at the end of your letter, the first object of it that caught my eye, impressed me with sensations of surprize and pleasure beyond what I have long felt. I thank you for allowing me to be the first of your friends (the first in heart I do believe I am) to whom you have preferred to break through your long reserve. If I had ever attributed it to coldness, I would thank you for having broke the ice. I think I read the chapter of your Sclerocardian with more satisfaction than I felt when I heard it with the advantage of your reading it to me. Perhaps I perceived some of the beauties which escaped my attention in the first instance : perhaps others have been added in this edition of it : or perhaps its last effect may be better ascribed to that which it produced on Mrs. Hastings, who was my auditress, and increased my pleasure by the pleasure which she expressed. The appendix affected me in a very different manner, and still more your letter. From the first I infer that the first advance was made by the great man to you ; from the latter, that the offer was made by you. He is said to be "a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy:" but I have taken it into my head, that he is a sneerer, a character rarely associated with that feeling which impels a man to wish to derive benefit from the services of one in distress. I do not, therefore, indulge any sanguine hopes from him. But I wait with anxious, very anxious expectation of what may result from it. As to myself, you know very well that it was my intention to have resumed my profession of upholder ; but had the misfortune to fall into a saw-pit, and was so crippled, that I have never been able to handle an axe or a chisel since ; nor even to sharpen them, though in this art I was once thought more expert than in their actual employment. You see, that I comprehend your innuendos ; but shall not follow them beyond my own justification. In truth, I do not feel myself in a humour for it.

"My dear Halhead, I disclaim all title to your acknowledgments and feel a pain, almost of compunction, while I read them. Your penetrating mind intuitively saw the inclinations of mine, and gave me the credit of performance, which was due only to intention. This is all the merit I ever had with you ; but I will not assert the degree of it.

"Accept from Mrs. Hastings and myself, for yourself and our dear

Mrs. Halhed, the assurance of our affectionate regards and best wishes, and believe me ever your sincere friend,

WARREN HASTINGS."

"P. S.—I was desirous of answering your letter by the return of the post; but a first visit from our new great neighbours, L. and Lady Redesdale interrupted my purpose, and left me too little time to attempt it, when they separated. It is possible this may not go till to-morrow, as I wait for a frank, and may be disappointed of one for this day.

No letter come yet *—"all a blank."

"HONOURED SIR;—The kind and affectionate answer you wrote to my dear husband assures me that you watch the post daily with anxiety, and perhaps feel disappointed that you have not yet received another epistle from him, but the misfortune was that when he despatched his letter to the great Abukanyanga Beg, he did not know he was not in Satanabad, and the letter was kept a few days at the office, and then despatched after him. So Mr. H. waits to thank you for your most friendly letter, till he has an answer; but the sad events in Portugal may well engross the Beg's mind so that he cannot think of such an oyster as is in Pall Mall. Yet I have the satisfaction to tell you that the delay causes no despondence, but that my good man rather augurs favourably from the silence, it carrying the appearance of considering the matter, as we have heard two instances of his polite and feeling negatives to applications made to him, wherein he said, "the next best thing to serving a person, was that of a prompt answer if he could not," and therefore Mr. H. thinks it better notwithstanding the zealous advice of our kind friend Sir Elijah, to sit still until he has some clue about the reception of his letter, as by an exhibition of his talents in writing something he might mar his own business, having no knowledge of the great man's disposition and sentiments, and we trust and hope our beloved Patron will approve of his waiting to see the result of his application.

"Mr. H. is highly delighted with the excellent manner in which you improved upon his little apologue of the tool-chests. He says your application of the terms *Upholder* and *Saw-pit* is infinitely happy and well-pointed—as well as your allusion to your former use of the tools—while now, you say, you can neither chisel out a mortise for so miserable a tenant as he is, nor yet axe any of the powers that be to make room for him. Of your former merits as an upholder no man is more gratefully sensible than himself—and he yet lives to thank you, whereas *some of your work* has long since been transferred to the care of the undertaker—and he hopes you will verify in this secondary capacity the character of Lycoris in Martial.

Omnes quas habuit, Tabiane, Lycoris, Amicos
Extulit—Uxori fiat amica mea !

* From Mr. Canning.

Like his own bounty Hastings braves decay—
 The friends it rais'd successive pass away—
 Live on—dear upholder of great and small !
 And prove grand undertaker to us all.

"*Amen* says I, God bless you my most beloved and respected friend ; would my pen could express all the gratitude of my heart for your and dear Mrs. Hastings' unremitting and constant attachment, and well may I say

" Amitie doux appui de l'homme en sa misere
 La loupe des douleurs est par toi moins amere."

For you even, best of men, know "that in adversity even a friend will depart ;" believe, then, how highly we prize the jewel of such friendship as yours ! and what a cordial it has and does prove : yes, to the last moment my heart beats shall it remember it, and supplicate the Almighty to shower down His choicest blessings on you and your beloved partner ; and may your barns increase seven-fold, and all your flocks have twins. I had flattered myself with a few lines from dear Mrs. Hastings with her *absolution* to my husband, trusting that she was convinced of the truth of his apologies,* but I will cherish the hope that the time is not far distant when we may both in person as in heart come and thank you ; in the meantime, with our affectionate respects to you both, believe me ever, Honoured Sir,

Your grateful and affectionate

LOUISE HALHED."

Pall Mall, 23rd September 1808.

A present of a Michaelmas goose from Mrs. Hastings is alluded to metaphorically in Mrs. Halhed's next letter to her husband.

Pall Mall, 29th September 1808.

" My DEAR SIR,—When Brahma was once in a fit of perplexity for the provision of his Michaelmas feast, Vishnu condescendingly assumed the form of the Hansa Avatar, and came to the relief of the poor ———† noddled puzzlecap. Whatever may have happened since to Brahma, the goose at least has maintained its shape and roastability to the present day, and which is the more to be admired, even in that very spot where Medusa's Cupidific aspect had converted so considerable a part of the species to a morsel for the stone-eater. The carnal brood has however providentially escaped annihilation ; and the actual representative *hero* of the batch, being the first Daylesford goose that has invited us—is not only most gratefully received—and with all our best acknowledgments to our dear benefactress, but hailed also as a phenomenon of auspicious omen—that so long as we do but furnish mouth and appetite, Providence will mercifully send geese or quails, to thrust themselves voluntarily down our throats.—

* For not going to see her at Portugal Street when she was in town,

† Illegible.

Now to put you in possession of the present suspended state of the temple of expectation—which is my next topic,—I must trouble you with a correct delineation of the whole process of the edifice; and first for a basement or the ground floor."

Here he gave his friend a copy of his letter of application to Mr. Canning, already known to our readers. He had now received the Right Hon'ble gentleman's reply, a copy of which he also forwarded.

Private.

"Bristol Street, September 28, 1808.

"Sir,—I am really ashamed to have left your letter so long unanswered—unacknowledged, I should rather say—for the difficulty of answering it, is that which has hitherto restrained me, and which prevents me at present from saying more, than that I assure you, it is not from want of feeling for the situation which you describe or still less from any feeling of disapprobation of the step you have taken, that I have been silent—and that I very anxiously wish that I had the means, in which case I should not have been wanting in the inclination, to come to your assistance.

I have the honour to be,

Very truly Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

GEO. CANNING."

N. B. HALHED, Esq.

On this, to use Mr. Halhed's own words, was raised a sort of temporary bungalow, to serve for a second floor as follows:—

" Pall Mall, 14 September 1808.

"RIGHT HON'BLE SIR,—I esteem your pardon of my intrusion, and the candour of your answer, as each of them a very considerable favour, and the honour you have done me in shewing that I have not mistaken the feeling turn of your mind, as equal to both. Permit me to return you my most grateful and hearty thanks for them all; and in the hope of being deemed at all times devoted to your service, to assure you of the sincere esteem, with which I have the honor to remain,

Right Hon'ble Sir,

Your most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

"Here then (continues Mr. Halhed's letter) the battle pauses *sans combattants*. I know he will not forget my application—and I have not so far demeaned myself as to make it ineligible to form an amicable connection with me—which at present I rather deprecate should the next move be in the shape of invitation—for notwithstanding my dear Mrs. Hastings' unwillingness to accept my apology on the score of deficiency of address, I can only say, had she been at the Governor of India's elbow when he had the condescension to help on the coat of a nameless individual—and had peeped into the naked wardrobe, she

would be completely satisfied of the authenticity of the excuse. In your last favour—for which I can never sufficiently thank you—you demurred at the ambiguity (apparent only) between the apologue of the tool-chest and the newspaper narrative that followed—as to the origin of the intercourse between the great man and the box. On better consideration—you will be aware that a tool-chest could not in a well constructed fable, quit its corner, and hammer out in *propria persona* a musty harangue of old saws—though it might make a plane case visible to an open eye. Now the use of the passive voice threw a sort of negative activity on the side of the box—and it is cautiously mentioned, that the great minister's notice *was attracted* by the tool-chest—consequently the said notice *was acted upon*, and did not commence the action.

“But is it not surprising that so excellent an upholder should look upon his tools as all mere dead instruments, owing energy, power of application, and all appearance of their having ever existed, to the merit of the head that directed and the fingers that exercised their several properties? However, you have here the *whole* that has passed. The said story of the upholder—in the last letter from hence with three lines to introduce the doggrel, was all that I furnished. To say the truth, that letter, was like every other production of the same hand, warm from the heart, and owed all its merit to its total want of study—for men only think where women feel,—I mean as to the comparative intensity of the thing. The dear scribe presents her kindest regards. ——— your new neighbour, Lord Redesdale, is not entirely unknown to me, nor perhaps I to him as we bow when we meet. I dined in his company once at my old friend's Mr. Justice Rooke (since dead,) brother to the Bengal Raven—and liked him much. He is besides connected with Lymington my quondam borough. I have no doubt he would, on application, very readily lend me his good word—were it not that I suspect him to labour at present under a stroke of taciturnity, a temporary paralysis of the fauces, being—if I am not mistaken, a confirmed side-mouthian.

I beg you to believe me, &c.,

(Signed) N. B. HALHED.”

In Mr. Hastings' next letter he throws out the idea that under circumstances as they then existed, a Latin Secretary to Government might possibly be entertained, for which office no man could be fitter than his friend Halhed. He also expresses *Peccavi* in respect to his former unjust suspicion about Mr. Canning. The letter gave cover also to a seasonable remittance.

“*Daylesford House, 30th September 1808.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot answer your letter in the playful style in which it is written. I am pleased with your two letters to Mr. Canning, and very much with his to you; because it admits of the inference, though it does not say, that if you could specify any

office or employment for which you had no competitor, and which was wanted, he would give it to you. Now it has occurred to me, that in the present state of ill-temper which our nation bears to France, and which has been considerably aggravated by the unpopularity of the late convention, a minister who should introduce the practice of drawing up all our future diplomatic papers in Latin would obtain the approbation of all the people of England for it. There cannot be a fitter man to begin such an innovation than Mr. Canning, nor one fitter to suggest it, and to offer his services for the execution of the new plan, than yourself. Turn it in your mind; but don't let any other mind get it to turn. At any rate, keep *him* in your mind. He is a gentleman, and on *very good grounds* I give him full credit for liberality and sincerity. In a former letter I abused him; for which I pray God to forgive me.

"If my hint is good for any thing, perhaps it would—no, I *am* wrong. Only, whatever you do, shun every appearance of importunity.

My dear Mrs. Hastings, whose heart beats in unison with my own in whatever concerns you, or our dear friend Mrs. Halhed, requests that you will be her debtor for the enclosed. From almost any one but from her or myself, the offer would be an insult:—not from us;—besides, as you have not resented the goose, she says, you have no right to quarrel with her for the egg which belongs to it.

"We desire you to accept our joint regards, and present them to your excellent, amiable lady.

I am ever, my dear Halhed,

Your sincerely affectionate friend,
WARREN HASTINGS."

"Pall Mall, 1st October 1808.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—The right I had acquired of addressing myself to you from the very visible correspondence that has so long subsisted between Mr. Hastings and my wife—and of which my conscious inability to do you justice, had hitherto prevented me from availing myself—is now converted into a duty so imperative and a necessity so urgent—as to compel me to waive all the customary preliminaries of formal approach, and throw myself at once at your feet in a transport of gratitude and affection.—Alas! shall I own it? not merely the known goodness of your heart and acknowledged tenderness of your disposition, but the dear, unimpeachable evidence of past experience has taught me to apprehend that the very moment of my throwing off the mask of gaiety through Mrs. Halhed's borrow'd pen, and venturing at a few lines of plain truth from my own—would but be a tax upon your freindship, and I blush to own it, not very unlike and appeal to your generosity.

"I knew you had practically imbibed the genuine spirit of Christianity in the application of the most benevolent of its principles—and as perfectly aware that along with the precepts of feeding the hungry was coupled that of clothing the naked, which made me very cautious in the construction of my apology for depriving myself of the

gratification of visiting you—as well as of exhibiting my decayed self in many less enviable societies. I foresaw, indeed, the impossibility of my ever returning into the world without some such a discovery, because every year that elapsed did but augment the shackles which confined me to privacy; and yet it was still an awkward attempt to defraud you of the satisfaction of exercising your compassion and extending the sphere, already so wide, of your sensibility. But indeed the plea of distress is become almost the common language of the day, and I know the most enlarged means are insufficient to supply the many calls upon the sympathy of their possessors.

"I cannot, therefore, my dearest Madam, find words to express my feelings upon the present occasion, nor to describe the service which, at this crisis of my destiny, your most opportune liberality has conferred. Your debtor, indeed, I am, under the most constructive of all obligations, of friendship guaranteed by honour: and I shall not insult your delicacy by the obtrusion of a badge of slavery in the form of a stamp: but shall sign any name on the back of your precious draft, as a scare-crow to my perfidy, if I should live to deserve so severe a memento. My dear wife who is, if possible, still more awake to all the finer perceptibility of gratitude than myself, unites with me in all I can say, or rather cannot say, to testify my deep sense of your kindness and the warmth of my esteem and regard in return.

"To our beloved Mr. Hastings I beg leave to steal in a short acknowledgment of his most friendly letter, just to assure him that I am much more convinced of the propriety of his idea relative to the adoption of diplomatic latinity, than of the likelihood of its being just now realized, or of my own abilities for its effectuation. I fear it has too republican an appearance to be welcomed any where by any of the few original powers still extant in the world, and least of all by this, as it was Cromwells. I am, however, very happy to find he does not disapprove of my letters to the great man, which I am convinced are not quite in the official style, and were indeed meant as novelties for the perusal of a Secretary of State. What can I say more? but that now as ever, and if not impossible, still more than ever, I describe myself most truly, and as the title of my very dear Madam,

Your most affectionate friend and
most obliged debtor,
N. B. H."

TO MRS. HALHED.

"Daylesford House, 28th October 1808.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Having obtained the rare vehicle of a frank, I avail myself of it to thank you for your very entertaining and ingenious letter, and to desire your forgiveness for having suffered a whole fortnight to pass without that acknowledgment. In truth, I had nothing else to write in answer, and this was not worth 4½d. and the trouble of reading it besides. Do not however conceive that you have been absent from my thoughts in this long interval. You have

I can truly affirm, given much employment to them, but this has been devoted to one subject only, and to as little purpose as the production of the pearl in your allegorical oyster. In truth, my dear Halhed, I can think only of your wants, and read the wonderful efforts of your imagination with little other pleasure than that which they afford me in the hope of the same powers contributing to your substantial relief. I have just read over again the answer of Mr. Canning to your letter, and I verily believe it to be sincere. Why else should he make professions, and by the application to them of the term "at present" hold out the expectation of some future reality? The treachery of a courtier would be thrown away upon a man who is not worth the tenth part of a vote. I have run over all the great names in the Court Calendar, but cannot find one to whom I am known, and who, if I could interest him in your behalf, at the same time possesses so much interest as to make mine ultimately effectual. I fear the case with Mr. C. is that of every minister, especially of one not well established, that he has more engagements than places to fulfil them; and that a claimant must devise a new place, or prove in some way or other that he can make himself subservient to the interest that he courts.

"All this, my dear friend, may serve to shew my will and regrets, but afford to you neither counsel nor comfort. I am in truth a *yâc béwoofada*. I can neither help you over your difficulties, nor intercept those that still pursue you, like the river to which Shah Allum gave the positive of that appellation. Still think me your friend, though an unprofitable one; for I have a pleasure in assuring you that I am such, and in the belief that it will be grateful to you.

"We are anxious for better accounts of Mr. Halhed's health. Mrs. Hastings ever remembers you both with the same interest of affection. As I began my letter with an apology for writing too late, she reproves me for writing so soon after one that she herself has written to you. I pray you to present my kind regards to Mrs. Halhed.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately,

WARREN HASTINGS."

P. S.—I have picked the lock of your rich cabinet, but cannot unlock the last drawer of it without the key.

From Mr. Halhed to Mr. Hastings.

"*Pall Mall, 16th December 1808.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—After fourteen years of the most inflexible retirement and persevering continuance in my own habitation—behold a new epoch—I emerge once more into Society—and am actually in danger of sleeping from home, nay, of a temporary change from my own dungeon to Sir E. Impey's mansion. My first India-voyage had nothing in it half so tremendous! I was then young, and curious and active—I could gladly have peregrinated round the whole globe, and even deviated a little from the settled route by an occasional excursion to the seven planets: but now I am become listless, torpid,

and of immoveable apathy. But Sir Elijah hurried up to town on the moment of receiving my first letter communicating my intentions of attempting to gain an honest livelihood, with such an alacrity of friendship, and so eagerly pressed our acceptance of an immediate apartment under his hospitable roof, that it was only by a most condescending act of grace that he suffered himself to wait for our actual arrival till Christmas—and now Christmas is come, and we must set off on Sunday. Well! if stability had been attainable in this world, I flattered myself with its exemplification in my own person—but even an oyster, I see, may not only be crossed in love, but also become partner in a post-chaise. Mrs. Halhed, who has long been as anxious to move, as I to be stationary, is no less alarmed than myself at the thoughts of submitting to the elegant comforts of an extensive establishment, and the unrestrained enjoyment of a friendly circle. But I hope we are in no imminent danger of life or limb from the experimental apprenticeship we are just undertaking—while we have both long seemed to be *out of our time*; and above all, we look forward with eagerness to the opportunity of consulting the oracles of friendship at Daylesford, and of personally presenting the offerings of inviolable esteem at the shrines of unwearied bounty and ever fostering benevolence in that quarter.

“To-morrow, my dear Sir, as Mrs. H. tells me, is your birthday, “*jure solemnisi mihi*”—for you have done much for the world, and all for me—who in fact have never done any thing fit or worthy to be done, for myself. In sheer equity, therefore, your nativity *should be*, as *it is*, of much more importance to me than my own—for which I never concern myself; but the 17th December,—it is one of the very brightest days in the year to me—“*namque ex hac Luce Mœcenas Meus affluentes!*”

“This the blest day, from whose auspicious sun
Commenc'd my Patron's stream of life to run!
But 'tis not *birth* can bliss or good supply:
Our gen'ral lot is to be born and die.
"Twixt these extremes extends a wasteful void,
Or well-spent interval of hours employ'd.
For not from years we estimate the sage—
Nor measure merit by the lapse of age;
Else ev'ry dotard, by this partial scale,
Might o'er all-knowing Solomon prevail.
His be the prize, whose lengthening days we find
Rich in the four grand principles of mind;—
Justice—that rendering back the talents given,
Looks up, and owns its gratitude to heaven;
Prudence, that eyes the future in the past,
Sees the world wane, nor hopes its joys can last;
Firm *fortitude*, to bear what fate ordains,
And *temperance* holding head-strong nature's reins.
True happiness, true glory these impart,
Improv'd by use, and mellowed in the heart.

On Hastings, then, ripe wisdom's meed we fix,
From youth maturing up to seventy-six !

Oh ! would it were seventy-six ten years hence ! *But then, I could hardly live to see what a divine old man you will make at eighty-six ; to which period you certainly will arrive, unless the world, which I will not insure, should tumble about your ears in the meantime.*

God bless you, my dear Sir, and our ever esteemed Mrs. Hastings and keep you both from all the intermediate calamities—is Mrs. H's constant prayer and mine ; and most heartily wishing you all the compliments of the approaching season, with a codicil for those of all the rest of the year, I beg you to believe me,

Your most sincerely, devoted
and affectionate friend,

We have marked a line or two in the above in italics as containing a prophecy, or at any rate a remarkable coincidence. Mr. Hastings died in his eighty-sixth year—and Mr. Halhed's aspiration of seeing the fine old man at eighty-six was gratified. Our readers have already seen how quietly Mr. Halhed could pun without laying that emphasis on it which so often spoils the jest. In the letter that follows, from Mr. Hastings to his friend, they will see a specimen of his humour, in which he easily assumes the newspaper tone of the day.

Daylesford House, 20th December 1808.

MY DEAR HALHED,—Accept my most hearty thanks for your two kind letters, for the last especially ; and a sentiment of acknowledgment which thanks cannot express for the admirable verses contained in the last. Praise from the heart is always pleasing, and is justifiably pleasing ; but when adorned with the brightest graces of poetry and blended with the philosophy (and that of a Reeshee could not be better expressed than yours) it is most delightful. I congratulate you and our dear Mrs. Halhed on your emancipation from what you call your apprenticeship, your apprenticeship of twice seven years ; the length of a patriarch for his wife ; and I verily think that your Rachel deserves that compliment more than Jacob's did, if she had any share in the motive of it. I feel a little something like a grudge that Sir Elijah has the first possession of you ; for Mrs. Hastings and I had meditated the same design upon you ; but deferred the execution of it till the spring of the approaching year, for two reasons : the first because we had the promise of a visit from a great personage, whom you would not like to meet on your first return to society, as we were uncertain how he would be accompanied, nor when he would come. He will be with us to-morrow. The other evasion is not one which of itself would have prevented us making the effort to engage you. It is our wish to share with you the blessing—such we estimate them—of a Daylesford sun, preferably to the coldest atmosphere that the winter engenders on the southern division of England. This I

give under my hand, and fingers too, which scarcely feel the pen that indites it. But I have your promise, and we shall claim the performance of it at as early a period as you please of the next year. I am glad, however, that our friend Sir Elijah will have the benefit of a friend near him, who can administer to him so well as you can, the consolation which he may require, on the privation of his most justly beloved son; and who can inspire him with the fortitude to sustain even the apprehension of it. I suspect, however, that he will be quit with the apprehension only, as I know of no foreign service to which his son can be called, but Spain; and the chances are many, that Spain will be completely subdued, before another embarkation can be formed, or any which may be now ready put to sea.

Mrs. Hastings desires me to send her affectionate remembrances to you and Mrs. Halhed; and we both join our fervent wishes,—and our wishes are prayers,—that God may bless you both through the ensuing year and render it more fortunate than any of the past. I must tell you that she made me read your letter to her a second time, and was at least as much pleased with the poetry of it as myself. All is well that ends well. She had before censured you for travelling, and premeditating it, on a Sunday; which you may receive as indirect and unintended praise; for I confess that we ourselves have not unfrequently committed the same trespass on the Sabbath. She requests you will tell Mrs. Halhed that on the receipt of your letter, she sent to recal a turkey and a ham, which had been actually despatched to her, intending to reserve both for your return home.

Adieu, my very dear friend, and believe me ever,

Your truly affectionate

WARREN HASTINGS.

"I have written through the force of habit with a vacancy left for the direction of a single letter, though I expect a frank for it.

"Give our affectionate regards to Sir Elijah and Lady Impey, and our dear Marian."

"I desire that you will give me your opinion of the following specimen of a political newspaper.—

"Letter from an Officer at Cadiz, 15th December 1808.

"The advices from the north are of an unpleasant nature. Castanos with the eastern division of the army had established his headquarters at Irun. The consequence was, that on the first appearance of the enemy, his soldiers took fright, and fled. The other division under Blake, suffered a check at Wrynose, and this was followed by a total defeat at Sorenose. He has been since superseded in his command by an officer of a promising name, and a prominent character;* but it is thought that the army will not be again in condition to face their opponents. The commander indeed endeavors to countenance a different opinion, and gives out that though the Spaniards

* i. e., Romanos, corruptly written Romana.

have been beat in two encounters, he is confident of success with one more.

"Our little friend, Billy Dulgerid, has been deputed by the acting Governor of Gibraltar to the States of Barbary, to solicit their assistance. He wrote some time ago, that the Moors were ready to transport a formidable army to the coast of Spain, only desiring, as a preliminary condition, to be put in possession of a good provision of hand Grenades. This requisition appeared so extraordinary to the Governor, who knew that the Moorish forces consisted wholly of cavalry, and were unacquainted with these missiles of European warfare, that he suspected some mistake, and the rather, as Billy could not speak a word of Arabic, which is the language of the country, and in the hurry of his departure had left his interpreter behind. Under this persuasion he sent back the messenger with a letter requiring an explanation. By tempestuous weather in the passage, and other stoppages on shore, many weeks elapsed before Billy's reply was received, which cleared up the mistake, and shewed it to have been committed, not by him, but by the Governor,—the words which he had read for "*a good provision of hand Grenades*," (not indeed very legibly written) having been intended by the writer to state the condition, that the Moors should be put in possession of "*the good province, or land, of Grenada*," which is known to have been the object of their continual regrets, ever since their expulsion from it in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The correction of the error came unfortunately too late. The tide of affairs had turned;—the troops which had been assembled for the proposed enterprize had consumed all their provisions, and were disbanded; so that all hopes of aid from that quarter have vanished. Such is the fatality of all our measures, which are ever defeated by indecision and procrastination, arising from the most frivolous causes."

"We stop the press to insert the following extract of a letter just received from our correspondent in Finland :—

"The King of Sweden has nominated General Duke, an* *ti*o Tartar by birth, to the command of the army in this province. We marched under his orders this morning at day-break. We had not come a mile before we fell in with a strong post of the enemy, defended by eight men and a boy. It was taken by a *coup de main* without loss on either side. The affair was not great; but it was a feather to our commander, who wanted it : for he had scarcely assumed

* "This hiatus was caused by the friction of the package containing the letters. We cannot find any word that will make out the name in the geographical dictionary. Baltic and Adriatic, that is, the seas of those names, lie too distant from Tartary; and Emetic belongs, as we believe, exclusively to another science."

"The above written nonsense was finished more than a week ago, and intended to mix with your other and better ingredients for a merry Christmas : but a spark of remaining modesty, suggested by the want of a frank, easily induced me to lay it by till I got one. Bad as the composition is, it is better by—. What was to have followed is forgotten, a letter from Newick when I had written thus far having discouraged me from proceeding. I could not send a composition of levity to the house of affliction."

the command of the army, when he found it in hot water. The soldiers were sick of the war: so were the officers; many of these had thrown up their commissions. This, with other well timed discharges, had allayed the bad humors; but symptoms of risings still continued to break out from time to time."

Our readers, we presume, will not grudge the space we devoted to a few of Mr. Halhed's poetical compositions. The sonnet was a favorite vehicle with him in his visits to Parnassus. His effusions embrace a great variety of topics,—grave, gay, or mythical.

To Lady Mawbey.

" Say not, beloved friend, that Heaven at strife
With nature, couples malady with wealth :
Sure 'twere unthankful, in the wane of health,
Against life's Author thus to deem of life.
No : *temp'rate* use will either boon secure :
But Reason, stern instructress, must supply
The wholesome discipline of poverty,
And riches bless but as they feed the poor.
High tho' to view your stately dwelling stand
Without, within, a master-piece of art :
Tho' to the park's extent your taste hath plann'd,
Luxuriant seasons all their smiles impart ;
Whate'er of good or grateful they produce
Not from themselves is drawn, but from their *temp'rate use*."

Surely there is exquisite tenderness and beauty embodied in this sonnet.

To Mr. Halhed.

" O, let me under my Louisa's care
Be gather'd to my fathers ! Let me feel,
With my extreme perception, her fond zeal
Smoothing my ruffled pillows ! Let her share
(As she's most worthy) in my dying pray'r
For both our souls ! while her kind fingers steal
With trembling touch o'er my glaz'd eyes and seal
Their lids, just stiff'ning into death's void stare !
Still shall I recognise, though outward sense
Attest not, her dear cheek laid close to mine ;
Her heart's quick throbs, her sigh's dumb eloquence ;
So my last breath shall bless her matchless love,
And waft her merits to the realms above."

Our next selection relates to an event connected with that tall bully-like pillar stigmatised by Pope, as *lying* where it stands. Some of us are old enough to remember the circumstance.

On a Jew felo-de-se who threw himself from the top of the Monument.

“ Curtius the second ! whatsoe’er thy view,—
In leaping from the monument to ground,
Could no more manageable gulf be found—
Than England’s vast metropolis, to shew
Thy courage or good will ?—Had every Jew
But one joint wind-pipe all Great Britain round,
Ev’n ther’ ’twould hardly close th’ abyss unsound,
To break it from a precipice so new.
Cheats as they were, thy brethren still remain,
Curb’d by no rigor—by no menace aw’d :
Still yawn the chasms of usury and fraud,
And thou wast prodigal of life in vain !
But to the column gav’st one record true—
An Israelite died here, who prov’d himself no Jew.”

The following complimentary effusion, like a scorpion, has a sting in its tail :

“ ————admitted to a lady’s room one day
(Boudoir, or work chamber, or what you will)
Lost in surprise, my head as in a mill,
Turn’d with the wonders of its nice display—
All China strove in delicate array
Each bracket, angle and recess to fill :
Tea-pot o’er tea-pot rising higher still—
Cups, basons, saucers, all of purest clay.
Nigh these, an ill-assorted figure sat ;
Produce it seem’d of Egypt’s tasteless clime,
Coarse workmanship, not unassail’d by time,
Of lumpish visage, on its haunches squat,
Too bad for use, too clumsy for a shelf—
Too ugly for parade—in short it was *herself* !”

Mr. Halhed, indeed, had a happy turn for epigram—considerably enhanced no doubt by his partiality for Martial. We can only spare space for a short specimen or two. One is dated 15th February 1808—on the death of the Marquis of Thomond, by a fall from his horse.

“ Lapsus eque Thomond, quantum, heu ! se distat ab ipso !
Insedit modo jam Vir—ceciditque lutum.

“ How vast a gulf cross’d Thomond from his horse !
A man while seated—and when thrown, a corse !”

The following three epigrams were sent to Mr. Halhed by the Rev. Mr. Cane.

“ Captain Macheath with passion fir’d,
A Polly,—Lucy,—both admir’d,
Mais Halhed a plus admirè,
Car Les Graces sont ses *Tiers consolidés* !

Ideas come, says Loccke, from sense,
 As pounds the offspring are of pence.
 With Halhed who would dare to strive,
 Whose senses *four* excel all other's *five* !
 Halhed, however smooth it run,
 A man of taste, you hate a pun :
 Yet I confess I still am led,
 To think that Halhed his *all head* ! "

Mr. Halhed thus replied—

" Halhed admires—as well he may
 Your charming '*Tiers consolidé*,'
 Where *each* in merit's high degree,
 Stands representative of *three*—
 And thus the united *three* combine
 To form th' equivalent of *nine*.
 Where is the mighty wonder then,
 With every muse to guide *your* pen,
 While Halhed's can no aid command,
 Save a mere *Hoddy-Doddy's** hand ;
 That just comparison ensures
 The odds of *nine to one* on yours ;
His pen's a bulrush weak and vain ;
 Yours a most potent matchless Cane."

Mr. Hastings, in the next letter, begs to be excused for his long silence caused in a great measure by indisposition, for which he consulted Dr. Vaughan, and afterwards Sir Henry Hallford.

" *Daylesford House, 16th May 1809.*

"MY DEAR HALHED,—Do not impute my long silence to neglect or to an indifference to the genuine affection that breathes in your letters, and marks your whole intercourse with me. When I received your letter, I was earnestly and incessantly engaged in answering twenty-one queries proposed to me by the Board of Agriculture ; and as Mrs. Hastings had exempted me from the positive duty of writing to you, by making you, through Mrs. Halhed, acquainted with the return of health, I went on my way, saying, I will write to-morrow, —a term definite in intention, but very indeterminate in practice : and the occupation which I mentioned continued so long, as to exclude every other, and to give my procrastination a kind of prescriptive right. But here I am ; and not a line will I write upon any other paper till I have written all that I have to write upon this, already one-fourth wasted in apology.

"You already know that we have had the pleasure of an unexpected visit from your friends, Sir E. and L. J. Impey. The immediate occasion of it was alarming ; but we had the great satisfaction to

* Old Nursery rhyme—" Hoddy-Doddy, all head and no body."

see her wear the looks and complexion of health, and her good spirits have uniformly accorded with their indications. Sir E. seems uncommonly well. I wish I could persuade him to rise earlier in a morning; but I despair of success, and have not attempted it. I do not know but I may, if it be but to give him an opportunity of combatting my objection to his sleeping till ten, with his to my rising at five and six. My own case has something of novelty in it. I left Portland-street a very invalid: I arrived almost well at Tettsworth, and the next day in perfect health at Daylesford, though my nights were infested with feverish returns,—these however being perceptibly abating, I am now, and have been for some time past, in much better health than I had before my late indisposition: yet as I grew well a new disease succeeded,—a swelling in both my legs and feet. This increased to such a degree in my right foot as to be alarming, and its appearance to my sight disgusting. By Dr. Vaughan's prescription, I have taken for it sweet spirit of nitre diluted with imperial three times a day—but am not sensible of any amendment. Any exertion aggravates the affection of parts, and the flesh-brush instantly allays it. By the advice of a very acute experimental physician, I make my breakfast wait some minutes every morning for the exercise of the dumb-bells, to the great exacerbation (is that the medical word?) of the morbid irritation which commonly preceds that meal. . . . So much, and too much, of myself. I have great pleasure in being able to tell you, that my dear Mrs. Hastings is uncommonly well, and visits her farm on her poney in all weathers. I remember to have heard you more than once say, that poetry was prophetic of something that never entered into the mind of the composer of it. This sentiment was lately exemplified in a sonnet which I addressed to Mrs. Hastings about three weeks ago. It begins with—"Hail, ever blooming May!" Would you believe it? On the very first day of the month she ventured on horseback, and was caught by two hail-storms. I certainly predicted them, and most certainly by inspiration, but I can take my oath that I did not intend it. I bless you in my heart for your encomium on her goodness and her virtues, and for those too, I am ready with my oath, to attest them. She unites with me in affectionate regards to yourself, and dear Mrs. Halhed; and we both rejoice to hear of her amended health, and especially that its progress keeps pace with the spring; for I think I never witnessed a finer. Heaven bless you both, my dear friend!

"Since I wrote the above Sir Elijah has intimated his and lady I's intention of parting from us next Monday, which I have opposed on the ground of her ladyship being evidently better in health than she was when she arrived. I do not know whether he left me undecided; I hope so. I have one or two calls to town, and their final determination may regulate mine. This excursion will enable me to adjust some points of consequence to the arrangement of my time, and one especially, which I have much at heart; to settle with you the time when you will give us the promised pleasure of being our guests. It had been our intention to solicit it at the same time that our friends had devoted to their visit, had we been in time apprized

ed of it. For the present, adieu, my friend. I am ever, with the most heartfelt affection, yours

WARREN HASTINGS."

In his reply (dated 18th May 1809) Mr. Halhed congratulates his friend on his restitution of health, as nature's triumph over art :—

'God made the country and man made the town,'

"and made it a most execrable amalgam of all the impurities and of all the four elements in the natural world, and their antitypes in the moral. Escaped from these and the iatrical toads that fatten on them, into the pure regions that still retain a smack of the perfection in which their Creator fashioned them : nature has re-asserted her rights in you, and her claim for unlimited gratitude from all those who have the happiness to know you. As for the interlude of the dumb-bells—if they confer an appetite for your breakfast—they are certainly beneficial : but if you would infer that by enlarging the interval from the pillow to the tea kettle, they augment an irritation already morbid : it is not to the belly we must apply the medicine, but to the irritability, a disease of which I have entirely cured myself, by simply bearing it. Perhaps a glass of factitious Spa-water taken at first rising, would qualify the acid of the stomach, and give a better appetite for the muffin an hour afterwards, with a greatly improved ability for well digesting it. Proceeding downwards we gradually approach the legs whose Odematous intumescence I lament as an inconvenience and an eyesore, and but little more. Throw nitre to the dogs and stick to the flesh-brush, is the language of experience, and that *your own*."

Of the two prescriptions we are free to confess that malgre what the sons of Esculapius may say, Mr. Halhed's appears to us to be the most professional and the shrewdest of the two. In his next letter Mr. Hastings confesses that he has derived benefit from Mr. Halhed's prescription ; he also alludes to a versified edition of the debates in Parliament which Mr. Halhed used to send him periodically—and of which we should be glad to introduce a specimen or two, but that our limited space at present forbids.

From Mr. Hastings to Mr. Halhed.

"If I could, I would write you a letter of poesy :

You can do it with ease, but with me 'tis not so easy.

You possess the great art, which, if any, but few know,

To write ten score good verses, stans pede in uno ;

To the hand from the head, as this dictates its plenty,

Inditing, and calamo writing currente.

And to speak the plain truth, I can't find in my conscience

To make you pay double for reading my nonsense ;

For the cost of my letters in prose, though but four pence,

Is too much ; but in rhyme, 'tis as dear as four more pence.

"This looks like one of Cobbet's papers, with a motto of his own composition prefixed to it, and not seldom one of his worst. I thank you, my dear friend, for the admirable continuation of your chronicle, and desire, *in return*, that you will go on with a new chapter at the close of every session of Parliament, only as long as I live: and if I can, I will live long enough for you to make up a good sizeable octavo. Perhaps, in that period, things may take a new turn, and instead of absurdities to ridicule, and corruptions to censure, you may be perplexed by a choice of wise measures, and virtuous statesmen, claiming the best exertions of your genius in their commendation. Surely such a reformation may be expected from the laudable training of the flower of the British youth; one ~~seminary~~ of which filled Cavendish Square, in my own delighted sight, with barouches, and admiring spectators: "delighted," although I lost by it full thirty minutes in the attempt to traverse the thronged street from Mrs. Motte's door to Lady Blunt's, nearly opposite to it. You will be pleased to hear that the swelling of my legs has subsided, and come almost to their bearings, taking the word in every sense. This effect has been produced, neither by pills, by galvanism, by repose, nor by diet, but by, or in despite of, severe exercise of them, and evidently more than is good for them at the time that I impose it upon them. In other points I have literally conformed to your advice, and have got well. The advice was salutary, and I thank you for it, but more for your kind interest in my dear Mrs. Hastings' health, and more yet for the credit you attribute to her influence on mine, and for the many handsome things you say of her, to all which I am ready to subscribe, while my hand is in, before the registrar of Oxford, who has already just administered that sanction to the first process of a chancery suit in the Supreme Court of the Km. of Wurtemberg, in which I have chosen to be an adventurer. I return to Mrs. Hastings to say that she is very well, and will (I know) before I have closed this, charge me with her affectionate regards to you, and dear Mrs. Halhed. In these as in all her affections mine go *pari passu*. We are in the midst of our mowing and haymaking, in which there is every prospect of our going on swimmingly, with the option of being thankful for the preservation of our turnips, (which I prefer) or murmuring at the injury sustained by our hay. On this, and many other similar occasions my mind sustains itself by the maxim of a great philosopher and moralist. * "Its poise life's balance to vibration owes." If you have never met with it before, copy it, and put it by among your good things. Mr. Anderson, and his most amiable wife and daughter are our present guests, and contribute much to our present happiness, which is not diminished by the reflection frequently recurring, that when we part, we shall never probably meet again.

"Adieu, my dear Halhed.

Your truly affectionate friend,

WARREN HASTINGS. "•

"I am not sure, that I am yet pleased with your account of poor Elijah;—I am half inclined to recommend to him my own regimen, of taking nothing."

It is with no small reluctance that we are compelled to omit whole pages that would be deemed amusing to those who are *au courant* with the Parliamentary debates of the period. Halhed's abstracts of each Session were often written in the manner of prose letters to save space and postage, but the sing-song soon betrays the covert rhyme. Here is a specimen in a letter to Mr. Hastings, dated 17th June 1809. "The Session clos'd, we now once more its efforts weigh as heretofore, in retrospective view: See legislation at a stand, while discontents distract the land for change to something new. What vigorous measures well pursued, what ardour for the public good the Commons' votes declare? What then has occupied their toil? What topic drain'd the midnight oil in guise of Council deep? What wondrous motion-making itch has furnish'd a pretext for speech—and interrupted sleep? Some friend emerging from a *bordel*, hatch'd in the brain of Colonel Wardle a sudden wish for fame—by circumstances harsh and sour to crush York's military power and blast his royal name, &c. Then shortly followed "a new song" to the tune of "a bumper Squire Jones." It may be familiar to some of our older readers (for it was published) who perhaps might not be aware who their author was—

"Mrs. Clarke: Mrs. Clarke,
Tho' conscience forbids me to praise or defend
What you do in the dark;
Your sense and your merit,
Your freedom of spirit,
Have made me your friend.
You scorn to be cheated
By a humbug'd or ill-treated
By any vain, bantering, impudent spark:
But constant and steady
Look close to the ready,
A conduct most sage in these times, Mrs. Clarke."

Mr. Halhed's fortunes having come to about their worst—were now about to mend. In a letter of the 14th July 1809, he recalls to the recollection of Mr. Hastings the circumstance of an increased number of hands in the office of the Examiner at the India House, having been found necessary, leave had been given at the last general court for the creation of a new *Military* Secretary for India, and two additional *Civil* Secretaries—the latter with salaries of £600—each. Mr. Halhed then proceeds—"By William's advice and co-operation of the most feeling and friendly

kind I was tempted to offer myself a candidate for one of these last mentioned offices, and was most strenuously, affectionately and efficiently assisted in the application by my old and very dear friend Sir William Bensley—under whose suggestion I wrote a joint letter to the Chairman and Deputy in the beginning of April. No notice whatever was taken of my address till yesterday morning, when I waited on Mr. Grant by appointment—who in the most kind and liberal manner then informed me, that my services were accepted on the terms I had proposed, and that I might consider myself as effectually admitted to the post, although the nomination could not pass the Court till next Wednesday. I lose therefore not a moment in communicating this account, which I know will be received by you with the most sympathetic feelings of satisfaction—as it lifts me from a state of the most groveling inactivity and indigence to regular exertion and *comparative* independence.” Nothing can well be more cordial than Mr. Hastings’ reply on hearing of his friend’s good news :—

“ *Daylesford House, 16th July 1809.*

“ MY DEAR HALHED.—I thank God, fervently, for the happy tidings which you have imparted to me. You did justice to my dear Mrs. Hastings, and she desires me to tell you so, in the persuasion which you felt, that her joy would be equal to mine for this accession of good fortune to your long-tried patience, and miserable state of depression. I always loved Sir William Bensley. I love him now more than ever for the proof which he has given you of the genuine goodness of his heart. At the same time I candidly confess, that I have a little sensation of envy mingling itself with my better thoughts, from the contrast of what his friendship has accomplished, with that which mine has only meditated and professed. Yet, let me inform you my dear friend that mine has not been idle, though its efforts have been unsuccessful. I have not much inclination to turn to other subjects : but I must thank you for your former unacknowledged letter, and for the mirth and good spirits which it impressed me with, both while I read it, and since. You shall have an answer to it, however, in the words of Walter Scott, who certainly did not know that he was an advocate for the D. of York, when he wrote his *Marmion*.

“ When F.....was betray’d,
And on his board forg’d letters laid,
She was, alas ! the sinful maid,
By whom the deed was done.
O ! shame and horror to be said :—
She was a perjur’d nun. (*none, it should be,*)
No Clark in all the land, like her
Trac’d quaint and varying character.”

“ I am sorry to tell you, that I am bid by a solicitor to go to town

next Thursday, as a preliminary to a subpoena, which is to follow his summons. It will give me, however, the pleasure to see you, and with that I must console myself. Our best and united love attend you and dear Mrs. Halhed.

Your affectionate

WARREN HASTINGS."

It appears that Halhed had shewn Mr. Hastings a review which he had written of Lord Valentia's travels, and which perhaps he had some intention to print. There is a transcript of this review among his papers, but it is evidently the first rough sketch of it—and not the one he had shewn to Mr. Hastings. It is capable of being decyphered, but with an amount of labour and time that we have not to bestow on its further consideration. Suffice it that in it he was severe upon the Marquess of Wellesley's over stateliness; and deemed the spread of Missionaries dangerous to the safety of India—a delusion that was a fashionable bugbear of the day with men of the governing class. Mr. Hastings, in his next letter (bearing date 27th July 1809,) warns him as to the inexpedience, or rather the imprudence of ventilating such subjects—in regard to the position in which he then was:

"Daylesford House, 27th July 1809.

"MY DEAR HALHED,—From the period of our parting, to this hour, my mind has been perpetually recurring to the critique, of which you read to me a considerable part, on Lord Valentia's travels, till it has become a growing weight on my conscience. There are two subjects of it, which, though admirable treated, and though I listened to them one at least with a criminal complacency—I wish to be able to persuade you to erase totally. The first is your argument against Indian Missionism. (Excuse the barbarism of the word: I cannot hastily devise a better.) It will mortally offend the Chairman and Deputy Chairman, whom it is your honest interest to conciliate, and whom no duty calls you to make your enemy. A writer to the public is as much bound to write the truth, and nothing but the truth, as a witness on his oath before a Court of Justice: but he is under no obligation to be a champion in a cause that shall exact from him the necessity of writing *all the truth*; and on this the opinions of all mankind, except a few righteous overmuch, are already brought into agreement. Neither does your professed disquisition require this digressive interposition. Do not think my advice hastily given. I myself, animated with the same indiscreet zeal, drew up a bold philippic against the doctrine of Indian conversion, and put it into the hands of friend Toone, to produce it on the first occasion in which the subject should be introduced in the Court of Directors. This he was on the point of doing; but choosing to make Sir Francis Baring a party to the plot, Sir Francis peremptorily forbade it, convinced him in three words that it would be the height of folly, and Toone con-

vinced me. In you the folly would be much greater, (forgive me for this plain speaking,) for mine was more common, every day reasoning; your's eloquent, elegant, unanswerable, and therefore unparadonable.

"The other passage is your stricture on Lord Wellesley's pomp and vanity. It is not a necessary part of your undertaking. It will create you enemies in another quarter; and as he has not provoked the attack by any act of his own, I do not think it quite fair to punish him for having been placed in a ridiculous light by his silly compeer and panegyrist. In this judgment too, I evince, if not my own, at least my disinterestedness; for with the exclusion of Lord W. you must exclude all that your too partial friendship has introduced upon another person. I shall be sorry to part with it; for the same thing will never be said, certainly not so well said, by any other person.

"While I am executing the office of a commentator you must forgive me for suggesting a slight objection to your birthday verses. It was not originally mine; but first hesitated by my friend Anderson, and afterwards decidedly pronounced by all the ladies of our family. The objection regards only the words, "dear Miss," in the first line, which is judged not to agree with the gravity, and the solemnity of the rest of the poem. To me the second line seems to partake of the same incongruity; and I cannot help thinking, that you began it in a vein of pleasantry; but that you felt an interest in the subject in the next step as you advanced, your own affections were engaged or increased by those of the surrounding party, and animated to the highest strain of poetry: for I verily think that it is, with the exception which I have stated, most complete and original, beyond any composition of the kind that I have ever seen. But I beg the favor of Mrs. Halhed not to punish my cavils by withholding from me the occasions of them. I thank her gratefully for the copy of this: but she owes me that of the address to Mrs. Aldersy, in which also I ventured to propose a correction—and I am an unforgiving creditor. With my best love, and Mrs. Hastings's to her, and to you, my friend,

I am ever yours,
WARREN HASTINGS."

" Pall Mall, 31st July 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If any thing had been wanting to rivet my conviction (and my unalterable gratitude founded upon it) of the very warm and sympathising interest you take in all that concerns me, your last favour of the 27th instant would be more than sufficient for the purpose. I know not, indeed, how to reconcile the perpetual reiterations of your kindness under all manner of circumstances and in so many different modes of affection with the very slender pretensions I really have to your favour, and with the pitiful efforts I appear ever to make in return. I am indeed in a sort of habit, a constitutional system of self-reproach for the seeming indifference of my general behaviour toward you, and for the tameness of my exertions to merit

your esteem; and when I would tranquillize a little the perturbation of conscience on this article, I have no other resource than the meagre reflection, that at least I purchase no part of your friendly condescension by fawning adulation: and that in spite of the peculiar distinctions by which you are continually honouring me, I am sure you know me and all my faults: and so, in short, I wrap myself up in that most gratifying of all self-delusions, that you have an incurable prejudice for me, and I go on loving you without any consideration of the propriety of evincing the fact by suitable demonstrations of language and conduct—as if you were my second self. Now in this last actual instance of your anxious regard for me and my well-doing I see a thousand traits of good-will, and a care fully amounting to paternal, like Micio's for Æschinus in the *Adelphi*, lest I should incur damage where there happens to be no danger. The two subjects of your present solicitude have undoubtedly those objectionable peculiarities which you so eloquently describe: but it luckily happens that I was not sufficiently enthusiastic on the topic while employed on it, to acquire the smallest partiality for my composition—in truth I thought very slightly of it; so that I am admirably well prepared for suppressing not only the two passages in question, but the whole piece. While I continued a bare candidate for office, with little hope and less appearance of success, my friend Wilkins intimated to me one day, that if I wished to insinuate myself into the Chairman's good graces, I could not do better than review Lord Valentia's book with a lash in my hand, and he would supply me with the work: whether my whip-cord was or was not rightly aimed, it may not become me to say—but at least it is whip-cord. I know the danger of a *cut* at the missionaries—and was at no loss to discern the cause of Mr. Grant's strong dislike, when I came to the article that condemns the system *in toto*; I therefore, as you know, rather leaned to that side in opposition to episcopacy which my Lord recommended. The philippic against the pomp of the Governor-General was a mere ebullition of my feelings. But you are aware that I have produced no more than an outline—and that for hardly a third part of the work—I detest the office of reviewing—and go to it with a reluctance precisely commensurate with my want of qualifications for its due discharge: I mean (not to seem more modest than I am) collateral reading—for which I certainly have had no means or opportunity these many years. But in fact it is the very scavenger-ship of literature; and I always recollect a lucky hit of my fellow madman, Elphinstone, who translated Martial, and whom the Reviews abused for his translation; in rebutting their remark he says—“*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*”—“No man can be a Reviewer *at once*.” Now as I have never served my apprenticeship to the business—I can be no better than a bungler. But while I was floundering on through the mud of criticism, comes a message from the chairman—and subsequently my appointment—then why retain the *net* when the fish is caught? My *view* in reviewing is anticipated by the event—and I am now up to the ears in Leadenhall street lucubrations—which employ all the time I can possibly dedicate to the desk.

“What you say of my epistle to my little niece demands a very

different notice : and I am really astonished at the more than *Bentleian* acumen of your remark on the reason for the apparent difference of style between the two first lines and the remainder, now you have suggested it to me, I perceive the fact certainly was so : but of myself I should never have suspected it, like the honest citizen who had written from his whole life without knowing it. All I knew was, that I determined to write her a letter—and send it by post—directed to herself. So my mind being prepossessed with the idea of the address “to Miss Beauchamp,” &c. The letter itself naturally took the same turn in the commencement. I feel the force of your objection—and still more to the second line than the *first* : for it is difficult to find any other suitable term than *Miss* to designate at once that the infant is female. I will not lose sight, however, of the subject—altho’ I do not engage to produce anything more to my mind—and however inexorable you may be as a creditor, if I do not tender you demand in *sterling*, you will not reject any passable *paper* in the present hard times. The lines to Mrs. Aldersy, you shall have—with an alteration—but not much of a correction.

“And now, my dear Sir, give me leave to address our united best and most sincere regards toward our Mrs. Hastings, whom we presume to be in good health from your saying nothing to the contrary, and from our most earnest desire that she should be so—and to request you to believe me—

Your much obliged,
And very affectionate friend,
N. B. HALHED.”

“Welcome, sweet babe, to our terrestrial sphere !
No pains were spar’d for your reception here.”

At the time of the Jubilee Mr. Halhed wrote a long song on the occasion, which having found its way into print, became very popular. A copy had, of course, been forwarded in the first instance to Mr. Hastings in a letter from Mr. Halhed. The sage of Daylesford (under date 5th November 1809) says of this loyal effusion :—

“I cannot tell you how delighted I was with your pot-pourri ; I was prepared for another treat of it in a visit to my nephew Woodman in Northamptonshire, where I met with your ballad in a loyal newspaper, said to have been sung at one of the late civic feasts. It was copied with perfect correctness, but ushered in by the Editor, with one of the most insipid of all compositions that call themselves poetry, an ode of a Mr. Fitzgerald. I do not believe that the profanation, wicked as it was, could have been felt so indignantly by you as at was by me.”

Even Warren Hastings seems to have had a foretaste of Byron’s indignation—for he could scarcely in his snuggery at Daylesford have seen the pungent outburst of him, who was then “juvenile and curly :—”

"Still must I hear—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl!
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
And I not sing, lest haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and dename my muse!"

Early in March 1810, Mr. Hastings again mounts Pegasus, the result being certain stanzas on the rise and progress of John Company, as following:—

"From the days of Job Charnock, scarce known on record,
To the triumphs of Plassey's redoubtable Lord,
The Company traffick'd unheeded:
She sent her ships forth, the wide ocean to roam,
With rich cargoes well freighted, and brought richer home;
And in all she adventur'd succeeded.

By oppression provok'd, she to arms had recourse,
And soon made her oppressors submit to her force;
From defensive proceeded offender:
And her courage attemper'd with wisdom conspir'd
To aggrandize her pow'r, till at length she acquir'd
Of an empire entire the surrender.

Now the sages in schools of diplomacy bred
Civil doctors, divines, and state-moralists said—
(And the senate confirm'd their opinion;)
That for her, a mere trader, (for what was she more?)
Or her factors and clerks, from her counting-house door,
To pretend to the rights of dominion;

That to give up the pen in exchange for the gun;
To hold rule over nations—no matter how won;
To make treaties; assume legislature;
Nay worse, of finance to distribute the drains,
To elicit their currents, and pocket the gains;
Was to gospel repugnant and nature.

So they stripp'd off her robe; but the loss to atone,
His Majesty gave her a cloak of his own;
Lent her armies and fleets for protectors;
To diminish her cares, and to lighten their weight,
For her guardians appointed the Lords of the State,
And a Board to direct her Directors.

Thus equip'd, and embrac'd by the beams of the throne,
As once Semele, wrapp'd in Jove's attributes, shone,
Now as meek and resig'd as a martyr,
With the guilt of imputed offences defil'd,
By rapacity pilfer'd by malice revil'd,
She gave up the ghost, and her charter.

Though ignoble her birth, yet in death she may boast,
That her orb in the colors of glory was lost,
Like the sun, when he sets in Orion;
This reflection of comfort at least to produce—
That her greatness arose from the quill of a goose,
And was crush'd by the paw of a lion."

"MY DEAR HALHED,—I avail myself of the frank of a basket to Mrs. Motte to send you the above. It was composed of shreds and patches between Portman-square and Daylesford, and put together since my return. I attribute to this employment that I escaped an accession to my cold. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Hastings has not yet recovered the effects of her fall. Give our kind regards to Mrs. Halhed, and receive them yourself from

Your affectionate—

WARREN HASTINGS."

Mr. Halhed in his reply allows the excellence of the lines, and goes on:—

"By the way you have answered a question which from long antiquity has been propounded as insoluble "*Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes*"? But you have shewn us who direct the Directors. I am, however, particularly gratified with the closing lines—not being so fastidious as Elijah about an epigrammatic turn, which in truth I always chuckle at, and the quill of the goose in contrast with the paw of the lion, would in my opinion furnish an admirable basis for a caricature, or a hieroglyphic, which seem to me to be very much akin. But after all the labours of your life in John's service, and the matchless volumes of prose you have expended as candle and cordials to prop up a little his vacillating constitution—it falls, I find, to your lot to give him the finishing stroke in verse, and write his elegy!"

Mr. Hastings in reply confessed shame at feeling more of the pleasure of vanity in his friend's approbation of his ditty than an intimate consciousness of minor merit should have admitted.

"But I have the subject of it ever at heart, and ludicrous as I may treat it, to get rid of reflections of a very different nature, I brood over it walking and sleeping, and cannot repress my astonishment that the rest of the world, those especially whom it most concerns, only sleep upon it. I am so much pleased with your emblem, that I have executed it, like the avatar of Krishna, coming out of a fish, with four arms and a sword, a book and a ship in three hands, the fourth marked with the wheel of sovereignty, the head crowned with a turret and a spire, the body armed, and the breast just emerging from the rib of the pen—but execrably performed—so I do not exhibit it to you. I should like to strike off 26 medals with the two devices, after the manner of Wilkins's remunerating medal, and to present them to the Directors, with two a piece to the chairs or (as that would cost money) to apply some ready made ballad tune to the elegy, and

get some good voice to sing it by surprise at one of their official dinners at the London tavern. I think it would sing well : but as neither song nor medal would avail to avert the impending catastrophe, I believe it would be best to confine its circulation to the little world of half a dozen inhabitants, who are in the patient habit of listening to such nonsense. If I should not be in at the death, bear witness that I foreboded it."

In a poetical description of a storm in the 9th Nov. 1810, which was universal in its ruinous consequences throughout England, Mr. Hastings bewails the destruction of his fine grove of beeches. The storm-fiend is described as commanding the demons of the north to rush forth and destroy :—

"Nor paus'd they but with loud and lengthen'd blow
Wrench'd the tall beech, and dash'd their glories low ;
(Oh ! were that all !) their guardian maids assail'd
(Nor beauty, sex, nor innocence avail'd)
With unresisted might, and malice scurv'y,
Laid the chaste dryads (—O shame !) topsy turvy,—and there
they lie."

Mr. Hastings then asks his friend in prove, whether the beech tree in its native growth, has a *tap-root*,—his having none. Mr. Halhed in reply confesses that he knows little more of beeches than as far as Tityrus might have instructed him. And then he goes on :—

"But I remember formerly (for I *once* possessed and exercised a little of the locomotive faculty) to have been delighted with the beech groves of Buckinghamshire in taking the lower road to Oxford ; but for many years I have only taken a second hand peep at them in Bath. Judge, then, with what sympathy I enjoy their lying round me in all the majesty of ruin, * * * * But, ah ! my dear Sir, why disfigure so charming a composition with a line of doggerel ? Why suffer the intention of a couplet in mock-heroic to stand like a posture master among an assemblage of General officers ? You must know the scurv'y'd distich to which I allude. To go one step farther in animadversion, I take the liberty to hint that I do not perfectly comprehend the period of time described in the poem. The suppressions are undoubtedly of the highest classical authority and the turn exactly after the antique models : but how to adapt it to my homely calendar is the question. Your storm is a *matter of fact* on the 9th of November, and you have fixed it as a storm for ever on description. But *when* does it occur ! I take it for granted, you place *Libra* to September, and *Scorpio* to October, and this I shall let pass as current poetical astronomy. But what is meant by "eight times and eight ?" It puzzles me much, and yet perhaps the obscurity is all in my own noddle. * * * * How should I know what a *tap-root* is ? There is generally a small door in an alehouse on which is written "the tap : " and where I have hitherto supposed the beer was drawn ;

so if beeches be liable to the process of bleeding, or tapping, as first certainly are, and I believe *birches* also—the tap-root is then the point of attack, below ground, as the beer is usually tapped in the cellar. I will not deny that I have heard of a tap-root, but am very imperfectly acquainted with its meaning, nor do I believe there is one in all Leadenhall-street, unless it belong to a turnip, which I have sometimes seen with a little pendent tail like a pig's. Your trees, now they are lopped and cleared, must look like so many May poles laid prostrate, as if Satan had been playing nine pins. If they have lived 96 or 97 years, they cannot complain of their destiny, nor even of that of their bitchyad's (for how can I say out of metre dryad to a *beechen* beauty) since you know even the life of Brahma himself and of the *—and in that the whole mass of living creatures, gods and all, is limited to a hundred; and the only difference is in the length of the munit's. Here are the lines, after the benefit of Halhed's criticisms:—

“Through the black Scorpion's range the circling sun,
Eight times and eight his daily course had run;
And now to sleep, and all the motley kind,
That fancy generates, his pow'r resign'd.
Struck by his parting ray, my mental sight,
Pierc'd through the gloomy vapors of the night,
Saw forms on forms advance: and at their head
The Prince of air his horrid mandates sped.
Black was his visage, hoarse his voice, his eyes,
Flash'd livid light'nings through the murky skies.
'Come forth,' he cried, 'ye demons of the north!
'Come forth!'—The demons of the north came forth.
'On Daylesford hill your stormy warfare deal:
'Let its proud grove my licens'd vengeance feel.
'But spare its mansion: there, her favor'd home,
'Fair Virtue dwells, and guards the sacred dome;
'Or wait, till unprotected on his hill,
'Its owner stray; and crush him, if you will.'
Here ceas'd the fiend. I saw th' ærial crowd,
Obsequious rush, each from his buoyant cloud.
I saw their press'd and lab'ring sides enlarge,
And their swollen cheeks the gather'd blasts discharge.
Nor paus'd they; but with loud and lengthen'd blow,
Wrench'd the tall beech, and dash'd their glories low;
And groans, and sobs, and shrieks proclaim'd around
The sense of many a lacerated wound:
Whether within the wood, its native cell,
Congenial sprites, or nymphs, or dryads dwell,
Drink the light sap, the flexile branches ply,
Live while it lives, and if it perish die;
Whether perceptive life the plants inform,
Impart its feeling, and with passions warm;

Be left, if doubtful, to discussion free,
While I lament, that 'twas my doom to see
(To me sufficient proof, and, ah! too dear)
The prostrate victims, and their woes to hear."

"Daylesford House, 27th November 1810.

"MY DEAR HALHED,—I am gratified by your praises, and convinced by your censures. I thank you for both. I feel indeed a reluctance to part with my dear dryads. As to the incongruity of the two reprobated lines, in which they are named, with the rest of the composition, I can only say, that, tragical as the catastrophe was, had you yourself had suddenly presented to you so many butts for laughter, vous en auriez fait autant. I thought the dryads were the tutelary deities of the woods and groves, not of the oak tree alone. The ancients seem to have allowed a great latitude to the properties of all the nymphs, and I remember a line of Virgil in which he expresses something like surprise at not finding the Naiads on the top of mount Dindus. I am not sure that I can justify the license which I have taken with my astronomical date of the event which I have attempted to place upon record. All I can say for myself is, that if the astronomers, in defiance of the procession of the equinoxes, still suppose the signs of the zodiac to occupy the same places in the heavens, in the same correspondent seasons, as they did, I do not know how many hundred or thousand years ago, I have a good authority from their example to do the same, and a better right (tho' no poet) to avail myself of a fiction than they have. I have some notion that Thomson adjusts his seasons by the modern calendar. To give a greater dignity to my verse, I preferred the 16th day of the sun's residence in Scorpio to the 9th of November its correspondent date; and as 16 is an unpoetical number, and the Prince of Air was entitled to as much solemnity as Macbeth's witches, I tried to imitate their arithmetic by dividing that number into equal parts, i.e., $8 \times 8 = 16$, as $2 \times 1 = 3$ in the following line in Macbeth:

'Twice and once the hedge pig whined.'

"As I have said that I acknowledge the justice of your first criticism, and I only demur to the rest, I think it proper to shew you in what manner I have availed myself of it. I shall therefore subjoin to this letter a new, but I fear not an amended, edition of my elegy. I had projected a continuation of it; but worldly calls have interrupted me, and I am not pleased with what I have done; nor will even your approbation this time satisfy me. I sometimes suspect that by indulging myself in these fancies I am guilty of a waste, if not of time, of thought. Yet it amuses, and every pleasure added to the stock of life, if it interferes with no positive duty, is a rational acquisition. I please one whom it is my first wish to please, and by communicating what I write to you, I get something substantially good in return. But for all this ingenious reasoning, you would not have had the destination of it, nor of this letter, if you were to have paid eight-pence for it: for when I had written the ten first lines of this page,

and had prepared a cover with an internal direction for the letter, the postman informed me that my franking neighbour was gone to town; and I laid the letter by, without any thought of resuming it, when I fortunately learned from Mrs. Hastings, that she was going to send a parcel to Mrs. Halhed, and would give my letter a carriage in it.

"We wait with great anxiety for an account of the information of the Privy Council on the state of his Majesty's health, and its probable influence on the deliberations of the two Houses of Parliament. Give our kind compliments to dear Mrs. Halhed, and accept our hearty wishes for her better health.

"It has hailed, rained, snowed and frozen in the night, and the morning lowers with every symptom of as bad weather to ensue in some period of the day. At this instant I see from my window six men wheeling and beating clay at the bottom of my pond; who, I dare say, envy my condition which exempts me from their labor and exposure, and are equally the objects of my envy, for being able to do and to bear what would kill me. I shall not put my nose out of doors to-day. Mrs. Hastings, more delicate, but more active and daring, will; and come home with better looks and health for the excursion. For a definition of the tap-root, see Virgil's Georgics, book ii., 291st and 292nd line. Adieu, my friend,

Yours affectionate

WARREN HASTINGS."

"P. S.—I do not know why I have given you the meaning of a tap-root, unless I add its application to the subject which first introduced it. This provision made by nature for the duration of all forest trees the nurserymen destroy for the easier means of transplanting them, by cutting it off. This operation they twice perform. The consequence is, that wanting this hold of the earth at first, the trees never after acquire it, but subsist by lateral shoots, which crawl along the ground, and rarely penetrate to any depth beneath its surface: and when a heavy and long continued rain has melted the soil which had held them by its adhesion, it will not require a very strong wind to make a pole of a hundred feet height, and a bushy head the lever of its own destruction. This was the case with my beech trees; and I rather wonder at their having stood so long, than that they fell when they did. I am more astonished at their survivors. I am afraid my elegy is in a state not unlike them. It wants a tap-root; but as it is not very long, and (I hope) not top heavy, it may stand—not ninety odd years indeed—but as long as you live to remember it, in kindness to its author."

Mr. Hastings had mentioned a work on Alphabets and Hieroglyphics to Mr. Halhed, which the latter having looked over, reports on very unfavourably. "When (he writes) I find gross and palpable mistakes in the things that I know, I am reduced to pause and reject the things of which I am ignorant, for want of all possible means of discrimination between the erro-

neous and the authentic." He then enters into particulars which we cannot give at present. Mr. Hastings in his reply (28th February 1811,) says: "I have not yet read Hammer's book, and probably never shall; but I have read your critique upon it with great concern, as if I was under the actual infliction of the loss of three guineas, the price which, I think, I paid for it; and if you know any one who will purchase it of me with one, it shall be heartily at his service, and there is an end of it, as Pamela says." Referring to one of Halhed's versified abstracts of Parliamentary proceedings, he writes: "I pray you my friend to love the Prince, for I do; and whatsoever the demons behind Mount Kaf may say, if they shall ever come forward, I give him credit for wisdom, or virtue, or both, (for it is not easy to separate them,) in all his past proceedings. I wait but for one act to decide the consummation of his character, namely, his coming in state; and for the first time, to announce the complete restoration of his father to health and understanding." He then asks if his friend had read Mitford's History of Greece.

"I am in his 4th volume, and much pleased with it, though he has adopted or rather conceived a new style of his own, and that neither graceful nor seemingly meant to be so. It is only not diffuse. As a history, I think it superior to all that I have read and remember, of the short period, but turbulent scenes, to which it is confined. In a part of Xenophon's Anabasis he says that the Greeks were greatly annoyed by the Persian arrows, while theirs at the same distance fell short of their adversaries, till some one taught them a better way of drawing them. Was not this by applying the thumb, held firm by the forefinger to the string, and by the elevation of the elbow, instead of holding the string loosely with three fingers and drawing it to their breasts, as our modern English archers do? You know that the former is the actual practice both in India and Persia at this day, and that Droopad in the Mahabharat, (I think that was his name,) who was the preceptor in that science to the Pandoos, that is their archer, lost his thumb, and his office in consequence of it. There is a passage in the Anabasis which indicates, that the inhabitants of the northern regions of Asia Minor did practice the English method of drawing their bows, and that their bows were in the form of a simple curve, or long bows. The Parthians who belong to that geography, were proverbially notorious for lying, as Horace testifies:—'*invenior Parthis mendacior*': and I dare say the Medes were no better. Now we learn from Xenophon that it was a prime part of the Persian education, to shoot with the bow, and to tell truth; and their bows were the circumflex, or *short* one. As the short bow and truth were thus coupled in their characteristic discrimination of the Persians, is it too forced a construction to infer that the moral and practical qualities of their Parthian rivals would be contrasted by their addiction to lying, and their use of the long bow, as of a necessary relation; and that

hence we may derive the origin of the expression, of drawing a long bow, as synonymous with *telling a falsehood?*"

Mr. Halhed expresses himself in his reply to the above, greatly edified and entertained by the account of the origin of the 'drawing the long bow.' Mitford he had not read, having a general aversion to what is called ancient history written by moderns, who never draw the distinction properly between the literal and the mythological; but he adds:

"If I could make such good use of it as you have done, and add to my stock of knowledge in the origin of old proverbs and phrases, the sources of all that denotes idiom of meaning, I would gladly reverse my resolution. The *short* bow was certainly used in India, and drawn as you observe by the thumb and fore-finger, but I have not been able to find that the shooting master of the Pandovas—whose name was Drovadanya, lost his thumb by any accident, at least, according to the Mahabharat. He died in the service of their cousin, Durjadhun, fighting against them, and lost his life, and thumb I imagine to boot, early in the contest. But there are two modes of tir-andaze, or arrow shooting, one in general use, and one exclusively belonging to the Brahmanical order mentioned in the Mahabharat—whether distinguished by the difference of the bow, or otherwise, I cannot find, but it would not be very wide of the mark to say, that few persons have been suspected of drawing a longer bow than the Brahmans. There are also jungle robbers who use a very long bow, which they lie on their backs to draw, setting their feet against the centre of the bow and drawing the string with both hands; and these employ a very long arrow, and shoot to a great distance."

He expresses regret at putting his friend so much out of conceit with Hammer's translation of the book of Alphabets, but confesses having studied himself into something very similar to contempt for it, and that for reasons that had doubled, upon frequent recurrence to the work, he proceeds—

"You know that there is a great stone here in the library, covered with characters, and brought from Bagdad, supposed to have belonged to ancient Babylon. It is engraven with perfect accuracy, and you probably have the plates, as well as those from the inscriptions on some large square bricks, or rather paving tiles, brought from the same place, and imprinted with the same characters. Not a vestige of resemblance to any of these figures can be found in all the numerous alphabets exhibited by Hammer—yet this stone should have been the touch-stone of their authenticity and utility. The author professes to have seen at Bagdad thirty-three ancient inscriptions in letters of which he pretends to give the complete forms and series. Yet no trace of similarity to any of these truly Babylonian writings is it possible to discover. Now, a French Abbé, named Coperan, an emigré, who was in England at the time this literary curiosity was exhibited, sat down to study the character and gave a plausible account of their contents. He began

by assuring himself, not unreasonably, that the language must be Chaldean, such as we know to have been used in that city, and in which some of the chapters of Daniel are written. He then compared the forms of the letters with these of the *Hebrew* (generally understood to be the real character of Chaldea, adopted by the Jews during their seventy years captivity, and retained by Esdras, who made up the Canon of Hebrew Scripture on the restoration of the people to Jerusalem) of the Samaritan, supposed to be the character in which Moses wrote his books, and of several other very ancient alphabets; yet preserved—from whence he formed an alphabet for this stone—and by the use of it, explained the first sixteen lines of the first column on the left hand, into the Chaldean dialect, and gave the interpretation of them in French, by which it appeared to contain a reference to ‘the Hebrew prophets, with severe denunciations of God’s wrath upon Babylon, and, indeed, as if it had been inscribed at the time of some signal calamity upon the city, to which it apparently alludes. ‘This I believe was done about the year 1804, and Mr. Wilkins was so good as to give me at that time the engraved plates, and to communicate to me the Abbé’s original manuscript, and I made some preparations for ascertaining how far the interpreter’s exposition of the characters and language might be warranted by reference to the rest of the inscription. But other occupations drew off my attention, and I thought no more of it, until now that a perusal of Hammer’s work brought it to my recollection, and I took occasion to ask Wilkins whether the Abbé had completed his translation, or in what state of forwardness it might now be? He answered, soon after he had lent me those papers the man had suddenly disappeared, whether by death, or by returning to France, he could not tell; but that he had never once hear of him since. This circumstance adds to the value of the conjectures he has left, which, though in a most incomplete state, and even a letter or two wanting to his alphabet, are yet, I believe, the only attempt that has been hitherto attended with the slightest plausibility, for reading this sort of character. As I had made myself in some degree master of his method when I first obtained the loan of his papers, and have never looked at them till now, I was quite surprised to find how much light they threw on this system of writing usually called Persepolitan, from the great number of inscriptions still extant at Chehelminar or Persepolis, of the same nature though by no means of the same alphabet. I have never yet seen any mode of decyphering such characters at all approaching to this—and though I do not myself understand Chaldean, and cannot, of course, extend the Abbé’s labours beyond his limit—yet it had always been my determination to follow him through the whole of his disquisition—and make myself acquainted with the fundamental principles of his method whenever it should be completed. My disappointment at his disappearance, and the full stop thus put to my investigation, is proportionably severe.”

‘To those versed in the grand heroic poem of the Mahabharat, the following estimate of that ancient work by a man of Halhed’s

genius and extensive archeological attainments cannot fail to be interesting. It will be seen that in regard to spiritual philosophy—so to say—he ranks it even above the works of Homer—no less than in its reach of genuine pathos.

Charles Street, 29th May 1800.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The monotony of a life consisting in a walk of four miles every day in the same direction, then four or five hours of official apathy and solitude, and the return of four miles again to dinner produces a fund and bank of tamogunism that obstructs and absorbs all the powers of attention: and superinduces an intellectual torpor bordering upon the dull serenity of a monk. Very seldom, indeed, do any of the passing events of the day break through this palpable *obscure*, and only when the latent interests of connexion are roused by some stroke of destiny, do they even manifest any signs of existence. Such occurred at the beginning of last week by the death of lady Day, whose brother, H. Ramers, married Mrs. Halhed's cousin, and with whose family we have always maintained an intercourse that occasionally amounted to intimacy. Mrs. Halhed, who observant of all the precepts of the gospel, has a peculiar bias for the duty of visiting the sick, was most attentive to the calls of sensibility during our near neighbour's illness. (He lived in Mortimer street,) and after her decease to the sorrow of the surviving relations in the house—I could do nothing to assist her—my turn of mind perhaps, or my deafness, unfit me for the soft offices of consolation; and so to contribute my mite to the general concern, I wrote her a short epitaph:

Here lies the shell of an unspotted mind,
In life contented and in death resign'd.
Not snatch'd in youth's exbilarating bloom,
Nor spar'd for years to linger o'er the tomb:
But ere the soul, unconscious of decay,
Loath'd the worn fabric of its wasting clay
While all her virtues age's touch defied,
Just ere she could regret to live, she died—

20th May 1800. She was in her 58th year.

"People are in such a habit of dying, that it becomes almost impossible to write anything new upon the subject, and I therefore never look to aught beyond simplicity—which indeed seems more becoming and suitable to the occasion than splendid imagery, or pomp of phrase; but till you have pronounced upon it, I suspend all opinion of my own.

"Nothing else have I done since your departure, but pore over the Mahabharat, which being infinite, is of course interminable. It is certainly the most extraordinary poem that ever was composed, and it grieves me that I never could learn Sanscrit enough to read it in the original. Of the Persian translation, as you know, I have not been sparing: and your significant question '*cui bono?*' when you

saw the collections I had made from it, still vibrates on my ear. As the poem is of the Asiatic form and model, it will not bear to be examined by the rules of Aristotle, but it is nevertheless a treasure of morality as well as poetry, and for surprising incidents is perfectly unmatchable. To give you one instance: In one of the concluding works, the narrator relates to Janamejaya how Vyas proposes to the mothers and widows of all those slain in the eighteen days' battle, who are lamenting and weeping over the dead, to give them any specimen of his spiritual powers that they may require. They, of course, wish for nothing so much as a sight of those dear relations whose death they are now bemoaning, and immediately the whole of the slain, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, chariots, horses, elephants, steamers, &c., arise out of the Ganges, all in the bloom of life, and far handsomer than when alive—and come and join their partners on the shore. Their intercourse is kept up during the whole night with mutual joy and even Dhritarastra, who you know was born blind, receives his sight, and beholds his hundred sons for the first time. On the approach of morning the whole disappeared again in the stream, and Vyas tells the widows, &c., that all who desire it may rejoin and be united for ever with those they have now seen, so all the women drown themselves. This is in narrative. Janamejaya, the Raja to whom it is told, observes to Vyas, who is present in the assembly, that he thought it hard no such favour had ever been shewn to him,—when instantly his father Parikshita, who had died by the bite of a serpent, and all his Court, and even the Brahman whose curse had been the remote cause of his death, marched into the Court. This scene closes the famous, 'page of Janamejaya,' and even in the translation I could hardly read it without a tear.

"Now if you only consider what a light such a recital throws upon the immortality of the soul—how far superior this apparition is to anything ever produced by the classical poets we admire—how much more impressive than the visits of Ulysses of Æneas to the shades below, and how wonderfully it is calculated to make a lasting impression upon those who implicitly believe in the poet's pretensions to inspiration—I think you will not imagine all that could be produced on such subjects confined to Homer and Virgil. There is afterwards a visit to Elysium, and with this the poem closes. The prominent actors in the history are all seen and described in paradise, and shewn from what devetas, &c., they were sent upon earth as avatas; a conclusion which leaves nothing for the mind to regret—nothing abrupt, like the termination of the Iliad, and is, at least to me, much more satisfactory. I have not mentioned that the ground plot of the poem is still an allegory—which is so perfectly well concealed, as by no means to diminish its historical interest; a contrivance totally unknown to all the moderns—for nothing can be more insipid than the feeling excited by Spencer's allegories, which yet I think are the best we have. Now the concern we take in subjects professedly historical, makes an impression hardly ever to be worn out. The topics of mere invention—like Southey's *Kehama*, very soon pall upon the mind. But those which unite an allegorical enigma to

a historical, or assumed historical basis, can never fade—they bear the charter of their own immortality about them—which indeed lies in the allegory, and is by us termed the machinery. Your stationer, Dutton, not caring a button, new cover to put on the volume you wot on, has never made his appearance, and so the book lies in *statu quo*. I hope you have not ruined my character with Mrs. Barton, by forgetting to send her the list of India Directors I procured for her. It is from this *machinery* of the ancient poets that I conceive their productions derive so vast a superiority over the moderns. Yet, that machinery was by no means of their own invention, it was anterior to their own times, like the Indian traid, and other devatas, to the composition of the Mahabharat. There can also be no doubt that the poets to whom I allude fully believed themselves to be inspired and appealed to the muse upon all occasions, and solicited her assistance, because they actually held her to be the spirit of truth, and to *know all things*—not a mere phantom, and the shadow of a name as all subsequent poetasters have done. It is the want of a real muse, of a genuine heaven-born instinct, to point out both the subject and the detail, that makes me so averse to every idea of a long composition—for thus, there is a wide difference between supposing one's self to be inspired, and the presence of substantial inspiration, yet the very thought itself elevates and purifies the mind, and may fit it for magnificent conceptions. I would not peremptorily assert that Milton was inspired, but I think almost all the sublimity of his composition is derived from the sincerity of his conviction on that head. I have had a letter from Elijah lately on the subject of Walter Scott's and Southey's poems—but I do not subscribe to a word he says about their excellence, which I hold to be none other than expressing with occasional felicity, the most arrant commonplace notions, and which I am perfectly sure are made of the most perishable materials, without any very superior texture. My better half unites with me in requesting to present our sincerest regards to Mrs. Hastings, and in ardent wishes for the health and happiness of you both,

I remain ever,

My dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged friend,

NATHANIEL BRASSEY HALFED.

When we commenced this article, we were in hopes that more of our materials might be included in it than we have been able to find space for. They are, however, so voluminous, that with reference to the claims of other contributors, they must for the present lie over. They, in fact, comprise matter sufficient for several review articles. It is possible that some may grudge the amount of space our subject has already occupied, to what they may be disposed to view as belonging rather to the meridian of London than of Calcutta. To this we have simply to observe, that we are of a different opinion, and that considering the political and literary celebrity of Mr. Hastings and his

friend, the subject of these pages possesses a high Indian interest for Bengal as well as for home readers.

After taking possession of his appointment at the India House, Mr. Halhed pursued the even tenor of his way, in comparative ease and comfort. He took a house in Church Street, where Mr. Hastings on his visits to town continued frequently to be his guest, till within a very short time of his death. The duties of the desk kept him much more in London than was agreeable to his Daylesford friends, who yearned to see more of him in the country. In regard to the remittances sent to him (wholly unsolicited) in the day of his distress—Mr. Halhed never considered them but in the light of a friendly loan; of which the document of repayment (to the extent of between eight and nine hundred pounds) is in our possession. It has been already noticed that he latterly became very deaf. In allusion to this infirmity there is something very touching in a sonnet of his addressed to Mr. Hastings in September 1816, marked—"in apology."

*"Dear as I am, what praise can I bestow
On lov'd Bulkeisa's merits of discourse.
Albeit persuasion with rentless force
Furnish her lips, till mute attention grow,
Enraptur'd, to their motions? What but woe
To me, that straining her soft voice to hoarse,
She waste in futile efforts all resource
To wake my palsied organs with its flow?
Her graceful hand's dumb eloquence I see
With frequent wavings wait upon her words;
Th' appropriate gesture with each phrase accords.
Pouring conviction into all but me,
At length my very listening I forbear
And worn with useless toil, seek refuge in despair!"*

Of Mr. Halhed's last moments we at present possess no record. He died early in 1830, and his mortal remains were buried in the family vault at Petersham. His amiable wife survived him about a year and a half. Of Mr. Halhed's works the treatise on Gentoo law and the Grammar are most known to Indian readers. He published a close English version of Martial, but the work never came to a second edition. In 1807, he published from original manuscripts, translated from the Persian, a work illustrative of the Researches of the Asiatic Society—a copy of which is in our possession. He had a curious facility of translating from or into Latin. His version of Martial illustrated the former, and his transposition of the burlesque of *Midas*, the latter. Many of his effusions lie scattered in the "Morning Chronicle," and other newspapers of the day, which there would

be no insuperable difficulty in tracing by one conversant with his style and turn of thought. He had very peculiar views in regard to the fall of man, and certain changes dependant or consequential thereon, and the state of mankind after the dispersion at Babel. He loved to trace the history of nations and races with respect to Scriptural data, and the light thrown on the past by what we know of ancient astronomy. If we have not mistaken him, it would appear that he leaned also to a notion which we believe to be current with the orientals, that the sun formerly rose in the west. He throws out the idea that important cormic changes took place during the sleep of Adam and the formation of Eve. The *Brahmanda* appears to have been a subject of very favorite speculation with him, and he has left drawings and schemes made with his own hand to illustrate it, in connection with Revelation. He has left a series of sonnets on the ten incarnations of Vishnu—and we subjoin one of these, as it is a specimen of the mode in which he associated our sacred writings with those of the Hindoos.

VAMAN.

“O’er the three worlds when Vali’s empire spread,
Vaman, a holy dwarf, before him bow’d—
‘Take what thou wilt’—exclaimed the monarch proud.
‘Space his three steps to cover,’ were, he said,
‘Enough,’—The sovereign’s priest opposed, in dread—
Of latent mischief: but the king allow’d.
Vaman strode twice and spann’d (a god avow’d,)
The universe.—The *third* took Vali’s head.
So Christ, a dwarf in reason’s lofty eyes,
Two steps has trod, where Satan’s glories swell,
The first, his cross, o’erstriding death and hell;
The next his resurrection clear’d the skys.
For his *last step*, his second advent know
To bruise the serpent’s head, and chain him down below.”

In Mr. Gleig’s third volume, he states that the last two years of Mr. Hastings’ life, if described in detail, would affect the reader with melancholy only. This remark is generally less or more applicable to all persons of highly advanced age, for if by reason of strength they have attained such age “yet is their strength labor and sorrow.” Mr. Hastings was no exception to the rule. In Mr. Gleig’s opinion these two last years furnish little else than the gradual decay of the powers of a great mind, and the breaking up of the frame in which for four score and six years, it had lodged. The biographer refers to materials in his possession which have never been published. Of these, of course, we cannot speak, but had we no further

evidence than Mr. Gleig's of the state of the case, we might feel disposed to take a darker view of those two years, than the letters now in our own possession warrant. By the light of these, we see no trace of dotage. There is, if we may so call it, latterly a sort of stammer in the style, as if words eluded the feeble memory, but ideas are there, and the capacity of giving them utterance in choice language. Indeed, Mr. Hastings appears to us to have always been happy in the neatness and good taste of his style. The correspondence between the two friends was kept up as regularly as age, and its infirmities, would admit. Here are the two *last* letters in our possession that close the correspondence on Mr. Hastings' side, and with reference to Mr. Gleig's remarks, we leave them to the judgment of our readers.

"Daylesford House, 18th May 1818.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, I—acquit you of intentionally sinning against me, but you have certainly provoked me to sin against myself, and most grievously, if indiscretion be a sin; for at your recommendation I have bought Mr. Marsden's translation of Marco Polo's travels, a book which reminds me almost painfully of the following line of Crabbe:

"And ladies read the book they cannot lift."

You may however gather the kind of interest which I have already taken in it, when I have told you, as I do, that I have read besides the introduction, (a work of no small intricacy, to a mind so worn out it cannot be sure of spelling a word of four syllables without losing one of them by the way), seventy pages of the body of it, in only a part of two days in which it has been in my possession. But this is not the purpose for which I began my letter, but the following: "In the 53d page of the book it is related that in a certain lake not far from the Caspian sea, fish never make their appearance until the first day of Lent, and from that time to Easter-eve they are found in vast abundance; but on Easter-day they are no longer to be seen, nor during the remainder of the year." Now it may appear a strange coincidence that should bring the Caspian, or one of its subsidiary bodies of water, and the pond of Daylesford into a mutual comparison; but it is a fact which I vouch on the credit of my own veracity, that about the time that I was beginning to collect a store of carp and tench for my pond at Daylesford, it chanced that somebody sent me a present of some jack, which I ordered to be put into one of the stews till I should want them. I had sent for a famous breeder of fish from Banbury for his advice, who, as soon as he came, accosted me with a look of alarm, and said—"I see, Sir, that you have got four or five brace of jack in a stew there. I advise you to part with them as soon as you can. Your surest way will be to send them at once to the kitchen, for if you leave them where they are till *Shrove Tuesday*, you may depend upon it they will spawn, and then your pond will be all stocked with jack and pike, and you will never get any other fish to

breed in it; nor will you get rid of these.' By this anecdote it appears that the popular superstition is equally prompt to ascribe the same influence to the recurrence of the feasts and festivals of religious appointment at Banbury, as on the coasts of the Caspian sea or the lake of Aral; for you will observe that the fish of both countries are mentioned as deriving their nativity from the times of their common relation to the ecclesiastical, not astronomical calendar. But this agreement, though in a palpable falsehood, is a proof of the veracity of the traveller. I hope my reasoning upon this subject is fair; for I shall never get through another so much to my own satisfaction: besides, I feel an interest in its favor, extending both to the writer and his translator and annotator, which indeed is a plausible reason to make me mistrust my opinion upon them, and their work altogether.

"I am much gratified by your approval of my decision to let Mrs. Hastings depart and leave me behind. I have the conscious satisfaction of having throughout allowed a bias in favor of every wish and opinion in preference to my own; and after the age of four-score, I believe, it is the wisest resolution, as well as the most virtuous that a man can come to. I almost regret her absence, too, as it deprives her of the new beauties of the spring, which is bursting upon us with all the arrears of delight which we have been so long expecting. Are we to lay this privation to the account of the approach of the icy mountains! And what is your opinion of the Arctic exploration?"

"You are not a greater admirer than I am of the Princess of Saxe Homburg; and you have added an incitement to my admiration. Certainly our gracious Queen deserves infinite merit from the virtues and accomplishments of all her amiable daughters. I will take a little time to consider whether I can quite praise two rhymes of an assortment not quite familiar to me, but not for that reason not the best. But my words escape my own conception; a warning to break off, which I do with confirmed assurances of affection in which you and your dear Lady are ever joined in my remembrance.

WARREN HASTINGS."

"Daylesford House, 9th June 1818.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am pleased that you were pleased with my commentary on a passage in Marco Polo. I have since met with another similar accordance in the same book, with a fact of which I was an eye-witness, and which I have no doubt that the fastidious readers of those days, passed to the account of the many incredibles which were laid to his charge. It was the traveller's assertion of his having seen a man walk—not swim, nor what is popularly called treading water, but literally—*walk*, at more than the height of his waist above the bottom of a river. My own evidence of a similar feat occurred, when I was at Lucknow, in the month of May 1784, much about the time that you joined me there. One morning I went to visit the Prince Jehandar Shah, whose quarters then occupied a terraced house close adjoining to the bank of the river. I had scarce made my obeisance, when the Prince said: 'I have a very extraordinary man in my

service, who possesses the art of walking beyond his depth in the water. You shall see him, if he is here.' Advancing then to the brink of the terrace, and calling to the people below, he asked, if such a one, mentioning his name, was there. The man instantly made his appearance, being just then occupied in cooking his dinner, with no other garment upon him but his loonghee. The Prince commanded him to let me see him walk in the water. The man, without other bidding or preparation, advanced, passed leisurely into the channel of the river where his movements at this time, after a lapse of thirty-six years, scarce retain the indistinct but certain traces on my remembrance of his having walked, and moved about in the surrounding stream, with a buoyancy apparently independent of the physical effects of gravitation. I do not recollect whether any one accompanied me in this visit. If there did, Jonathan Scott is most likely to have been the person, and I should be much inclined to put his memory to this test, if it did not require the prior knowledge of his direction, a knowledge of no difficult attainment, except by one to whom every thing presents a difficulty. In the meantime I have a present difficulty to overcome. I have lost the page of Marsden's book in which this document is to be found, nor after repeated search have been able to recover it. If it should not have escaped your notice, and you can turn to it again, I shall be obliged to you for the information of page in which I may find it.

You will rejoice to hear that my dear wife, after all that she had encountered of tumult, parade, and festivity, and some sickness, in London, with added inflammation, dust and jaded horses in her departure from it, returned to her own comfortable abode in perfect health and gaiety of spirits, and found me as glad, without going so far for it. We both unite in kind regards to yourself and your dear lady, and I ever am, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately,
WARREN HASTINGS."

Extract of a previous letter, dated 18th January 1818.

"At your recommendation I have bought Mr. Marsden's translation of Marco Polo's travels. You may gather the kind of interest which I have already taken in it, when I have told you, as I do, that I have read, besides the introduction, (a work of no small intricacy to a mind so worn, that it cannot be sure of spelling a word of four syllables without losing one of them by the way) seventy pages of the body of it in only a part of two days in which it has been in my possession:—but this is not the purpose for which I began my letter."

Dated in May 1818, we have two or three memoranda taken from Mr. Hastings' diary. They refer to "confused sounds, as of distant multitudes." I date their first perception from the 20th, at times resembling slow music—but its effect!!" We do not care to question Mr. Gleig's opinion regarding this "communion of unearthly voices hovering, as it were, on the brink of

the great gulph." May it not, however, admit of a physiological explanation, as there are states of the aural organs where all kinds of sounds impress themselves upon the sensorium. If beautiful, it shews the beneficence of Nature in some of her compensations. To a classical scholar like Mr. Hastings, that beautiful passage in the *Odyssey* where Ulysses visits the regions of the dead could not but be familiar. *Where* did Homer get that cultus? The description altogether is very affecting where the spirits of the married and single—of tender virgins and of the slain in battle—appear and greet the living.

We leave it to the critical to determine whether this was a shout or a mournful wail. Be that as it may, it is painful to think that the last request of the dying statesman, in regard to some provision which he begged the East Indian Directors to make for his wife, was not attended to.

The gifted author * of the only one of the (so-called) "Bridge-water Treatises," that received no pecuniary prize, however much it merited one, in a very curious passage, argues (we write from memory, not having the work to refer to,) that sound and motion cease not their being, though their vibrations be no longer apparent in our sphere, but have passed on continuing their impress upon the elements of infinite space. It may be said of writing, too, that it ceaseth not its movement. The immortal principle that gives it impetus, clings to it. Characters which the hand (may be carelessly) traced, may become luminous when the will that urged and the fingers that wielded the pen have alike vanished from the things that are true, and not without its solemnity is the saying, *littera scripta manet*. A thousand perils environ the tablet on which it may be traced, be it stone, brass, or papyrus; but like bread cast upon the waters, it yet somehow casts up after many days. It is not for any age to determine him; many secrets may be flashed back, when least expected, from the night of time. Links of a chain supposed to be lost in the ocean of oblivion, have ever and anon, been fished up by the surest of drags, the *littera scripta*. What does not the world owe to it! We allude not altogether to what was done with formal intent and deliberation, but also to what may have proceeded from spontaneous flowing of thoughts, or passing impulse. Sometimes even a brief missive that was traced by the light pen of confidential *abandon* has turned up after many years, stamping a more vivid impress upon our conceptions of character, and merits, than studied treatises. It is much to have the men of rank whom the world would not willingly let die, admitting us as it were, to their fire-sides. Significant indeed is the saying—*littera scripta manet*.

* Said to be the author of the Calculating Machine.

THE SHERLEYS.

BY COLONEL BROOME.

History of Persia from the most early period to the present time.

By Major-General Sir JOHN MALCOLM, G. C. B., K. L. S. Governor of Bombay. A new edition, revised, in two volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Purchas, his pilgrimes. In five Books. London. Printed by William Stansby, for HENRIE FETHERSTONE, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard at the signe of the Rose, 1625.

Sir Anthony Sherley, his Relation of his Travels into Persia, the Dangers and Distresses which befel him in his Passage both by Sea and Land and his strange unexpected Deliverances, his magnificent entertainment in Persia, his honorable employment there, hence as Embassadour to the Princes of Christendome, &c. &c.

London. Printed for Nathaniel Butler and Joseph Bagpet. 1613.

The Three Brothers, or the Travels and Adventures of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert and Sir Thomas Sherley, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c. London, 1825.

AT the present day when we are enabled to look with justifiable pride and satisfaction upon a magnificent Eastern empire, and on an array of more than 200,000 oriental troops, armed and disciplined on the European model by British officers and enlisted under the banner of England, it may not be uninteresting to cast a retrospective glance at the earliest efforts made by our countrymen two and a half centuries ago, to establish a military and political footing in the East, and to discipline the Persian troops with the view of enabling them to cope with the great enemy of Western Europe in that day,—albeit our present good ally,—the Sultan of Turkey, the *Soldan*, *Grand Turk*, or *Ottoman*, as he was then variously designated.

The record of these adventures, as far as they can be traced, are strange and startling even for that romantic period of their occurrence, the Elizabethan era; but unfortunately we are only enabled to pick out details of these interesting proceedings, by bits and snatches, just sufficient to tantalize us with the conviction of the valuable biographical memoirs that have been lost to us. Purchas is our grand stand-by; numerous detached notices of the heroes of our narrative, the Sherley Brothers being scattered throughout his quaint old volumes, whilst Harkluyt gives an account of an early expedition of one of them to the West Indies.

The last work quoted at the head of our article, professes to give a corrected narrative of the life and adventures of the fraternal triad, but unfortunately the fulfilment falls very short of the promise, as it does not even contain the personal narrative

of Sir Anthony, and completely ignores Sir Robert's visit to Hindostan.

From the scanty and fragmentary materials within our reach, we purpose laying before our readers a brief outline of the career of the adventurous brotherhood, more particularly of the two who carried their enterprise into Asia, dwelling somewhat in detail on their proceedings in that quarter, as containing more of special oriental interest.

The Sherleys, Shirleys, or Schirleys were an ancient family connected with some of the best blood of England, having branches in Derbyshire, Leicestershire and Sussex. Of the latter the representative in the middle of the sixteenth century was Sir Thomas Shefley of Winston, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Kemp, by whom he had three sons, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony and Sir Robert, "a leash of brethren severally eminent" as Fuller terms them. Sir Thomas, the elder of the three, was the latest in making any public reputation for himself, "men's activity not always observing the method of their register" as the quaint old author just quoted observes, who further remarks—with reference to the successes of the two younger members of the family, instigating Sir Thomas to endeavour to distinguish himself,— "as the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, so the achievements of his two younger brothers gave an alarm unto his spirit. He was ashamed to see them worn like flowers in the breasts and bosoms of foreign princes, whilst he himself withered upon the stalk he grew on." He had, however, distinguished himself as a young man in the wars in Holland, and had been knighted by Lord Willoughby for his conduct there in 1589. After the rumours of his two brother's adventures in Persia had reached England, Sir Thomas determined to follow their example and to conduct a semi-religious, semi-political crusade against the Turks on his own account. He accordingly equipped three vessels and collected a body of five hundred military adventurers, apparently of the most worthless description, with whom he sailed on his strange and questionable enterprise in the latter end of 1601. Soon after entering the Mediterranean, they encountered bad weather which drove them on the west coast of Italy; Sir Thomas seized this opportunity to pay a visit to the court of Florence, where he was received with marked honor and distinction; after remaining there a short time he resumed his voyage, bending his course for the Grecian Archipelago. Here he fell in with a large Turkish vessel of war which he attacked and finally captured, after an obstinate engagement which lasted eight hours, during which he lost a hundred of his men: this prize proving of little value, a general feeling of discontent sprang up amongst his disorderly followers; one vessel deserted him, and

he was obliged to return with the other two to Leghorn to repair damages. He had scarcely resumed his voyage when a fresh mutiny arose, and the second ship sailed away and left him. With his own, the sole remaining vessel, he bent his course towards Milo to look out for a noted pirate, but was driven to the island of Zea, where he found a Venetian ship at anchor, which his crew of desperadoes wanted to seize upon. To divert their attention he planned an attack upon a neighbouring islet, which was carried out on the morning of the 15th January 1602; but here his crew added cowardice to their previous insubordination, and Sir Thomas with two of his followers was left in the hands of the enemy, who made him prisoner after a desperate defence. As might have been expected from the circumstances of his attack and the savage and bigoted hatred of the Turks, he met with little mercy or consideration, and his life was only spared in the hope of obtaining a large ransom. He was first sent in chains to Negropont and thence to Constantinople, where, for nearly three years, he was confined in a loathsome dungeon in the Seven Towers, fed only on bread and water, heavily chained, frequently put in the public stocks, twice ordered out for execution, and subjected to every possible hardship and indignity to compel him to pay a ransom of fifty thousand sequins. The English Ambassador at the Porte, apparently Sir Paul Pindar, was earnestly solicited to interfere in his behalf, being well acquainted with his family. "But prisons are like graves, where a man though alive, is nevertheless buried from the regard or respect of any," and no notice was taken of his application; perhaps the Ambassador may have considered Sir Thomas' marauding expedition, at a time when no actual war had been proclaimed between the two nations, as altogether unjustifiable; but the expedition,—the object and destination of which was well known at home,—had met with no opposition or discouragement from the English Government, and a general condition of warfare then existed between Turkey and the several nations of Christendom, neither party caring much for formal declarations, and almost as little for treaties when such existed.

At length Sir Thomas' father and other relatives made interest for him at home, and the Ambassador was ordered to endeavour to negotiate his release, which was finally effected in December 1605, and in the following year he returned to England, having acquired much of the notoriety he so earnestly desired. Before twelve months were over he was again in trouble, having been committed to the Tower on a charge of intriguing to obtain the traffic of Constantinople for Venice and the Florentine States, but apparently he was speedily released. In "Dalrymple's Memorials" there is a petition from him to King James, dated January 1615,

representing his own and his father's past services and his ruined condition, on which he states that his father, "being a man of excellent and working wit, did find out the device for making of baronets, which brought to your Majesty's coffers well nigh £100,000, for which he was promised by the late Lord Salisbury, Lord Treasurer, a good recompense which he never had." Of his subsequent career we have no further trace; but we find in Gough's Camden that his son rebuilt the Church of Stanton Harold, as set forth in the following inscription:

"In the year 1653,"

"When all things sacred throughout the nation

"Were either demolished or profaned

"Sir Robert Sherley, Bart, founded this Church;

"Whose singular praise it is, to have done

"The best things in the worst of times."

We now turn to the other two brothers the narrative of whose career fall more within the scope of an oriental publication.

Anthony Sherley, the second son, was born in 1565, and educated at Oxford. Regarding his early training he states himself, "In my first years my friends bestowed on me those learnings which were fit for a gentleman's ornament without directing them to an occupation; and when they were fit for agile things, they bestowed them and me on my Prince's service, in which I ran many courses of divers fortunes according to the condition of the wars, in which as I was most exercised, so was I most subject to accidents."

Before he was of age he commenced his military career in the wars in the Lower Countries, the usual field for the enterprising youth of that period. In 1586 he held a command in the famous battle of Zutphen, and subsequently accompanied his great friend and patron the Earl of Essex when he was sent to the assistance of Henry the IV. of France. Here he remained some time, and was actively engaged in the wars of the League, where he so much distinguished himself that the French monarch bestowed upon him the order of St. Michael, his acceptance of which extremely displeased Queen Elizabeth, who observed that "as a virtuous woman ought to look on none but her husband, so a subject ought not to cast his eyes on any other sovereign than him God hath set over him. I will not have my sheep marked with strange brand, nor suffer them to follow the pipe of a strange shepherd."

For this breach of allegiance, Sir Anthony, on his return to England in 1593, was committed to the Tower, and a special commission ordered to enquire into and report upon his conduct. This report being favorable and the Queen's paramount authority being sufficiently vindicated, he was speedily released, and the following

year he married Frances, the sister of Sir Robert Vernon of Hodnet. This marriage appears to have proved an unhappy one even at an early stage; for he immediately commenced arrangements for a new adventure, and in a letter from Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in November 1595, he writes—"Sir Anthony Sherley goes forward on his voyage very well furnished, led by the strange fortune of his marriage, to undertake any course that may occupy his mind from thinking of her vainest words."

The expedition he now projected was an attack upon the Spanish island of St. Thomè, the details of which voyage are given in Harkluyt. It is sufficient for us to state that after considerable delays and difficulties, he obtained a commission from the Queen for the adventure, and equipped nine vessels with 900 men, but subsequently left three of the larger ships and half the soldiers with the Earl of Essex, then about to undertake an expedition against Cadiz. With the remainder he set sail for Plymouth on the 21st May 1596. After touching at the Canaries and waiting for the chance of meeting a Spanish fleet, they bore away for provisions and water to the coast of Guinea, where Sir Anthony was attacked with fever and had a narrow escape from death; his crews also suffering greatly from the unhealthy nature of the coast and tempestuous weather; according to Harkluyt "the water falling from the heaven did stink, and did in six hours turn into maggots where it fell, either among our clothes or in wads of ocombe." From thence they steered to the Cape de Verde Islands, and abandoning the original plan of proceeding to St. Thomè, attacked and gallantly captured the Portuguese city of St. Jago, which, however, they were unable to maintain against the vast numerical superiority of the enemy; notwithstanding which, they made a skilful and safe retreat to their ships with little loss.

From the Cape de Verde Islands they sailed for Dominica in the West Indies; but in the tropics the old infection reappeared with increased violence. The narrative states that "our men fell generally downe, so that the hole could not relieve the sick; the disease was so vile that men grew loathsome unto themselves, franticke and desperately raving, among whom our good General's part was not least; for his disease was vehement, the grief of his mind, the lamentation of his men, and the loss of those whom he loved were to him torments more than durable; all which with patience and humility in prayer he humbled himself unto. But had not his mind been invincible and his desires above the ordinary course of men, it had been impossible that life should now have rested in him: but God I hope hath preserved him to some exceeding good purpose."

At Dominica the crews found great benefit from the natural hot baths, and obtaining rest and fresh provisions, recovered their

health. Marguerita was visited in a bootless search for the pearl dredgers, thence they sailed along the coast of Terra firma, landed at St. Martha, and subsequently bore up for Jamaica,—of which they took possession,—thence to Cuba and over to the Bay of Honduras, intending to surprise the Town of Truxillo, where however they found the enemy prepared. Upon this they shaped their course to the Río Dolce, up which they proceeded thirty leagues, and then steered for Newfoundland. In these wanderings one vessel had been lost and another had deserted, but now the rest of the fleet was scattered, and Sir Anthony with his own vessel, the *Bevis*, alone reached Newfoundland on the 15th June 1597, after many severe hardships and privations. Here he refitted and then turned his face for England again, where he arrived in the autumn of the same year, after a fruitless voyage as regards actual results, but one that tended fully to maintain the English reputation for daring courage, and manly fortitude and determination.

On his arrival he found his old friend the Earl of Essex appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whither he accompanied him.

In 1598, the Duke of Ferrara died, leaving no legitimate children, but only a natural son named Don Cesare d'Este, who laid claim to the Duchy which was disputed by the Pope. Of course the claimant carried all Protestant sympathies with him, and an opportunity thus offering of striking a blow at the Vatican was too tempting to be neglected by an adventurous spirit like Sir Anthony. Accordingly in the end of the year 1598 he embarked under the auspices of the Earl of Essex to lend his aid to Don Cesare, accompanied by his younger brother Robert, then little more than seventeen years of age, and five and twenty other followers, either young men of good family serving their military apprenticeship under so adventurous a knight, or old retainers. He says in his narrative, "I had my brother with me, a young gentleman whose affection to me had onely led him to that disaster, and the working of his owne vertue, desiring in the beginning of his best years to inable himself to those things which his good mind raised his thoughts unto. I had also five and twentie others; gentlemen for the most part, the rest such as had served me long; only carried with their loves to me into the course of my fortune." Amongst his followers we trace the names of Thomas Powel, and John Morris, both afterwards knighted; George Manwaring and William Parry, both of whom wrote brief notices of the expedition. John Ward, Thomas Davis, John Parrot, Gabriel Brookes, and Abel Pinzon, Sir Anthony's Steward, as also Arnold Roldcraft a Gunner and Edward Vanthiever a Dutch founder of cannon.

From England he sailed to Flushing whence he proceeded to

Douay, to concert measures with Count Maurice the General of the States Army, who gave him a welcome entertainment and attached a troop of horse under Sir Nicholas Parker to his party as an escort. From thence he proceeded *viâ* Cologne and Nuremburg to Augusta, where he received intelligence that Don Cesare d'Este had made terms with the Pope, relinquishing his claim to Ferrara, and receiving the Duchy of Modena in return. His object being thus defeated, Sir Anthony repaired to Venice, apparently with the idea of undertaking some expedition into Turkey, as he represents himself "not willing to returne and turne such a voyce as was raised at my going to nothing."

Here he obtained information that the Shah Abbas then seated on the throne of Persia was extremely jealous of the power of Turkey, and well inclined to enter upon hostilities with his rival; and also hearing that the Persian monarch was of a gallant and liberal disposition, he determined to proceed to that country, and endeavour to induce Shah Abbas to enter into a combination with the Emperor of Germany against Turkey, and to join him in the campaign. This plan he laid before the Earl of Essex, who gave him warm support and encouragement: accordingly on the 24th of May 1599, he started from Venice with his little party, in a vessel named the *Morizel* bound for Aleppo, taking with him as guide and interpreter, a Christian trader named Angelo, of Italian parentage but born in Turkey, and who had passed several years in Persia whence he had recently returned. In the present day when a journey to Persia is little more than a holiday trip, this undertaking may appear nothing extraordinary; but it must be borne in mind that at the period of Sir Anthony's expedition, Persia was nearly a *terra incognita*, and the intervening territory even more so, and what was of still greater importance, the whole route lay through a hostile and barbarous country.

They had a tedious and troublesome passage to Zante of five and twenty days, during which time the English party became embroiled with the crew and passengers. One of the latter, a passenger to Cyprus, made use of disrespectful language regarding Queen Elizabeth, which being reported to Sir Anthony, "not only moved with the dutiful zeal which a subject oweth to his Prince, but even with that respect which every gentlemen oweth to a lady," ordered one of the meanest of his men to give him the bastinado, which he did right soundly; the result was a general outbreak, which was with difficulty appeased for the time, through the intervention of some Armenian merchants on board. A Portuguese factor, named Hugo de Potso, took a leading part against the English, and when on arrival at Zante, the latter went on shore, he persuaded the Captain of the vessel to send their baggage after them and refuse them re-admission on board. This mea-

sure compelled Sir Anthony to hire a small craft, in which he embarked his suite and sailed to Candia and Cyprus, and from thence to Tripoli on the Syrian coast. Here they found the *Morizel* at anchor, and their old enemy Hugo de Potso went immediately to the Pacha, and represented the party as notorious and desperate pirates but well laden with booty, thus exciting both the anger and the avarice of the Turk. Sir Anthony receiving intimation from his old friends and fellow passengers, the Armenian merchants, of this "scelerat treason conspired against him," had just time to put to sea and escape, although he was chased until dark by a Turkish frigate which gave them several rounds without effect. Thence sailing southward to the gulf of Standeroon, he entered the mouth of the *Aaszi*, the ancient Orontes, and proceeded to Antioch. Being now in Turkish territory, their military character was of necessity laid aside and that of merchants adopted, which does not appear to have set easily on them, for their bold and martial bearing, the fashion of their arms and a certain readiness to handle them, appear to have constantly excited suspicions during their journey, whilst the national insolence of the Turks as conquerors, their hatred to Christians generally, and the idea that the party possessed considerable wealth, laid the latter open to continual insult, annoyance, and oppression which it was dangerous to resent, as the Turkish law ordained that if a Christian struck a true believer, no matter what provocation he received, he must either embrace Mahometanism or lose his right hand. Fortunately, they found here two Hungarian renegades amongst the Janisaries, who greatly befriended them, and with the assistance of their comrades, though in opposition to the wishes and orders of the Kadi, finally got them clear of the place. Joining a caravan they proceeded to Aleppo, where they were kindly entertained by Mr. Coulthurst the British Consul. Here they were detained six weeks, and Sir Anthony having letters of credit on the merchants, laid in a stock of merchandise the better to support his character as a trader, including a quantity of cloth of gold and "twelve cups set with emeralds and jewels of great worth."

Here again they were thrown into a state of great alarm by the intelligence that the *Morizel* had arrived on the coast, and that their determined enemy Hugo de Potso was on his way to Aleppo; but fortunately for them he died on the journey. At length they joined a caravan bound for Bagdad, and proceeded to Bir on the Euphrates, whence they all descended the river in boats to Felujah; here they disembarked and marched across to Bagdad. On their route Sir Anthony paid a visit to one of the principal Bedouin chiefs whom he styles the King of the Arabs, and his description of the interview shows that

little change has taken place amongst those wild tribes since that date.

At Bagdad the whole party experienced better treatment at the hands of the people, whom the valuable European trade with Ormuz had accustomed to the sight and toleration of Christians ; but the Pacha viewed them with a jealous and suspicious eye, and seized upon Sir Anthony's baggage with a great part of his merchandize, including the much valued jewelled cups. Fortunately Sir Anthony found friends even here : a Turkish officer who had come on a mission from Constantinople, and accompanied the caravan, warned him of the Pacha's suspicions and rapacity ; and offered to take charge of any valuables that might be confided to him, a duty which he faithfully performed. An Armenian attached to the Pacha's household also did him good service : but his greatest support was from a Florentine merchant, Signior Victorio Speciera, who had been his fellow-traveller from Aleppo, and who appears to have very soon discovered the real objects and condition of the pretended merchant and his followers. To blind the Pacha, Sir Anthony had given out that he had a large quantity of merchandize coming in the next caravan, and pending this expected arrival, all violent measures or restraints were suspended. When the caravan was reported close at hand, Signior Victorio warned Sir Anthony that on its coming he would be imprisoned, until the receipt of orders from Constantinople, to which a reference had been made regarding him. He therefore urged immediate departure with a small caravan just about to start for Persia, and further made all arrangements for this plan, providing carriage and provisions, and supplying Sir Anthony with a most liberal sum of money, who thus relates this generous conduct : " When I came there he brought me a *Vittarin* of whom he had already hired horses, camels and mules for me, and I found a tent pitched by his servants : and then opening his gowne, he delivered me a bag of chequins with these very words :

" The God of Heaven bless you and your whole companie and your enterprise, which I will no further desire to know than in my hope, which persuadeth me that it is good. My selfe am going to China, whence if I returne I shall little neede the repayment of this courtesie, which I have done you with a most free heart ; if I die by the waye, I shall lesse need it : but if it please God to direct both our safeties with good providence, that we may meet againe, I assure myself that you will remember me to be your friend, which is enough, for all that I can say to a man of your rank." And almost without giving me leisure to yield him condigne thanks (if any thanks could be condigne) for so great and so noble a benefit, he departed from me."

After Sir Anthony's escape, the better to conceal it as long a

possible, Signior Victorio moved into his late quarters, reporting that the English merchant was very sick, and boldly asked the Kadi to send his *Hakeem* or physician to attend upon him, well knowing that the request would not be complied with; in this mode the departure of the party was unknown for several days, and when finally discovered, a party of Janisaries were sent in pursuit of them, the leader of which was bribed to take the wrong road, and thus they were enabled to escape. Signior Victorio however got into trouble for the assistance thus generously afforded, which the more enraged the Pacha, as an order arrived from Constantinople to seize the whole party and send them prisoners to that city. After a short imprisonment he was released on payment of a fine of four hundred crowns. Sir Anthony and his suite appear to have taken the route by Mendell and Samara, which latter they confounded with the *Samaria* of Palestine, thence over the Dertung Pass to Kermanshah, and by Hamadan towards Kasbeen where they resolved to await the arrival of Shah Abbas.

That monarch, who twenty years before, whilst still a child, had been proclaimed king by the nobles of Khorassan during the life time of his father Mahommed Khoda-bandah, had during the earlier years of his nominal reign, been a mere tool and pageant in the hands of the powerful chiefs who had put him forward for their own purposes. One by one, however, these had fallen, either by mutual hostilities or intrigue, or before the growing power of Abbas, who gradually asserted his rights and authority until 1597, when he gained a great victory of the Usbeks near Herat, the eclat of which enabled him to execute Ferhad Khan the last of his powerful king-making barons, who was accused of holding back in the action from motives of treachery. A short time previous, Abbas' elder brother and rival, Humza Meerza, who had long and gallantly sustained the father's broken fortunes, fell by the hands of an assassin, and Shah Abbas found himself undisputed monarch of Persia, the limits of which had been sadly curtailed during a long series of civil wars; the Turks having wrested all the north-western and western provinces from the empire, whilst the Usbeks pressed upon the north-east; and Kurdistan, with all the south-eastern districts, were in a state of open rebellion or actual independence. With equal prudence, skill, and courage, Shah Abbas had gradually restored order in his dominions; Kurdistan had been reduced to a certain degree of subjection, a serious rebellion in Fars had been suppressed, Laristan and Kerman had been reconquered and annexed to the empire, and Khorassan finally cleared from the Usbeks, who had been driven back over the Murghab towards Balkh. It was during a successful expedition of the Shah in this quarter that Sir Anthony entered his country.

When fairly passed the Turkish frontier and clear of the predatory tribes of Kurds, Sir Anthony's first act was to assemble his followers to prayer, when on their knees they returned thanks to God who had protected them through all their straits and perils, and safely brought them to their destination, "although," in the words of George Manwaring, "we were sometime before past hope of our lives, but that we had so worthy a leader, which in the greatest of our extremities never made any show of despair, but with a gallant spirit did encourage us not to take any fear, for he would engage his life for us."

As they approached Kasbin, Sir Anthony sent forward John Ward and Angelo the interpreter, to provide a lodging and make arrangements, in order that the whole party, timing their arrival in the evening, might enter the city quietly without attracting public attention "in regard that we were unprovided with apparel and other necessities by reason of our long travel." But the near approach of so remarkable and novel a cavalcade could not be kept a secret, and preparations were made for their reception, which by arriving at night they avoided, to the great discontent of the sightloving populace.

Notwithstanding this, they were well received by all classes, but as Sir Anthony states "more by the opinion which they had that the King would take satisfaction by us, than by their own humours, being an ill people in themselves, being only good by the example of their King, and their exceeding obedience unto him." The day after their arrival Morganna Beg, (*Margannabeague*), the Master of the Royal Household, visited Sir Anthony in state, and welcomed him to Persia in the Shah's name, when laying "twenty pounds in gold" at his feet, he announced that the same sum would be forwarded daily for his expenses, until the receipt of the Shah's orders, who doubtless would increase the amount. Sir Anthony, "according to his princely mind," turning the money over with his foot, replied—"Know this brave Persian, that I come not a begging to the King, but hearing of his great fame and worthiness, thought I could not spend my time better than come to see him and kiss his hand, and with the adventures of my body to second him in his princely wars." The Persian official astonished at what probably he had never experienced before, the refusal of a present, expressed his conviction that Sir Anthony must be a Prince himself. "No," was the reply, "I am the second son to an English Knight, but I have been trained up in martial affairs, and well esteemed of in my Prince's court, and for this cause do I come to do thy King the best office I can, if it please his Highness to accept of me." The result was a most liberal entertainment of the whole party, a visit in state from the governor of the city, and the constant at-

tentions of Morganna Beg, whom Sir Anthony conciliated by liberal presents, and who, as he observes, "being more inwardly acquainted with the King's inclination, fitted himself to that than others did which knew it less."

At length the Shah approached and made a triumphal entry into the city in honour of his recent successes over the Usbegs. Manwaring thus describes the equipment of the English party. First, Sir Anthony himself in rich cloth of gold, his gown and his undercoat, and sword hanging in a rich scarf to the worth of a thousand pounds, being set with pearl and diamonds; and on his head a turban according to the worth of two hundred dollars, his boots embroidered with pearls and rubies; his brother Mr. Robert Sherley likewise in cloth of gold, his gown and undercoat, with a rich turban on his head; his interpreter, Angelo, in cloth of silver, gown and undercoat; four in cloth of silver gowns with undercoats of silk damask; four in crimson velvet gowns with damask undercoats; four in blue damask gowns with taffety undercoats; four in yellow damask with their undercoats of a Persian stuff; his page in cloth of gold; his four footmen in carnation taffety." Manwaring himself heading the party, acted as Marshal.

The details of the Shah's procession are fully set forth by Sir Anthony in his narrative, who proceeding to meet him with his brother and followers in the above mentioned order and escorted by Morganna Beg, thus describes the interview:—

"When we came to the King we alighted and kissed his stirop, my speech was short unto him, the time being fit for no other, "that the fame of his royal virtues had brought me from a far country to be a present spectator of them, as I had been a wonderer at the report of them affare off; if there was anything of worth in me, I presented it with myself, to his Majesty's service. Of what I was, I submitted the considerations to his Majesty's judgment, which he should make upon the length, the danger and the expense of my voyage only to see him of whom I had received such magnificent and glorious relations." The King's answer unto me was infinite affable. "That his country whilst I should stay there should be freely commanded by me; as a gentleman, that I had done him infinite honour to make such a journey for his sake; only he bid me beware that I was not deceived by rumours, which had peradventure made him other than I should finde him: it was true that God had given him both power and minde to answer to the largest reports which might be made good of him, which if he erred in the use of, he would aske counsell of me, who must needs have much vertue in myselfe that could move me to undergo so much and so many perils to know that of another."

Sir Anthony and his brother were then directed to mount and placed between Ala-u-din Beg (*Haldenbeagan*) the Vazier and Ali-verdi Khan (*Oliver di Can*) the Commander-in Chief, when following the Shah they thus entered Kasbin.

At night they were invited to dine with the Shah, and the next morning Sir Anthony sent him a present consisting of "sixe paire of pendants of exceeding faire emeralds and mavelous artificially cut; and two other jewels of topasses excellent well cut also. One cup of three pieces set together with gold inamalled; the other a salt; and a very faire ewer of crystail, covered with a kind of cut work of silver and gilt, the shape of a dragon;"

Sir Anthony's narrative as also that of Manwaring are filled with details of the official and private interviews with the Shah, who appears to have been exceedingly flattered by the compliment of Sir Anthony's visit, and to have taken a great fancy to himself and his followers, about whom there was for him so much novelty, and whose blunt English manners probably furnished a striking and for a time at least, an acceptable contrast to the servility and sycophancy he had heretofore only been accustomed to. His conversation, Sir Anthony says, "was not of our apparell, building, beautie of our women, or such vainties; but of our proceeding in our warres, of our usual arms, of the commoditie and discommoditie of fortresses, of the use of Artillerie and of the orders of our Government." He also carefully inspected and perfectly understood certain plans of fortification which Sir Anthony had brought with him.

After remaining six weeks at Kasbin they proceeded to Kassar and thence to Ispahan, on which occasion Sir Anthony informs us that the Shah conferred on him the rank of *Mirsa* or Prince, "telling me that he would provide condignely for me; and the next morning sent a thousand tomans, which is sixteen thousand duckets of our money; fortie horses all furnished; two with exceeding rich saddles plated with gold and set with rubies and turkesess, the rest either plated with silver or velvet embroidered and gilt; sixteen mules, twelve camels laden with tents and all furniture both for my house and voyage; telling me withall that this was but a small demonstration of his favour, by which I might (notwithstanding) conceive what better hopes I might gather; that it was his Majestie's pleasure I should follow him to Kassar; in the house where I was, that I should leave a keeper, it being his Majestie's pleasure to bestow it on me; and that there were ten *Courchies* who should attend me the next morning to serve me in my journey."

Thus honoured and *fêted* Sir Anthony naturally speaks in the highest terms of the Shah's character and abilities, but both he and Manwaring mention numerous incidents and traits of despotic conduct and caprice which scarcely bear out these general eulo-

gius. That Shah Abbas was active, energetic and brave there is no reason to doubt, and that he possessed considerable ability is equally evident, but although bred up in the school of early trial and adversity, he exhibited little consideration for the lives of his subjects, and had a strong tincture of ferocious cruelty in his disposition, which long exercise of despotic power fostered and drew out to a frightful extent in his later years. At this period he was young, gay, and flushed with the first taste of conquest and absolute power; apparently too he was desirous of earning the name of a just as well as of a strict monarch. Many of the anecdotes related savour strongly of certain points in the character of Haroun-Al-Raschid, in the Arabian Nights, but only of the more unamiable and sterner or more capricious traits of the latter sovereign. Roughs, practical jokes, a wild summary justice and severe punishments are the chief features of these details.

For some time Sir Anthony carefully avoided the important topic which constituted the main cause of his visit, *viz.*, the advantage to be gained by entering upon a war with Turkey, and the advisability of forming a league for that purpose with the Christian powers of Europe; but before long the Shah gradually broached the subject himself, and afforded the English Knight an opportunity for fully bringing forward his whole array of arguments and advice.

The Porte had taken ample advantage of the recent domestic troubles and had gradually seized upon some of the most valuable provinces of Persia, including part of Armenia, Georgia, Azerbaijan and Tabriz on the north-west and the whole Pachalik of Bagdad on the south-west, including the holy town of Kerbila, so dear to all orthodox Sheahs. The recovery of these conquests was a tempting object, and Abbas himself with many of his ablest officers longed for a fair opportunity to make the attempt. Sir Anthony appealed to the royal pride and national vanity, descanted on the innate weakness of Turkey and the facilities attendant on an union with the Western nations, the Emperor of Germany, Rodolph the Second, being at that time actually at war with the Porte. Above all he urged upon the Shah the great military principle that a small disciplined force well equipped and capable of rapid movement, was far more efficient than a cumbrous, ill organized rabble, however strong in numbers. Or as he expresses it himself, that it is the opinion "of the best experienced Captains that multitudes are confusions of orders, and divisions of time, and of those memoirs which naurish the warres, and are good for no other use but to make warres, soon break off and to consume the world." In these views he found staunch supporters in Ali Verdi Khan, Morganna Beg, and Shah Tamasp Kuli Beg;

but he experienced equal opposition from a strong Turkish party in the Durbar, headed by Ala-u-din Beg, Bostan Aga and Kureshed Pacha. The war party were gradually obtaining the ascendancy their views being more in accordance with the Shah's own wishes, when intelligence was received of the approach of a complimentary Embassy from the Porte, headed by Mahommud Aga, the General of the Janisaries, and at the same time, reports arrived of the Portuguese having seized upon some presents, including sixteen Kashmir slave girls, forwarded for the Shah by Akbar the Emperor of Hindustan. These two occurrences gave the Turkish party a temporary advantage, which was at first apparently increased by Sir Anthony falling sick; but during his severe indisposition the Shah was a constant attendant by his sick bed, and in these friendly visits Sir Anthony was probably enabled to bring forward arguments and inducements that it might not have been so prudent or so easy to have dwelt upon publicly. The result of these conferences was, that after a time, the Turkish Ambassador was dismissed with a haughty intimation of the Shah's intention to resume possession of his rightful territories, whilst preparations were made for sending Sir Anthony as Envoy extraordinary from the Shah to the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of Spain, proposing a league against the general enemy.

Previous to his departure Sir Anthony strongly urged upon the Shah the necessity for establishing a permanent regular force belonging exclusively to the Crown,—similar to, and fitted to cope with, the Turkish force of Janisaries,—instead of being entirely dependent on the irregular levies of the tribes and provincial nobility. He also recommended the Shah to afford, not only protection and commercial privileges towards Christians, but also religious toleration, a measure certain to redound to his credit amongst all the nations of Europe, and likewise calculated to increase the trade and prosperity of the country by the introduction of foreign wealth and energy, and especially as tending to attract a class of persons able to add to the military resources of the State, “as founders of ordnance, and makers of all sorts of arms and munition.” All these suggestions the Shah acted upon. He organized a regular force of soldiers of the crown, about twenty thousand strong, under the general title of *Ghulams* or *Kurchis*, composed both of cavalry and infantry; the latter, from their being all equipped with fire arms, were specially termed *Tufangchis*. He likewise granted a most liberal firman or charter of liberty to all Christians within his territories, in which it is set forth—“our absolute commandment, will and pleasure is that our countries and dominions shall be from this day open to all Christian people and to their reli-

gion ; and in such sort that none of ours of any condition shall presume to give them any evil word." " Neyther shall our religious men of whatsoever sect they be, dare disturbe them, or speake in matters of faith. Neythershall any of our justices have power over their persoons or goodes, for any cause or act whatsoever." " That none shall presume to aske them for what occasion they were heere."

But the most extraordinary document is the commission or patent given to Sir Anthony himself, which although lengthy, is too remarkable to be omitted.

" There is come unto me in this good time a principall gentleman, (Sir Anthony Sherlie,) of his own free will, out of Europe into these parts : and all you Princes yt. believe in Jesus Christ, Know you that he hath made friendship betweene you and me ; which desire we had also heretofore graunted, but there was none that came to make the way and to remove the vaile that was betweene us and you, but only this gentleman ; who as he came of his owne free will, so also upon his desire I have sent with him a chiefe man of mine. The entertainment which that principall gentleman hath had with me is that daylie whilst he hath bin in these partes we have eaten together of one dyshe and drunke of one cup like two breethren. Therefore, when this gentleman comes unto you Christian Princes, you shall credite him in whatsoever he shall demaunde, or he shall say, as mine owne person ; and when this gentleman shall have passed the sea and is entered into the countrey of the great King of Muscovie, (with whom we are in friendship as breethren) all his governors, both great and small shall accompany him and use him with all favour unto Musco : and because there is great love between you, the King of Musco, and mee, that we are like two breethren, I have sent this gentleman through your countrey and desire you to favour his passage without any hindrance."

But however great the regard and confidence felt by the Shah for and in Sir Anthony, he appears to have thought it advisable to retain some pledge for his good faith, and accordingly suggested that the younger brother Robert should remain in Persia with him, observing as stated in the Knight's narrative " that my absence from him would exceedingly grieve him, his affection to me being true and hopes of me many. If he had bin furnished of any fit to have undergone the management of this affaire, hee would never have enjoined me to so much travaile and so many perils, but that I knew his Court to bee ignorant of the language and properties of our partes, and since he was provoked by me to send thither, he knew that I would bee contented with my labour to keep him and his from all sorts of scorne. That my brother was young and therefore the more to be tendered, and not every day to be exposed to new laboures ; his love to us both

made him carefull in that point, but more particularly his infinite desire of my returne, which he thought would be more assured by so deare a pawne ; and by daily relation which I should receive of his royal usage I should also be daily invited to returne. Howsoever if I met with such fortunes as would be worthy to make mee stay from him, or such accidents as had power to hinder me by their necessitie, the company of my brother should give him great satisfaction in my absence. And if the worst should be happen unto me, he did desire ever to have a subject so neere unto me, upon whom he might make a declaration unto the world, both of what qualitie his owne mind was, and of what condition his true and royall affection towards me was."

Young Robert Sherley supported this plan and readily agreed to stay with the Shah ; five of the party also remained with him.

It was at first arranged that a young Persian noble, friendly to Sir Anthony, named Assan Khan, should accompany him, but this plan was interrupted by the young man's marriage to a relative of the Shah ; "None others of the great ones having a spirit to apprehend only such a voyage, much less a heart to perform it," Sir Anthony was consequently constrained to put up with a man of inferior rank, named Hussein Ali Beg (*Sæne Olibig*) who was recommended by his opponents the Vuzier and Bostan Aga, and who subsequently 'gave him much trouble. But the greatest annoyance he experienced was from one Nichola di Meto, a Portuguese Dominican friar, who had been Bishop of Ormus and Inquisitor General of the Indies ; and being now on his return to Spain, applied to Sir Anthony for permission to join his party and travel under his escort. This Sir Anthony not only readily acceded to, but went out to meet him on his arrival at Ispahan, and paid him every mark of attention and respect. But the friar, who it was soon discovered had been recalled to Spain on account of gross misconduct, had scarcely joined when he commenced intriguing, and this conduct being commented on and checked by Sir Anthony, a feeling of hatred and a desire of vengeance sprung up in his mind, which he subsequently missed no opportunity of giving vent to.

In the beginning of 1601, Sir Anthony and his suite took their final departure after above a year's residence in Persia. The Shah himself accompanied them several miles out of Ispahan, and at parting gave Sir Anthony a golden seal, saying at the same time, "Brother, whatever thou dost seal unto, be it to the worth of my kingdom, I will see it paid." He likewise renewed his promise of regard and protection to Robert Sherley, whom he vowed he would treat as his son, and thus, in the concluding words of the Knight's narrative "after some teares on all parts, we all parted ; they for the Court, myself for my journey, having left with my brother my

heart certainly, not only for the conjunction which nature had made between us, but also for those worthy sparkes which I found in him likely to be brought to great perfection by his virtue, which cannot leave working in any which will give them way, much more in him who will make way for them."

Sir Anthony and his party marched to the southern shore of the Caspian, where they embarked, probably at Ashraff, for Astrakan, which port, owing to bad weather, they did not reach for nearly two months; from thence they proceeded by boat up the Volga, to Kazan and Negson, where they were delayed nearly a month waiting for a deputation and escort from Moscow. Here the conduct of the friar Nichola di Meto was such, that Sir Anthony was compelled to place him in confinement.

Boris Godenow was at that time Czar of Russia, and he appears from the first to have received Sir Anthony and his mission with a suspicious eye, and to have entertained a personal dislike towards the Knight himself, which the proud and independent bearing of the latter was not calculated to remove or to conciliate.

The Czar markedly treated the Persian Envoy as the head of the Mission, a position which the latter was quite ready to assume, and assisted by Nichola the friar, lost no opportunity to foster the ill-feeling of the Czar towards the English Knight. Each day new indignities were offered to Sir Anthony, who with his suite was placed in actual durance, and the English merchants at Moscow forbidden to hold any communication with them, whilst their papers were seized and ransacked. At length Sir Anthony was dragged before a Royal Commission appointed to investigate certain absurd charges brought against him by Father Nichola; on which occasion he boldly denounced the conduct of the Czar, which he declared he would proclaim all over Europe. The friar imagining himself secure under the protection of the Court, ventured to indulge in further insolence and abuse, when Sir Anthony, "whose blood" in the words of Parry's Narrative, "already boyled with the excesse of his choler's heat, which as then abounded, and being by that gracelesse and ungratefull friar further provoked, he not able, (though instantly he should have died for it,) to suppress his heat, gave the fat friar such a sound box on the face, (his double cause of choler redoubling his might, desires of revenge withall augmenting the same,) that down falls the friar as if he had been strucke with a thunderbolt. Which being done, (with that courage and high resolution which well appeared in his lookes, words and deeds,) they forthwith gave over examination, because they had too examined Sir Anthony's patience, which well they, with feare (as I thinke) saw, and the friar (almost past feare) did far better feel."

This ebullition of temper, instead of ruining his cause as might have been expected, proved favorable in the long run ; for the Czar thus convinced of the nature of the man he had to deal with, ordered his release and permitted his departure in a few days; after which the friar fell into disgrace, when he was punished for his false accusations, and as Parry relates—"all his substance, that he had deceitfully and lewdly gotten many years before in the Indies, taken from him, leaving him not so much as his friar's weed, and whether they caused his throat to be cut, it was uncertain, but not unlike."

From Moscow Sir Anthony proceeded into Germany, where the treatment he experienced offered a remarkable contrast to what he had recently been subjected to. At Prague he met with the greatest respect and honour from the Emperor Radolph the Second, by whom he was created a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire, and at whose Court he remained six months, receiving royal entertainment. But we find no trace of any effectual league being arranged with Persia. Thence he proceeded *via* Munich, Inspruck, and Trent to Rome, at all which places he was received with great honors. Here he came to an open rupture with Hussein Ali Beg, the Persian Envoy, whose conduct from the first had been a continued source of annoyance and trouble. The latter now returned to Persia where he arrived after a long journey, bringing a whole series of false accusations against Sir Anthony. But Sir Robert being at the time in favour with the Shah, called for an investigation, and so clearly proved the falsity of the charges against his brother, that the unfortunate Envoy was proved guilty and sentenced to have his hands cut off, and his tongue torn out, which was done in the presence of Robert Sherley, who being asked if he required any further revenge of his brother's wrong, replied "that he took no delight in his torment, and that which was already done was more than he was willing or consenting to, but that now he would entreat in behalf of the miserable Persian, for that he supposed there could not be in his case a greater pleasure done unto him than to have his head follow the fortune of his tongue and hands."

From Rome, where he was made a Knight and Earl of the Sacred Palace of the Lateran, Sir Anthony proceeded into Spain, where as usual he appears to have gained the regard of the reigning monarch, Philip the Second, who not only gave him a most honorable reception and installed him a Knight of St. Jago, but finally took him permanently into his service, and conferred on him the rank of grand Admiral, with a pension of two thousand ducats per annum. In 1604 he was sent as Ambassador to Morroco and shortly after commanded a naval expedition against the Turks. After this he appears to have relinquished all further efforts in favor of

Persia, whether occupied by matters of greater personal interest to himself, or convinced of the impossibility of uniting such incongruous elements as the European and Persian polities of that period.

His connection with Spain aroused the jealousy of his own sovereign, James 1st, who summoned him to return to England; an order which he did not consider it advisable to obey. From thenceforward he appears to have connected himself entirely with Spain, in the service of whose monarch he remained until his death in 1630.

He is described as man of noble presence, indomitable courage and energy, generous to prodigality, deeply imbued with the chivalrous principles of that romantic period, somewhat pompous in manner and conversation, but still possessing great tact, and in an eminent degree, the talent of winning the regards of all with whom he came in contact, whether sovereign princes or his most humble followers.

But a bold restless spirit of this stamp was specially distasteful to the craven monarch James 1st, and to this dislike, maintained throughout a long reign, may probably be attributed the little mention made of him in contemporary history after the accession of that prince to the throne.

We now return to notice the fortunes of the younger brother. Robert Sherley, who had been left at Ispahan with Shah Abbas. The party that remained with him included Captain, afterward Sir Thomas Powell, John Ward, John Parrot who some years after accompanied Mr. Mildenhall to Lahore where he died; Gabriel Brookes, who also subsequently went to the East Indies, Arnold Roldcraft the Gunner who was some years later assassinated by an Italian when detached into Khorassan, and Vanthievier the Dutch cannon-founder. Shah Abbas was true to his word and treated them all with extreme kindness and liberality, notwithstanding his disappointment at the fruitless results of Sir Anthony's mission. All were employed in commanding and disciplining his new force of regular troops, which appear to have been brought to a considerable state of perfection, as they were enabled to cope with much larger forces of the Turks. Regarding the result of these measures Purchas observes,— "The mightie Ottoman, terror of the Christian world, quaketh of a Sherly-fever and gives hopes of approaching fates. The prevailing Persian hath learned Sherleian arts of war, and he which before knew not the use of ordnance hath now 500 pieces of brasse and 60,000 Musketers; so that they which at hand with the sword were before dreadful to the Turkes, now also in remoter blowes and sulfurian arts are grown terrible."

Although they may not have had cannon prior to the arrival of the Sherleys, the Persians were well acquainted with

the use of fire arms, for Manwaring distinctly states in his Narrative that "they are very expert with their pieces or muskets, for although there are some which have written now of late, that they had not the use of pieces until our coming into the country, this much I must write to their praise, that I did never see better barrels of muskets than I did see there; and the King hath hard by his court at Ispahan about two hundred men at work, only making of pieces, bows and arrows, swords and targets." The Rev. John Cartwright who was in Persia whilst Robert Sherley was there, and published an account of his voyage under the title of "*The Preacher's Travels*," speaks of the Persian troops as very superior to the Turks, and "by good right very highly to be esteemed." For the Turkish horseman is not to be compared with the Persian man at arms, who comes into the field armed with a strong cuirasse, a sure head-piece and a good target." Again, "the Persian horseman weareth his pauldrones and gauntlets, and beareth a staff of good ash, armed at both ends."

Shah Abbas commenced his long meditated hostile operations against the Turks in 1602-3, by the assault and capture of Nahavend; he then marched into Azarbijan, and overran that province with great rapidity. Ali Pacha, the Turkish General, was at this time absent in Kurdistan, but hearing of these successes he hastened to oppose the Shah, and a battle ensued near Tabriz in June 1603, in which the Turks were defeated with great loss, and Ali Pacha himself made prisoner. Robert Sherley, who was appointed *Topchi Bashi*, or Master General of the Ordnance, accompanied the Shah throughout these campaigns, and it was probably in this action that he "so valiantly besterred himself that the Persians gave him a crown of laurel for the victory; for being armed and made ready for fight, taking a pole-axe in his hand, he himself give first such an honourable attempt, and so amazed and repulsed the enemy, that his soldiers, imitating his courage, put all the foes to the edge of the sword." We are further informed that he offered to exchange thirty Turkish prisoners for his elder brother Thomas, with whose misfortunes and imprisonment at Constantinople he had been made acquainted; which offer being refused, he is reported to have struck off their heads, "and according to the custom of Persia, commanded them to be carried in triumph about the market place on the top of his soldier's pikes." This proceeding we would fain hope is an exaggeration.

The fall of Tabriz was the result of this victory, and the Shah following up his successes laid siege to Erivan and despatched Ali Verdi Khan to invest Bagdad. Erivan surrendered the following year after a long siege. But the Turks were now assembling an immense force under the command of Jaghah-aghli

Pacha, which compelled Shah Abbas to recall Ali Verdi Khan from Bagdad and concentrate all his forces to meet the impending attack. At length the two armies met to decide the fate of the campaign on the 24th August 1605. The Persian army amounted to 62,000 men, that of the enemy, by the lowest computation, exceeded 100,000. Most of the Shah's officers advised him to avoid an action with such unequal forces, but Robert Sherley appears to have given the bolder counsel, and to have rendered good service in the field, where he received three wounds "as a triple testimony of his love and service to Christendome." An old MSS. in the British museum, puts an oration to the troops into his mouth quite in the Cambyses vein; after which "catching a strong staff, pulling down his beaver, and putting spurs to his horse, he furiously rushed upon the enemy, his soldiers followed with such a desperate resolution, that the Turks were amazed at his valour, for he ran without stop through the troops, and like a lion, massacred whom he met; which the enemy perceiving, and what a great slaughter he had made amongst them, many of them fled, many laid down their weapons and yielded, the rest he put to the sword without partiality or favour."

Certain it is that the victory was most complete, and the Turks, who fought bravely, experienced an immense loss in killed and prisoners. Twenty-five thousand five hundred and forty-five heads were brought to the Shah after the action. A curious incident illustrative of the character of the monarch is recorded. Amongst the captures was a Kurdish chief of the tribe of Mookree whom the Shah ordered to be made over to one of his officers who was at feud with that tribe; Roostum Beg the officer in question, objected, saying that he could not take advantage of an enemy bound and in distress. The Shah irritated by a remark that appeared to reflect on his own conduct, ordered the prisoner's head to be struck off, upon which the Kurd, a man of gigantic strength, broke from his guards and drawing his dagger rushed upon Abbas. This occurred in the royal tent, it was already night, and in the scuffle and confusion the lights were all extinguished, and none dared to strike in the dark. After a few minutes of horrible suspense the Shah exclaimed "I have seized his hand," lights were brought in instantly, and the Kurd fell under a hundred weapons, when the Shah coolly seated himself and "continued to drink goblets of pure wine and received the heads of his enemies till midnight."

Robert Sherley's conduct was fully appreciated. The Shah, according to Purchas, (who states that he received the account from Sir Robert himself and saw the firman,) "gratified him not in titles of honour and honourable employments alone, but in rewards. *This man's bread is baked for sixty years*, being the formall words of

his Royal Charter to him, (which he that understandeth the Eastern phrase of "*daily bread*" in his *Pater Noster* knows how to interpret,) with an explication added of the allowance to him and his assigns for that space whether he liveth himself or leaveth it to others enjoying." He also gave him in marriage a daughter of a Circassian Chief, named Ismail Khan, a relative of his own wife. This lady who was a Christian and bore the name of Theresa, appears to have been a most estimable person, to have made him an excellent and most faithful wife. The following year they had a child, to which Shah Abbas, though a Mahomedan, was god-father, but this child apparently did not survive.

In 1608, not discouraged by Sir Anthony's failure, Shah Abbas, sent the younger brother on a similar mission to the Christian potentates, announcing his recent successes and proposing a general confederation against Turkey.

Robert and his followers embarked at Derbent and crossed the Caspian to Astrakan, whence passing through southern Russia, he proceeded to Poland, where he was warmly received and entertained at Cracow by King Sigismund the Third. From thence he proceeded to Prague, where he met with a reception from the Emperor Rodolph the Second, similar to that accorded eight years previously to his brother. He also was made a Knight of the Roman Empire and Earl Palatine, the deed bearing date the 2nd June 1609. From Germany he passed over into Italy and arrived in Rome in September of that year, where he met with a most gratifying reception from Pope Clement. His wife, lady Theresa, was here an object of great interest, as a Christian coming from so remote a part of the world. From Rome he went to Spain, where he must have met his brother Anthony after so long an absence. From thence he went over to his native country, where he arrived in 1611, and was well received at the Court of King James, but could get no promise of assistance to the Shah from that monarch, whilst from the Directors of the East India Company, who viewed him with great suspicion, he experienced much active though covert opposition.

Whilst in London, lady Theresa was delivered of a son, to whom the Queen and the Prince of Wales stood sponsors, the boy being christened Henry after his royal god-father.

At this time he received Kinghood from James 1st, together with his faithful friend Thomas Powell—who married during this visit. The Court of Directors were likewise ordered to furnish one of the Company's vessels to carry him and his party to Persia; and they were further directed to supply him with £500 to defray the remainder of his journey by land.

On the 7th January 1612 he sailed from Gravesend in the

good ship *The Expedition*, of London, of 260 tons, commanded by Captain Christopher Newport. His suit consisted of himself and Lady Theresa ; Sir Thomas and Lady Powell ; Morgan Powell, a younger brother of Sir Thomas ; Captain John Ward, one of his old companions, Mr. Francis Bubb, his secretary ; John Barber, apothecary ; John Gregson, a Dutch goldsmith ; John Harriot, and several other musicians, Lielah, a Persian female and one Armenian and three Persian male attendants.

After touching at the Canaries, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, Mohelia and other places, they made the coast of Cutch Mekran (*Getcli Macquerona*) in the beginning of September, and anchored in the port of Guadel. Here they found Malik Mirza, the ruler of the country, who professed himself the humble servant of Shah Abbas, and proffered every assistance to his Ambassador, Sir Robert Shereley, and his party, promising them an escort to Scistan or Kerman, from either of which they could easily proceed to Ispahan. Arrangements were made accordingly ; the Belooch Chief prepared tents for Sir Robert, and his suite, who sent most of his property and baggage on shore, together with some of his followers to take charge of them. Fortunately one of his Persian attendants understood the Belooch dialect, and overheard the guard at the tent discussing their treacherous plan, which was to entice Sir Robert and all his party on shore, and to persuade Captain Newport and some of the officers of the vessel to accompany them to a farewell entertainment ; then, to murder the whole, seize the property, and, if possible, take possession of the ship in the confusion attendant on this massacre. The Persian hearing this plan, quietly returned on board and gave Sir Robert information of their designs. He, in concert with his friends, remained perfectly quiet, but pretending indisposition retired to rest and postponed his departure for another day, sending for one or two attendants then on shore and some of his more valuable packages, on the plea that they contained his and Lady Shereley's night cloths, medicines, &c. A further portion of his goods he rescued by filling some empty cases with ballast and other heavy rubbish, and sending them on shore carefully packed up, getting back others which it was represented belonged to the vessel and had been landed by mistake. Finally, after thus recovering all his more valuable property, he announced his intention of landing the following morning, but recalled his remaining attendants alleging that he required them to attend upon him as musicians when he went on shore in state. He further sent word to Malik Mirza that in consideration of the Shah's honour, whose representative he was, he expected a deputation of the principal men to receive him. The Beluchis fell into their own snare and complied, when

the whole party arriving on board were seized and disarmed, and the restoration of the remainder of the property made the condition of their release.

From this port they steered for Diu in Guzerat, where Sir Robert and his party disembarked and proceeded by land to Agra. Here they were most hospitably and liberally entertained by the Emperor Jehangir, who tried very hard to persuade Sir Robert to enter his service, but in vain, notwithstanding the most tempting offers. Sir Thomas Powell, however, appears to have been induced to remain at Agra. This refusal on the part of Sir Robert appears to have wounded the pride of Jehangir, who was farther annoyed by his candid and spirited defence of Shah Abbas in reply to some disparaging remarks of the Indian monarch. But this manly independence and *truth to his salt* were appreciated in the long run, and Jehangir finally dismissed him on his return to Persia, liberally supplied with elephants, camels, tents and all the requisites for his march, together with money and jewels to the value of eight or nine thousand pounds sterling. They took the route by Scinde and Kandahar, and in the Bolan Pass they met Thomas Corryat, the English pedestrian traveller, then on his way from Persia to Lahore, who speaks highly of their kindness to him. From Kandahar, by Ferrah and Herat, they reached Kasbin in 1614.

Four or five years later Sir Robert was again dispatched by Shah Abbas as ambassador to the several European sovereigns, and he appears to have followed nearly the same route as on the previous occasion, only lingering longer in Rome and at Madrid, where—probably supported by his brother's influence—he persuaded the Spanish monarch to consent to send four vessels to cruise against the Turks in the Red Sea. But the news of the capture of Ormuz, by the joint forces of the Shah and the English East India Company, caused a complete change in Spanish policy, and put an end to all hopes of aid from that quarter. From Spain he passed into Holland, and finally reached England in 1623.

Here he found the Directors of the East India Company more opposed to him than ever. They had all along viewed his influence at the Persian Court with great suspicion and distrust, and regarded him as an interloper in their particular field of operations; but their disappointment at the results of the Ormuz expedition, from which they had expected great commercial and political advantages, together with Shah Abbas' refusal to allow them any establishment in the Gulf, made them doubly inveterate against one whom they looked upon as the Shah's adviser. They combatted his arguments for a Persian alliance, they denounced his statements of the power and wealth of Shah Abbas as gross exaggerations, and accused him of being in the interests

of Spain, and desirous to throw the Persian commerce into the hands of that nation.

Two years after this,—Sir Robert having then been absent from Persia several years,—the Shah sent a Persian named Nogdi Beg as ambassador to King James. On the intelligence of his reaching England the Directors hastened to welcome him and pay him every attention, and they found little difficulty in gaining him over to their views, and enlisting him as an active opponent of Sir Robert Sherley. When brought to Court, Nogdi Beg coolly denied all knowledge of Sir Robert's mission as emanating from the Shah, boldly proclaimed him an impostor, and on being shown the Shah's letter, which Sir Robert had produced as his authority, he boldly pronounced it a forgery, tore it up, and even went so far as to strike Sir Robert in the face, pleading in excuse his anger at finding his master's name thus made use of by a scheming impostor.

The result was that King James appointed Sir Dodmore Cotton as his ambassador to Shah Abbas, sending with him Sir Robert Sherley and Nogdi Beg in order to have the truth of the matter investigated. The account of this embassy has been given in detail by Sir Thomas Herbert. It is therefore sufficient to mention here, that they sailed from Gravesend on Good Friday 1626, with a fleet of six vessels, and reached Surat in November of that year, when Nogdi Beg found letters awaiting him, mentioning that the Shah was greatly incensed against him for his conduct in England, of which intimation had been sent overland by Sir Robert Sherley, via Aleppo. On receiving these tidings Nogdi Beg committed suicide by poisoning himself, not daring to face the Shah, and was buried on shore by his son Ibrahim Khan.

On the 10th of January 1627, they arrived at Gambroon, where through the influence of Sir Robert Sherley, the English Ambassador was received with due respect, and furnished with carriage and all requisites for his journey to Ashraff, on the shores of the Caspian, where the Shah then was.

On arrival there in May, Sir Dodmore Cotton was most graciously received, and announced the objects of his embassy, which were the establishment of a commercial alliance and a league against Turkey, as also "to see Sir Robert Sherley purge himself from the imputations laid on him by Nogdi Beg, the king of Persia's late Ambassador." The Shah gave a very gracious reply, and observed concerning Sir Robt. Sherley, he had been long of his acquaintance, and expressed as many considerable forms towards him, (though a stranger and a Christian) as to any of his born subjects. That if Nogdi Beg had aspersed him unjustly, he should have satisfaction; it argued indeed Nogdi Beg was guilty, in that he rather chose to destroy himself by the way, than adventure a purgation. In some sort he hath presaged my rigor, for had he come

and been found faulty, by my head (an oath of no small force) he should have been cut in as many parts as there be days in the year, and burnt in the open market with dog's turds."

But after this he took no further notice of Sir Robert Sherley. This ungracious and ungrateful conduct apparently was partly owing to the influence of the Vazir Mahomed Ali Beg, who was an old enemy of the knight, partly to a change in the Shah's views in regard to European policy, partly to caprice, and above all to the fact that Sir Robert's work was now done; his campaigning, voyages and troubles had made him prematurely old and infirm, and his presence was a constant remainder of claims for past service, which Shah Abbas was desirous to get rid of. Sir Robert's pension was considerably reduced, himself treated with neglect by the Shah, and with insult by the Vazir, and all his demands for enquiry or justice disregarded. These causes, coupled with a broken constitution and previous anxieties, brought him to his grave on the 13th July 1927, at Kasbin,—and according to Herbert "wanting a fitter place of burial, we laid him under the threshold of his own door, without further noise or ceremony." Thus passed away a brave and adventurous spirit, a victim to royal ingratitude, and an instance of the precarious nature of worldly prosperity and reputation. His faithful wife, who had shared all his fortunes, attended him at his death. Even then, her misfortunes did not end; a Dutch Jew painter and one Crole, a Fleming, who had both been some years in Persia,—most probably introduced by Sir Robert—advanced claims against the estate, in which they were supported by the Vazir, and under his authority they seized the property of the deceased knight. Through the friendly offices of some members of Sir Dodmore Cotton's embassy she saved some of her jewels. With the proceeds of these she was enabled to leave Persia with the remnant of the embassy—Sir Dodmore Cotton having followed Sir Robert to the grave within the year—and ultimately found her way to Rome, where she finally ended her days in a convent.

Thus ended the first English attempt to establish a military and political influence in Persia. Although the idea originated entirely with Sir Anthony, who fairly opened the way, the details, slight and incomplete as they may have been, were carried out during a quarter of a century by Sir Robert Sherley.

He appears to have possessed many of his brothers' good qualities, but to have lacked the knowledge of the world, the tact, and also the education and literary abilities which Sir Anthony possessed. Moreover, commencing his career in Persia at an early age, he seems to have imbibed many of the ideas and prejudices of his adopted country, which were not at that period understood in Europe.

Perhaps a more appropriate summary of his career wherewith to conclude our article, cannot be found than in the epitaph written at the time of his death by Sir Thomas Herbert :—

- “ Lo here, the limits to whose restless brain,
No travels set, this urn doth now contain.
A German Count I was ; the Papal State
Impower'd me th' Indians to legitimate.
Men, manners, countreys to observe and see
Was my ambition and felicitie.
- The Persians last I viewed, with full desire
To purge my fame, blurr'd by a pagan's ire ;
Which done, death stopt my passage. Thus the mind
Which teacht the poles, is by this porch confin'd.
Reader ! live happy still in home contents,
Since outward hopes are but rich banishments.
- After land-sweats and many a storm by sea,
This hillock aged Sherley's rest must be.
He well had viewed arms, men and fashions strange
In divers lands. Desire so makes us range.
Sad turning course, whilst the Persian tyrant he,
With well dispatched charge, hop'd glad would be.
See Fortune's scorn ! Under this door he lies,
Who living, had no place to rest his eyes
With what sad thoughts man's mind long hopes do twine,
Learn by another's loss but not by thine.”
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HAFIZ.

C. J. STEPHEN, ESQ.

1. *The Odes of Hafiz*, M. S. Shiraz. 1801.
2. *Waring's Tour to Shiraz*. London. 1807.
3. *Malcolm's Persia*. Vol. II. London. 1805.
4. *Dissertations on Oriental Literature*. London. 1792.
5. *Descriptive Catalogue of Tippoo's Library*. Camb. 1809.
6. *Sketches of Persia*. London. 1828.
7. *Sir W. Jones' Discourses*. 1796.
8. *Castello's Rose Garden of Persia*. London. 1845.

POETRY has ever been held in the greatest veneration in the East. Its admirers include almost the whole population. If the ancient Greeks and Romans gave to their poets all the honours they lavished on their inferior divinities, the Persians have ranked them with their Emams and Prophets, and have as willingly abided by their commands as by the injunctions of their Holy Writ. The Persians are enthusiastically devoted to poetry ; it forms the very essence of their religion ; the works of their best poets may be called their scriptures. The meanest artisan, the rudest soldier, the proudest noble and the Tyrant-King, are alike charmed by the strains of the minstrel, who sings a mystic song of divine love. They may forget the words of Mahomet, they may neglect the maxims of their *Sherrahs*, but the verses of Sadi and Hafiz are indelibly impressed on their memory. Ten years ago we met a divine at Shiraz, deeply read in the mystery of the Koran and the Moslem theology, who was of opinion that the very teachers of their religion—the Mollahs and the Mofatahs—preferred the imagination of Hafiz to the judgment of Sadi to the inspired wisdom of their twelve apostles. Sir John Malcolm, full fifty years ago, was “forcibly struck” with the fact, that a common tailor, who perhaps in our country is as ignorant of Milton and Shakespeare as the natives of New Zealand, while engaged repairing the Ambassador's tents, entertained his companions with reciting some of the finest mystical Odes of Hafiz. Nor is this all. The morality of the Persian poets is conveniently adapted to the flexible disposition of the Persians. It has been remarked by some German philosophers, that Mahomet has appealed only to the passions and the emotions of his countrymen, and seldom or never to their judgment ; but the Persian poets have been still more pliable and more political, and have watched the current with keener optics. They sometimes inculcate ascetism, the rudeness of sullen independence, and support the spirit of suffering virtue ; but they also justify the means by the end, and gloss over the accommodative disposition of servile subjection. The weak and ease-loving Moslems of the present time have consulted their own temper in their choice of a creed, and are much

more inclined to profit by the laxity of their poets' opinions than to observe the austere precepts of their morality. Whenever religion has imbibed the "colours" of the imagination, the uneducated multitude have paid a willing submission to its commands. The faithful have found their vices countenanced and supported by the wisdom of their poets, and they have clung to their poets with all the affection and all the fears with which an accomplice clings to the ringleader. Every man has a number of verses from Sadi and Hafiz by heart, which he is ready to bring forward in self-defence, to stave off any charge of infamy or criminality. The poet's judgment is strong enough to justify an evil in the eyes of the Believers, and the exculpation is immediate. A verse from Sadi, which has run into a proverb, and whose equivocal meaning we condemn, is quoted with success by every offender against truth. "A lie," says the poet, "purporting good, is better than a truth exciting disturbance." We doubt if Sadi could have meant this as a defence of all possible falsehood, but yet the verse is used in its widest signification. In the year 1792, when the ambassadors of Tippoo Sultan were at Madras, engaged in their mission of raising an insurrection, against the British Government, one of them in his letter to his master advises him to agree to a proposal, "upon the principle recommended by the sage and worthy Khanjeh Hafiz Shirazi, on whom the mercy of the Lord may for ever rest, *with friends cordiality, with enemies dissimulation.*" Here is an instance of a grave and far-sighted prince being addressed and counselled by his Ambassador, to mould his political conduct according to the maxim of a lyric poet! In Europe it would be considered gross stupidity in an Envoy to advise his sovereign, in his official correspondence, to accept or reject terms of peace on the precepts of a poet or a dramatist; but in the East, the "law and the prophets" are best known to the bards, and it is no umbrage to a statesman to follow their counsel in danger. There is another story told of Prince Sufdur Jung, Nuwab of Oude, that a petition being presented to him with a couplet from Sadi for its motto:

"O Tyrant! the oppressor of the helpless,
How long will your streets continue populous;"

the King wrote two lines of Hafiz on its back, and sent the mendicant away:

"I have been denied access to the streets the of virtuous,
If you dislike this, change my destiny."

But it has been very well remarked by Sir William Jones, that though the verses which justify vice are oftener quoted than those in praise of virtue, yet the doctrine which Sadi and Hafiz inculcated, was to return good for evil. Or, what a greater authority

than Sir William has observed :—" They have recommended good works to men, and clemency and justice to their rulers." But though the influence which once the Persian poets possessed over their countrymen has unfortunately been turned from its legitimate channel and employed in the defence of successful vice, yet *it* is still held in such veneration by the Mœslem, that they have acknowledged its supremacy even when their antagonists have used it against *their* creed. It has been related to us by an eye-witness whom we consider trustworthy and deserving of confidence, that Futteh Ali Shah, King of Persia, and a man of acknowledged talents, on whom the Muses lavished some of their gifts, being out one Friday to attend service at the royal mosque, one of his attendants struck a poor Christian, who ventured to approach the cavalcade, accompanying the blow with an awful imprecation: " Begone to hell, O cursed dog! This is not your church." The injured youth, who had much more wit in him than he had credit for, made use of his presence of mind with great effect; his reply was from Hafiz:

" I have been to the Temple, the Mosque and the Church,
And the same God I found worshipped in all."

Futteh Ali Shah smiled with admiration and extended his hand to the Giaour, who went home with his condition bettered by two hundred rupees. We can add a score of other instances to substantiate our assertion; but we shall not proceed any farther with the subject. Enough has been said.

The Persians have called poetry *'legitimate magic'*, and have used much art in the arrangement and selection of words. Often, even to the sacrificing of sense to euphony, they have spared no labour to render the verses smooth and elegant. Their poetical compositions are of several kinds.

GHUZLS, orodes, are of different lengths, and different construction. A whole Ghuzl must rhyme throughout with the same word. Some affirm that a Ghuzl should not extend to more than eighteen couplets, and others allow it to extend to eleven only. But we remark as a peculiarity in Persian odes, that every couplet is complete in itself, and that any image, however beautiful, is not dwelt on for more than one verse. This custom, of course, cramps the genius of the poet, and his imagination, though fruitful and inclined to rise above rules and "poetical disciplines," succumbs to the evil influence of the restraints imposed on it, and quenches its vigour in continual alliteration. The poet is compelled to harp on the same subject and image, or adopt every image which presents itself, and the taste is soon vitiated. The usual subjects of the Ghuzls are *beauty, love, and friendship*; but with the Sufis it has been em-

ployed in the praise of *wine* and *mystery*. At the end of each ode the poet introduces his own name, and it is always an address to his own heart, or a reflection on his past life. It must, however, be confessed, that most of the Persian poets have failed, by the too frequent use of the same thoughts and the same metaphors, in their efforts to please and instruct. The reader soon finds that there is nothing new to admire, nor anything new to learn. But this can only be said of the unfavoured aspirants to fame.

Next to the Ghuzls is the KASSIDEH. This differs from the odes, only in the number of the distichs it contains. It may be a satire, or it may be a moral piece, but it cannot be extended to more than a hundred and twenty couplets. We have been told that there is a poem in existence, written by Sheik Sadeck, in praise of the late Shah of Persia, extending to upwards of two hundred verses. Though its extreme length is an infringement on the rules laid down for the composition of a Kassideh, yet critics call it by that name. The Arabians, however, make it exceed five hundred, or even nine hundred lines. A rare Arabic poem, written in Kassideh by a "nameless" bard, which we have in our possession, begins with a distich which we cannot forbear rendering into English. To most of our readers it will come as the echo of a familiar strain which perchance the poet never heard :

"Oh Lord, chastise me for my sins, but give me
strength to suffer."

Let my heart be full of charity, for he who cannot
forgive shall never be forgiven."

Next to the Kassideh is the TUSHBIB, which means a representation of beauty and youth, and it may be compared to a descriptive poem, or to the fables of Gay, where the end is chiefly to instruct by means of examples. Poems of this description are not held in repute by the Persian critics ; but yet the beginner finds them indispensable.

The MUSNAVEE is a kind of epic poem, generally on amorous subjects, or on the pleasures of the spring. The verses are not confined by any rule, as in the Ghuzls ; they may extend to ten thousand lines, or may be confined to twenty ; the poet alone has to determine the length of the poem. The Musnavee has another beauty, which in the Ghuzls is excluded by the canons of poetry ; the subject is connected throughout the poem, and thus we never encounter any abrupt termination, or any of those unhappy transitions from grave to gay, or *vice versa*, which so frequently occur in the Ghuzls, and which, if unskilfully managed, are serious blemishes in a poetical composition. But unfortunately for the spirit of emulation which once existed among

the Persian poets, the subjects of their Musnavees are generally drawn from one source. Even the names of the hero and the heroine, the unity of time, action, and place, are the same in all. It is scarcely possible for the reader to sum up courage to pass through the dreadful ordeal of perusing some thousand pages of indifferent poetry on the same subject, and written in the same style with slight, and certainly immaterial, differences, in the author's name. There are other measures of poetical composition ; but they are of such rare occurrence, and involve such technical difficulties in their explanation, that we shall leave them unnoticed. Some of the more modern poets of Delhi have adopted these measures, but their works have long been consigned to merited oblivion, and we shall not rake up an equally forgotten subject to illustrate them.

The authentic particulars of the life of Hafiz are so well known that we shall not recapitulate them here. The memoir of this poet in the *Descriptive Catalogue of Tippoo Sultan's Library*, has been written with care and discretion, and with great fidelity to all the known and acknowledged authorities on the subject. But such anecdotes of his life as illustrate his poems, we are bound to mention in these pages. Most of them we have only found in the original Persian, and from this circumstance, we trust they will be more welcome.

Khajeh Mahomed Shumsoodin, surnamed Hafiz, was born in Shiraz, in the beginning of the fourteenth century of the Christian era. Though his parents were in good and easy circumstances, he led a life of poverty, which he considered inseparable from genius, and which, according to his creed, was the only medium of salvation. He knew the old proverb of the Sufis:—"Wealth keeps a guard in the heart of the wealthy ; how can *he* be in communion with his Maker." He also knew the maxim of his Molahs : "Poverty causes the world to come in view ; but wealth even darkens the prospect of heaven."

Hafiz was but indifferently acquainted with the works of his contemporaries. We may in vain search in his odes or elegies for any allusion to them ; we may in vain try to detect even affinity of thought with them. His works throughout breathe originality ; his creative mind scorns to imitate any authority but the highest of all authorities—Nature, and disdains to use any art but the perfection of all arts—that of concealing art. The defects and excellencies of Hafiz are all his own. Mr. Waring remarks, that the Odes of Hafiz are so very different from those of other writers, that they "deserve particular notice !" It is, also, the opinion of Persian critics, that "Hafiz *may be condemned*, but he *cannot be compared*." Masculine without being severe ; impassioned without being affected ; sublime

without being unnatural, the ideas of Hafiz are in every sense original. He may have defects, but *such* defects are only to be met with in *his* odes. He has beauties, but *such* beauties are only found in *his* works. We can with confidence affirm, that in no other country has there been born a genius so *singular*. In fact, he has founded a new school of poetry, and it may be remarked here, that his imitators have so faithfully copied his lyric odes, that they have gained some celebrity which the original has reflected on them. Eccentricity, the badge of the learned, and not unfrequently the companion of genius, was found in Hafiz to such an extent, that the credulous vulgar deemed him *inspired*, and the sceptic *savan* imputed to him *madness*. It has been related of him, that sitting in the company of his uncle Sadi, while the latter was engaged with an ode on the ethics of the Sufis, he managed to read the first, and till then the only line that was written on the subject. Feeling an irresistible longing to finish the hemistich, he approached Sadi and wistfully eyed the reed with which the poet wrote. At that moment, Sadi was for some reason compelled to leave the room, and with a quickness of thought rivalled by few, Hafiz finished the couplet by a half sarcastic and half laudatory verse of his own. When Sadi returned to his study, he missed his nephew, but found the verse complete. Indignant at his conduct, he summoned the young bard before him, and questioned him on the subject. Hafiz acknowledged the authorship, and Sadi asked him to finish the whole work as he had done the first verse; not satisfied with this, the poet cursed his nephew in a spirit of rivalry which tradition is at a loss to reconcile with the temper of the Persian moralist: "Your work shall bring the curse of insanity on its reader." We cannot vouch for the truth of this anecdote, but we can say this much in its behalf, that the opening line of the first ode of Hafiz is in pure Arabic, and much in the style of Sadi. The commentators of Hafiz, especially the Sheahs of Constantinople, seem to place some trust in the authenticity of this story, and believe with implicit confidence that the curse of Sadi has been verified in every instance without a single exception. "Ever since," say the Faithful, "the odes of Hafiz have had that destructive effect on human understanding, with which the pious poet cursed them." We can affirm on the contrary, that the curse of Sadi is ineffective, whatever may be the worth of the anecdote itself.

Hafiz justly proud of his genius and careless of the favor of the great, never accepted invitations to Courts, though accompanied with every mark of respect and regard for the illustrious poet. Before he had taken leave of the society of the nobles and the wealthy of his country, he was induced by flattery and attention to visit the Prince of Yezd; but the cold reception he met

with confirmed his resolution never to see a Court again. He left his native city, which he loved with all the partiality, of a Persian, for Yezd, with the hope, so natural to a mind conscious of its vast resources, of being received with the respect due to one of whom Persia might one day boast. But the sovereign, who was not actuated with the feelings of a generous patron, or influenced by a love of polite learning, whose representative the poet was, soon got tired of the company of Hafiz, and behaved towards him with the coldness which is repulsive both to pride and modesty. It is said that Hafiz remarked on taking leave of the Prince : " It seems that Fortune did not wish Kings to be wise."

In the year 1369, he was called to India by the celebrated Gyasoodeen, King of Bengal ; but true to his " resolve," he could not be persuaded to undertake the journey. Gyasoodeen having long laboured under a dangerous illness, his life was despaired of ; but to testify his affection for some of his attendants, he made a request, that three of his favorite wives, whom he called *The Cypress*, *The Rose* and *The Tulip* should wash his body if the disease proved fatal to him. Gyasoodeen, however, recovered from his illness, but his favorites were branded by the ladies of the seraglio with the opprobrious title of " Ghossalayah"—washers of the dead ; in consequence of which a complaint was brought before the King. Gyasoodeen, in his usual gay and convivial disposition, repeated extemporary a hemistich, of which the following is the sense :

" Cupbearer ! let us narrate the praises of the Cypress,
the Rose, and the Tulip."

The King failed to finish the verse, and his Court poets in vain tried to write an ode on the subject which could meet his approval. At this time, Hafiz was known as the first living lyricist of Persia, and to him Gyasoodeen sent the hemistich, with valuable presents, and with a request that the verse might be finished for the King's pleasure. It is also stated that Gyasoodeen authorised the messenger to invite the poet to India, and to use all efforts to induce him to undertake the journey. When Hafiz received the royal message, without being informed of the facts connected with the origin of the hemistich, he is said to have completed the verse thus :

" Oh cupbearer ! let us sing the praises of the Cypress,
the Rose, and the Tulip."

Let these tidings be carried to the three beautiful Ghossaleahs."

The poet's mind fell into a " fine frenzy," and one of the most beautiful Persian odes we have in existence owes its origin to this circumstance. But Hafiz politely declined the invi-

tation of Gyasoodeen, alluding to it in the concluding verse of his Ghuzl with a feeling of frankness so natural to him :

“ Oh Hafiz ! why conceal the desire that possesses you,
of visiting Sultan Gyasoodeen ?

It is your business to complain of the distance that separates you.”

Hafiz died rather young. The tomb of this celebrated poet was built by the munificence of a Vakeel, and is made of beautiful marble. The garden where this sepulchre is situated is called Hafizeen, and is held sacred by pilgrims. The epitaph on the tomb comprises two of his odes, and to the taste of the Vakeel, who had these engraved on the tombstone, the selection reflects the highest credit. Few men were more capable of composing their own epitaphs than Hafiz. Leading a life of unimpeachable purity, in constant communion with his own heart, he alone could do justice to himself. Those who saw but little of him took him for a latitudinarian, and those who enjoyed his intimacy, considered him an enthusiast. The fact is that Hafiz was a deadly enemy to conventionalism, and acted in accordance to those broad and universal moral precepts which are, like the fundamental laws of natural philosophy, the same in every country and every age. It is true, that he loved Shiraz with the partiality which is common to individuals who have confined their attention to *nationality*, but Hafiz was *de facto* a citizen of the world ! He had as great, or as little, respect for the musjid as for the church or the temple. He believed in the great Architect whom the whole world reveres as the great Supreme. Close to the spot where Hafiz reposes, a few Durvesh have taken up their abode, and chaunt daily some of the mystical odes, and visit the sacred tomb of the lyric bard. “ A splendid copy of his odes,” Byron remarks, “ is chained to his monument ;” but we are afraid that either his lordship had been misinformed, or that the book has been removed since 1849. The curious and the superstitious consult his work, to take an omen to ascertain the probability of success or disappointment in their undertakings. It is said that Nadir Shah chose a passage from the odes of Hafiz before undertaking a siege, at the same time remarking, that the saint *this time must be a little puzzled, for he questioned much the sanctity of one who would not exchange his wine and women with the water of Kauser and the Houries of Heaven*. But the admirers of the poet retaliate on Nadir Shah's impiety by reflecting on his melancholy end.

The verse which procured the poet's interment is also very singular. We must make due allowance for the fanatical love of the Sufis for the memory of Hafiz, and for the *penchant* of the

Persians for inventing and believing in fables, but we shall narrate the anecdote as it is commonly related. At the time of the death of Hafiz, there were many who considered his works sinful and impious, and condemned them to oblivion. They remonstrated against his being buried in consecrated ground; but his followers maintained that Hafiz never acted contrary to the leading tenets of the Koran, and that his life, though spent in a retreat, deserved every honor that could be bestowed on the life of a saint. His opponents went even so far as to arrest the procession of his funeral. The dispute became hot, and blows were imminent, when it was agreed that a line of his own should settle the dispute. If it were to be in favor of religion, his friends were to proceed with the bier; if the verse were calculated to promote immorality, the corpse was to be removed to such quarters as are intended to receive the remains of the infidels. The odes were produced before a person whose eyes were bound and seven pages were counted back, when the inspired finger pointed to the following couplet:

"Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz,
Though immersed in sin he will rise into Paradise."

A shout arose: the admirers of the poet took up the bier, and those who had doubted joined them in carrying it for interment. To this day honor is done to the sacred spot, and to the memory of the great bard, by strewing flowers, and pouring out libations of the choicest wines, on his grave.

The works of Sadi are remarkable for the boldness and sublimity of the moral lessons they convey; but the strains of Hafiz, for their music and eloquence, are without an equal in the annals of Persian literature. His whole fame rests upon the creative fancy of his imagination, and the easy flow of his glowing numbers. The very quality which earned him in his connexion with the world the unenviable title of an enthusiast—his scorn for sober thoughts—forms the chief delight of his readers. There is a wildness of fancy in his odes which has made him the first of the favorites of his countrymen; and those passages to which the Persians give their enthusiastic praise, correct taste would be compelled to condemn. It has been wisely observed by a Persian critic, that it was the good fortune of Hafiz to be liked equally by saints and sinners. To youths, to whom love is an instinct, his odes are an inducement to pass the spring of life in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures. To the contemplative sage, whose life is devoted to the service of his Maker, the religious enthusiasm of Hafiz appears the mark of providential favor, and his mystical odes are recited by him with his daily orisons.

By some, Hafiz has been compared to Anacreon, and by others to Horace; and the critic must acknowledge, that after the perusal of the most refined odes of the Latin poet, the reader may still find pleasure in the songs of the Persian lyrist. Notwithstanding the difference of national manners, he is *the* Oriental writer with those works an European scholar will most wish to become familiar. It has been made a subject of discussion, whether the poems of Hafiz must be taken in a literal or in of figurative sense. We believe, in the year 1805, it was one of the theses at a disputation at the Fort William College, and after all the arguments that we have seen, and which must have been produced then, we consider the question not capable of an easy solution; but yet far from being an unexplainable enigma, as the Persians suppose. The opinion of Sir William Jones evidently carries the greatest amount of truth, and may be perhaps considered the most plausible judgment on the case. According to him "it appears that the question does not admit of a general answer. The most enthusiastic Sufis allow that there are some passages in the odes of Hafiz which may be understood literally, and which are void of mystery as the words of God; while there are some entire odes which breathe the very essence of their philosophy, and to the general reader appears confused and obscure." There are yet many respectable authorities who question the justice of this opinion, and advance arguments which, though seemingly rational, are not strong enough to convince us. To affirm that some of the odes of Hafiz may be explained in a literal as well as in a figurative sense, is to destroy for ever the assertion, that "The Sufis *alone* can explain by their mystic the mystic strains of the poet." If once the Sufis grant that there are some odes which a man of the world can explain with as much fidelity as the Sufi himself, the judgment of Sir William Jones is tacitly admitted to be just.

As it is impossible for the reader of Hafiz to appreciate his beauties, or even to understand his sense, without a knowledge of Sufism, we shall, in as few words as possible, lay down the tenets of a sect that numbers among its followers the greatest philosophers, poets and moralists of Persia. The Sufis disregard all religious forms and all religious dogmas; they claim a direct communion with the great Maker, and tacitly and *de facto* set aside the pretensions of Mahomet as the medium of salvation. They represent themselves as entirely devoted to the search of truth—the ideal truth of Plato—and raising themselves above the pleasures and gratifications resulting from the enjoyment of the senses, they pray for a union with the Almighty Creator. But Providence, according to the Sufis, is not confined to any one place or in any one object, but is diffused over the

whole world, and is present in every object that we behold. In this creed the Sufi approaches the Pantheist, and some of the German schools. The soul of man, according to the Sufi, is not *from* God but is *of* God ; and if it were necessary for us to prove the direct opposition of the opinions maintained by the Sufis to the letter and spirit of the Koran, we would observe that no faith can be more antagonistic to the faith of Mahomet, than that which establishes an equality between the created and the Creator. But the Sufi teachers remark, that before a man can obtain that divine beatitude to which his soul continually aspires, he must pass through four stages of life. The first of these consists in compliance with the injunctions of Holy Writ, and in observance of all the rites and precepts of the established religion, which are considered *necessary* to govern the vulgar mass who are incapable of forethought and reflection. This is the first stage, and is called *Nasooth*, and the preachers of the Koran have well remarked, that "if a sect preach in defence of the book by establishing its pretensions only as the leader of a blind multitude, it is better that we should prefer infidels to our ally." We are of the same opinion. If the word of God is only necessary to a state of helplessness, and if we are to obey it only as far as it is expedient, we indirectly deny its divine origin. If a sect of Christians were to maintain, that the commandments of our Saviour are only necessary to protect the ignorant from the influence of demagogues, and that they are not adapted to a higher degree of civilization, it is needless to remark that the opinion saps the foundation of our faith. The second stage leads to Sufism ; it raises its votary above the common herd, and is called the stage of *Thurrahkuth*. The devotee now abandons religious forms and ceremonies, and depends on the workings of his own soul. The third stage is obtained only by inspiration. The disciple in this begins to view the world with indifference, and to long after eternity ; he is now a degree above the angels, and is approaching divine beatitude. This is called the stage of *Aruf*. The fourth stage is called *Hukeekuth*, and denotes the arrival of truth ; it implies a complete union with the divine Maker.

In every country, and in every age, Sufism has existed, although under different names. It had its followers in Greece when Plato lectured ; it flourished in Rome when Tully spoke : and it now fights against the light of the gospel in Europe and America, and is variously designated, Transcendentalism and Pantheism. We have given a very concise account of Sufism, and we have tried to derive all our knowledge on the subject from the writings of the Sufis themselves. The Moslem professors, out of a spirit of jea-

lousy or fear, have denied them both justice and fair play. Reverting to Hafiz, we maintain the opinion already expressed, that his odes are not exclusively figurative. Many of his admirers affirm that by *wine* he invariably meant sincere *devotion*, and we have seen more than one dictionary of difficult and obscure terms in his odes, which the Sufis have explained in their own manner. By this means a forced meaning is imposed on the odes, - and the finest specimens of Persian poetical compositions have been learnedly obscured by their blind admirers. In one of these vocabularies, to which we now refer, we are sorry to find that the compiler mentions his having edited the odes of Hafiz before he had ventured to explain the "puzzles" of this poet. It is needless to remark, that, as a Sufi, the editor must have taken the precaution to disturb the text to suit his own object, vitiating the taste or, obscuring the judgment of those who otherwise would find ample delight in these productions of a lively and a genial fancy. In this glossary we find such far-fetched conceits, that none but the curious will trouble themselves with it after the first perusal. *Goblet*, according to the commentator, means *desire*, and sometimes the *heart*; *gardener* is *God*, and *rose* is the *gift of Heaven*; *beauty* is the *perfection of God*; *tavern* is an *oratory*, or *this world of sin*, and the *keeper* a religious teacher; a *meeting* is the *union of our soul with our Maker*; *sleep* is *meditation*; *dark nights* express the *horrors of death*; *blood* sometime means *ecstasy*; the *odour* of a flower garden is the token of *paradise*; *kisses* are the raptures which the Sufi feels when his heart is warmed with the glow of piety in the hour of devotion; *zephyr* is the messenger who carries intelligence from one heart to another; *infidels* are men who are full of devotion and divine love, and immersed in the praise of the great Maker; *inebriety* means indifference to the world and an abstraction from it; *horn* is the *pain of lust*; a *nightingale* is the *harbinger of good news*; and lastly, *screen* means *modesty* or *chastity*.

The mischief is, that even with the aid of such notes, the reader is at a loss to reconcile the different meanings which the Sufis themselves give to the different mystical odes. Some will explain *wine* as *devotion*, while others will contend that it means the *love of God*. In short, the language of Sufism confounds rather than facilitates the explanation of the mystical odes of Hafiz. And if this mode of explanation be extended to such of the odes as admit of a literal sense, we only make "confusion worse confounded," and leave the book with the feelings of astonishment which none but those who have walked in a labyrinth can feel. We cannot deny that Hafiz has, in some instances, apparently alluded to the mysteries of

the Sufis, and that such passages may be explained by the language of Sufism; but to infer from this that his odes can *only* be explained by such language, is to draw a fallacious inference. Nor would it have been safe for the personal security of Hafiz, in a Mussulman country, and under a Mussulman government, if his zealous admirers had not sheltered his daring flights of imagination by putting on them a forced meaning; a meaning contrary to good sense, but in consonance with the religion, the feelings, and the laws of their countrymen. The very essence of Sufism is poetry, and the extravagant genius of Hafiz allows the Sufis to take such liberty with his odes, as they think necessary to prove that they are *only* to be explained in their language of mystery. But sometimes the poet has even outraged the lax principles of the Sufis, and his admirers have reluctantly confessed that the meaning is obscure, or that the verse may be an interpolation of his commentators. We trust the reader will judge for himself:

"My destiny has been thrown into a tavern by the Almighty;
If such is the case, tell me, where is my crime, O Teacher!

Again:

"Drink wine; for the priest, the judge, and the reader of the Koran
Deceive you by their professions of piety."

We shall now add a few passages that we believe relate to the mysteries of the Sufis:

"It is a meritorious act, O Hafiz! to worship the glass;
Arise and direct thy attention to virtuous deeds!"

"When fortune shall have made a goblet of my day,
See that my head be filled with wine."

"The Sufi, by the inspiration of wine, discovers hidden mysteries.
This ruby liquor discloses the virtue of every one."

"In eternity, without a beginning, a ray of thy beauty began
to gleam;

When love sprang into being, and cast flames over all nature;"

"The true object of heart and soul is the glory of union with
our beloved:

That object really exists, but without it both heart and soul
would have no existence."

"Dancing with love of his beauty, like a mote in a sunbeam,
Till I reach the spring and fountain of light, whence yon sun
derives all his lustre!"

"Thus spoke the nightingale this morning: what sayest thou,
sweet rose, to his precepts?"

"From the moment, when I heard the divine sentence, 'I have
breathed into man a portion of my spirit,'
I was assured, that we were His, and He ours."

"Rise, my soul ; that I may pour thee forth on the pencil of that
supreme Artist,
Who comprised in a turn of his compass all this wonderful
scenery !"

"The sum of our transactions, in this universe, is nothing :
Bring us the wine of devotion ; for the possessions of this world ;
vanish."

"Shed, O Lord, from the cloud of heavenly guidance, one cheer-
ing shower,
Before the moment when I must rise up like a particle of dry-
dust !"

"Oh ! the bliss of that day, when I shall depart from this deso-
late mansion ;
Shall seek rest for my soul ; and shall follow the traces of my,
beloved."

This mystical poetry, or its incarnation, Sufism, claims our atten-
tion a little longer ; not only because the subject has hitherto
been little attended to, but because our knowledge on this head
can alone enable us to understand, appreciate, and criticise the
works of Hafiz. We have admitted that there are passages
in his odes which can be explained by the "mystery within mys-
tery," but let the reader decide if the strong language of Sufism
can be reconciled with the apparent meaning of a number of
these verses :—

"May the hand never shake, which gathered grapes !
May the foot never slip, which pressed them !"

"That poignant liquor, which the zealots call *the mother of sin*,
Is pleasanter and sweeter to me than the kisses of a maiden !"

"But for a little sanctity the Kaaba and the Temple would be
the same.

There can be no sanctity in a house free from virtue."

"I fear, that in the day of universal justice,
The holy bread of the Sheik will not prove superior to my un-
godly liquor."

In the following couplet the Faithful finds an attack on his re-
ligion ; but the mystery of the Sufis redeemed the poet's honor :—

"The priests who appear so devout before the altar and in the
pulpit, behave far otherwise in private.

Why do not the preachers of repentance repent themselves ;
Perhaps they have no faith in a day of retribution, since their
holy offices are so full of fraud and deceit."

These passages, and a thousand besides these, are explained with perfect ease without the assistance of any mystical philosophy, or of any system of philosophy, save that of common sense. That Hafiz was a Sufi we cannot deny, and that he placed little or no reliance on the words of the Koran we can gather from his works. But we shall prove ourselves sadly ignorant of his works if we admit, what the Sufis have so long and so often affirmed with the confidence, "To understand the songs of Hafiz the reader must dive into the well whence the Sufi alone draws the nectar of Truth." The language of "truth and soberness" is widely different from that of enthusiasm; there is *belief* for one, and *contempt* for the other.

The poetry of Hafiz, as has been already remarked, bears little affinity to the productions of his predecessors. Rich in fancy, powerful in imagination, original and sublime, wild and glowing, the Ghuzls of the Persian Anacreon are the best of their kind in the Persian language. Transition, so pleasing in poetry and so intolerable in philosophy, is found in its happiest forms in the odes of Hafiz. But to appreciate and understand his works, we should read them before the idiom of a foreign tongue has disfigured and tortured them. It would not be doing justice to the genius of this great poet, to test his merits after they have been sifted through the medium of a strange language and inadequate words.

The odes of Hafiz are both grave and gay; he either moralises on the degeneracy of his age, on the vanity of the world, on the power of sin; or dwells with ecstasy on the greatness of the Creator, on the pleasures of "the spring of life," and the enjoyments of this world. When he is grave his thoughts are sublime and religious, but his religion is much more ideal than that of the Koran. It preaches to some extent universal charity; it proclaims "toleration" and liberty of conscience. The Mollah may fret, the Mussulman may inveigh against the "madness of Sufism," but men of sense will prefer the charity, the sympathy of Sufism, to the sword and the intolerant spirit of the Koran. We shall quote a few instances of that feeling of resignation which is not rare in Hafiz:—

"O Hafiz! there is some pleasure in abstaining from worldly pursuits; suppose not the condition of the worldly is to be envied."

"Some labour in the paths of love; others leave every thing to fate. But place no reliance on the permanency of the world; it is a tenement liable to many changes."

"O my heart! defer the pleasures of to-day until to-morrow, and who will ensure your existence to enjoy them?"

"Be patient, O my heart! be not vexed; verily, the morn is succeeded by the night, and the night is succeeded by the day."

"Be not sorry if a day of calamity should come ; pass on, be thankful, lest greater ill betide thee."

These are fair specimens of the religious Odes of Hafiz ; we shall now subjoin some examples of the sportive and the gay :

"Give me wine ! wine that shall subdue the strongest,
That for a time I may forget the anxieties of life."

"Do not calumniate, O pious zealot ! those who delight in mirth ;
You will not answer for the sins of others."

"The songstress hath struck up her lyre,
The dancers are wishing to please ;
My idol excites their desire,
And robs them of comfort and ease.
The place then is safe and retired,
My rivals are, thank God ! at rest ;
Her glances the Sufi hath fired,
And fixed Cupid's dart in his breast."

My breast is filled with roses,
My cup is crown'd with wine ;
And by my side reposes
The maid I hail as mine.
The Monarch, whereso'er he be,
Is but a slave, compared to me !

Oh, Hafiz ! never waste thy hours
Without the cup, the lute, and love !
For 'tis the sweetest time of flowers,
And none these moments shall reprove.
The nightingales around thee sing,
It is the joyous feast of spring.

The reputation of Hafiz has not suffered from time, and his name is still held in the greatest esteem and veneration by his countrymen. It is true, what M. Reviczki has observed, that Hafiz was an *esprit fort*, and ridiculed the Koran ; but such an opinion the Moslem is unwilling to entertain of a poet of whom he is justly proud. It is written in the beautiful "Kitabee Koolsum Nunah :

"The women of Shiraz have a remarkable taste in minstrelsy, and are devoted to the memory of Hafiz." "Every woman should be instructed to play on the tamborine ; and she in turn must teach it to her daughters, that their time may be passed in joy and mirth ; and the songs of Hafiz, above all, must be remembered."

The magic power which Hafiz possessed, is accounted for by the legend of his having quaffed the mysterious cup of immortality. This story is related differently by different authorities.

We follow Mr. Waring, who was long in Shiraz, and was acquainted with all the traditions relating to Persian Poetry :

Hafiz had long been in love with the courtesan Shakh Nubat, and had in course of time amassed a sufficient sum to purchase a return. But having heard a popular superstition, that whoever watched on the Baba Kahee, a hill near Shiraz, for forty nights without sleep, would become an inspired poet, Hafiz resolved to try the adventure. The last night of the vigil was on that appointed for the meeting with Shakh Nubat, and the enraptured Hafiz did not recollect the circumstance, until he had been for a long time in the company of his mistress ; but the moment he discovered the error, he tore himself from her arms, and resigned the reward, which a year's parsimony had purchased. The next morning the green old man presented to him the cup of Immortality.

There is no mean or abject spirit in the Odes of Hafiz. There is seldom any attempt at wit, and never any obscure metaphors or an inflated style. The love of liberty, so natural to a free spirit and so befitting a patriot, has never been strained to a disease in his writings ; his natural mirth has never given birth to mad vagaries—nature alone and nature always has been held up by him to admiration. Not so learned as Sadi, less scientific than Jami, Hafiz is yet the most natural and the least egotistical poet of his country. There are some stanzas in his amorous ditties that breathe egotism ; but it is the egotism of an honest heart, of a heart that beheld the fame of rivals unconcerned. At the conclusion of one of his finest Odes he speaks thus of himself :

“ What can the minstrel sing at the banquet of the Prince,
If he singeth not the verses of Hafiz ? ”

Of the conceits of Persian poets much has been said, but Hafiz forms a singular exception to this general rule. There is however a far-fetched idea in one of his light Odes with which we close our review, and which the reader will not consider a blemish so serious as to outweigh the poet's excellences. When referring to the fiction which relates that the tulip first sprung up in the soil which was moistened with the blood of Ferhad, the celebrated lover of Sheran, he says :

“ Perhaps the tulip feared the evils of destiny ;
Hence, while it lives, it bears the wine globet on its stock.”

This we own is a conceit ; but no conceit can be more fanciful, and perhaps, more pardonable in a Persian poet.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

THE KHASIA HILLS.

BY W. ROBINSON, ESQ., Inspector of Schools.

1. *The Geological Structure of part of the Khasia Hills, with Observations on the Meteorology and Ethnology of that District.* By THOMAS OLDHAM, F.R.S., G.S., &c., Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India. Calcutta, 1854.
2. *An Introduction to the Khasia Language ; comprising a Grammar, Selections for Reading, and a Vocabulary.* By the Rev. W. PRYSE. Calcutta, 1855.

THE Eastern portions of Bengal, though among the earliest acquisitions of the British in India, appear for a long time to have attracted but little public attention. The vast mountain regions that stretch along the frontier in that direction, formed a barrier that seemed a sufficient protection against the chances of any serious foreign invasions ; while the occasional predatory incursions of the adjacent Hill tribes, produced effects of but limited interest, and were easily curbed by a few local troops retained chiefly for that purpose.

If Sylhet, therefore, and the adjacent districts, excited but little interest, it is no matter of surprise that the independent states in the neighbourhood were viewed with indifference. It was only after the Burmese had conquered Assam and Munnipore, that a wish seems to have arisen in the minds of our rulers for more accurate knowledge of the condition of the tribes on the North Eastern frontier. But thirty years and more have passed away since then,—our boundary lines have been extended to include not only Assam, but a large tract of the adjacent hill country,—and even now, the amount of information possessed by the British public, regarding this portion of our Indian territories, is exceedingly meagre.

Though unknown, and unappreciated, there are probably few portions of the British dominions in India more important, whether considered in a commercial, a statistical, or a political point of view.

We purpose, therefore, on the present occasion, to lay before our readers all the information we can glean regarding one of these little known sections of British India—the KHASIA HILLS,—and to bring to notice such facts respecting their internal condition, resources, and traditional history as we trust will prove generally interesting.

The tract of country known under the above appellation, lies between 25° and 25° 40' N. Lat. and 90° and 91° E. Long., forming an irregular parallelogram, the length of which from

North to South may be assumed at about seventy miles, and its average breadth at fifty, giving an area of about three thousand five hundred square miles. On the North it is bounded by the plains of Assam ; on the South by those of Sylhet ; on the West by the Garro Hills ; and on the East by the central portion of Kachar.

Viewed from the plains to the South, these hills have the appearance of a long table-topped range, running East and West, and rising abruptly to the height of from four to five thousand feet, with its upper crest straight, sharp and almost perfectly horizontal. The numerous streams which drain this lofty ridge flow in deep and large glens which stretch for many miles into the hills, adding greatly to the variety and beauty of the scenery—and as the upper portion of these deeply excavated glens or river gorges are nearly perpendicular and precipitous faces of rock, resting on a rapidly inclined talus, a number of large waterfalls may be clearly seen even from the distance of many miles, precipitating themselves over the cliffs, into a bright green mass of foliage that seems to creep half way up their flanks. But when viewed from a distance the nearer and further cliffs being thrown by perspective into one range, there is an apparent tameness of feature in the general profile of the hills, which seem to rise out of the jheels of Sylhet so abruptly as to remind one of some precipitous islands of the ocean.

The scenery of very few spots in India, we believe, is comparable in beauty and luxuriance with the rich tropical vegetation induced by the damp, and insular climate of these perennially humid mountains. That of the sub-Himalayas is doubtless on a more gigantic scale, and the noble forest trees along their Southern slopes, appear from a distance as masses of dark gray foliage clothing mountains ten thousand feet high. Here the individual trees are smaller, and more varied in kind, and there is among the vegetation a marked prevalence of brilliant glossy-leaved evergreen tribes, which contrast beautifully with the gray limestone and red rocks and numerous silvery cataracts.

The ascent to the hills by the beaten road, is at first very gradual, along the sides of a sandstone spur—but at the height of 2,000 feet, the slope suddenly becomes steep and rocky, and the road mounts by bold staircases and zigzags to the table-land above. In the first portion of the ascent the road is beautifully shaded by groves of the orange and citron, the jack and the betel-palm, mixed with stately forest trees, many of them entwined with *pawn*, and here and there a gigantic banyan, or caoutchouc tree—

“ Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree ; a pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.”

In their shade the pineapple and plantains also grow in wild profusion ; and all seem like the uncultivated gifts of the Creator ; but here and there water-pipes of hollowed betel trunks, carrying a stream for several hundred yards along the hill side, show that they are not altogether untended.

The groves from which the whole of Bengal is supplied with oranges, occupy a belt of from one to two miles in breadth, at the sloping base of these mountains, and in a soil formed of the detritus of the limestone, which constitutes the principal rock on this side of the range. They seem to thrive luxuriantly to an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet above the plains, where the character of the vegetation indicates a change from a tropical to a more temperate region, and the wild raspberry and strawberry are detected on the borders of the numerous small springs which issue from fissures in the rocks.

At the height of 3,000 feet all tree vegetation suddenly disappears, and the scenery becomes barren and uninteresting. A few steps further on, however, and we open a magnificent prospect of the upper scarped flank of the valley of Mansmai, along which we ascend by a gentle acclivity in view of four or five beautiful cascades rolling over the table top of the hills, broken into silvery foam as they leap from ledge to ledge of the horizontally stratified precipice, and throwing a veil of silver gauze over the gulf of emerald green vegetation 2 000 feet below. Indeed, the views of the many cataracts of the first class that are thus precipitated over the bare table-land, on which the station of Cherra stands, into the valleys on either side, surpass any thing of the kind seen in any of the other mountain regions of India. Ascending to the table top near the village of Mansmai, we catch the first view of the station of Cherra, at an elevation above the sea of 4,120 feet. This elevated land, covered with naked undulating hills, and at intervals of a few miles interrupted by deep and sudden valleys, is the general characteristic of the country as far North as Nongklaw, a direct distance of about thirty-five miles, when there is a sudden and almost precipitous fall to the level of the Borpari river, or more than two thousand feet, gradually dying away into the valley of the Brahmaputra, by a succession of sharply undulating hills and ridges which stretch to Gowhatti in Assam.

When the fate of war had transferred Assam to British rule, the expediency of endeavouring to open a direct communication between it and the more Southern provinces of Sylhet and Kachar presented itself to the attention of Mr. David Scott, then the Commissioner and Agent of the Governor-General on the N.-E. Frontier ; but it was not till the year 1826 that negotiations to effect this desirable object were entered upon by him with the Khasia chieftains.

To enable the reader, however, better to understand our relative position in regard to these hills, it will be necessary to trace back the history of our connection with the Khasias.

The first appearance of the English power in these hills appears to have occurred in 1774, when a detachment under Major Henniker was employed against the Raja of Jaintia, the Eastern section of the Khasia hills. Of the cause of this collision, there appears to have been no written records preserved, though as Jaintia was one of the most considerable of the Khasia states, it is not improbable that some aggressions against the inhabitants of the adjacent plains of Sylhet had rendered the chastisement necessary. The country was conquered; but afterwards restored on payment of a fine. From that period till 1821 the country seems to have remained unnoticed, when some emissaries from the same State were detected in an atrocious attempt to carry off certain British subjects from Sylhet for the purpose of immolating them. The circumstances were brought to the notice of the Supreme Government, and a solemn warning was given to the Raja that any repetition of an offence so heinous would be followed by an immediate confiscation of his territory.

The invasion of the adjacent territory of Kachar by the forces of Ava, early in 1824, and the information that they were preparing to march through Jaintia to Assam, rendered it necessary for the British Government to take some precautionary measures to prevent the carrying out of such an intention. For if the Burmese had effected an entrance into Jaintia, it was more than probable that the security of Sylhet would have been seriously compromised. Mr. Scott, therefore, proceeded at once to open a negotiation with the Raja, proposing that he should enter into a treaty of alliance with the British Government. He was promised the assistance of the Government troops, if his own resources were actively employed in repulsing the enemy; and threatened with punishment if he admitted the Burmese into his territory. In February 1824 Mr. Scott felt it necessary to address a letter to the commander of the Burmese forces in Kachar, prohibiting his entering the Jaintia territory, on the ground that the Raja's ancestor had received that country as a gift after conquest from the Hon'ble Company; that he had himself sought British protection; and that the Burmese having openly threatened war, they could not be permitted to occupy that or any other favorable position for commencing hostilities. Notwithstanding these representations, the Burmese wrote to the Raja of Jaintia requiring his presence in the Burmese camp, on the affirmed ground of his vassalage to the princes of Assam, which latter country had become tributary to Ava; and shortly after, a party of Burmese appearing near the Jaintia frontier, a detachment of a

hundred and fifty men under a British officer was sent to reinforce the Raja's troops, which led to the withdrawal of the Burmese force.

The Raja of Jaintia having now been convinced that his procrastinating policy had well nigh compromised his independence, was glad to enter into a treaty with Mr. Scott, who, early in April, marched through his territory from Sylhet to Assam, with an escort of three companies of the 23rd Regiment Native infantry, under the command of Captain Horsburgh. In the treaty, the Raja formally acknowledged his dependence on the British Government, pledged himself to abstain from all independent negotiations with any foreign power, and to aid the Government with a Military Contingent whenever called on to do so.

None of these conditions, however, did he fulfil with sincerity. During the war with Burmah, he was known in direct violation of the treaty which had preserved his country from the calamities that threatened it, to have permitted a Burmese detachment from Assam to occupy his territory. And during the unsettled state in which Assam continued for some time after the Burmese war, he is said to have appropriated considerable tracts of land which properly belonged to the former Province. In 1832 four subjects of the British Government were seized by the Raja of Goba, one of the petty chieftains dependent on Jaintia, and immediately bordering on the district of Nowgong in Assam. They were taken to a temple within the boundaries of Goba, where three were barbarously immolated at the shrine of Kali; the fourth made his escape to the British territories, and gave intimation of the horrible sacrifice which had been accomplished. A demand for the surrender of the culprits was immediately pressed by the British Government; but every minor expedient having been resorted to in vain, on the 15th of March 1835, Captain Lister with two companies of the Sylhet Light Infantry took possession of Jaintiapore, the capital of the country, and the determination of Government to annex the plains to the British territory was made known by proclamation. In the following month of April, the district of Goba, in which the sacrifice had been perpetrated, was taken possession of by a detachment of the Assam Light Infantry.

That portion of the Khasia hills which thus became annexed to the British territories, consists of three principal divisions. The first, or Southern division, comprises a very fertile and well cultivated tract of civil country, extending from the foot of the hills to the North bank of the Soorma river; the central division includes all the hills bounded by Kachar on the East and the districts of various Khasia tribes on the West, embracing an area of about 500 square miles; and the Northern portion stretches from the foot of

the inferior heights to the South bank of the Kullung in Assam, and is a tract of tolerably open level country by no means inferior in fertility to the Southern plains, which form by far the most valuable portion of the principality.

The other, or Western section of the Khasia hills, for the most part remains still independent.

In 1826, as we have already observed, Mr. Scott for the first time entered into negotiations with the Khasia chieftains for the purpose of opening a communication with Sylhet. But it is necessary here to premise that so far back as 1794, when the power of the Assam kings had been very much diminished by internal dissensions and civil feuds, many of the tribes on the borders of the valley, taking advantage of their weakness, had gradually possessed themselves of tracts of country in the plains, from whence, the Assam Government being unable to dispossess them, and being conscious at the same time of its own weakness, was glad to compound with them for an acknowledgment of supremacy, they holding these lands as fiefs of the kingdom.

In 1826, Teerut Sing, the Raja of Nongklaw, having expressed a desire to rent some lands in Assam which had once been held by his ancestors under the native princes of the country, Mr. Scott promised compliance with his request if he would endeavour to obtain from the other Khasia chieftains, permission for the unrestricted passage of British subjects through their territories. The Raja agreed to convene a meeting for the purpose of considering the subject at which Mr. Scott's presence was requested. The principal chieftains having assembled at Nongklaw, a debate which lasted for two days, was followed by a decision in favor of Mr. Scott's proposition, which resulted in a treaty with the British Government, the Khasias agreeing to aid in the construction of a road which was to pass through their country.

For eighteen months and more, after the ratification of this agreement, the most cordial understanding appeared to exist between the British authorities and their new friends. And Mr. Scott, naturally enough, forming a high opinion of the salubrity of the hills, contemplated the formation of a sanitarium that might have been rendered accessible to the European inhabitants of Bengal. He accordingly had bungalows constructed at Nongklaw, an elevation estimated at about 4,585 feet,—which for some time continued to be his favorite residence. A line of road had been marked out and cleared under his directions; improved systems of agriculture and gardening, with many new vegetable products had been introduced, and the most sanguine anticipations of the benevolent spirit which influenced every act of his life seemed likely to be realized.

On the 4th of April 1829, however, these bright prospects were

suddenly obscured by an act of the most atrocious cruelty on the part of the Khasia, which entirely changed the character of the existing intercourse, and converted their powerful friends into formidable and irresistible enemies.

The immediate cause that brought the Khasias into sanguinary collision with the officers of the British Government is unknown, but it has been supposed to have been the speech of a Bengalee chaprassi, who in a dispute with some Khasias, is said to have threatened them with Mr. Scott's vengeance, and told them that they were to be subjected to the same taxation as was levied on the inhabitants of the plains. Whatever it might have been, it served to fan the flame of dissatisfaction which had apparently been kindled by the insolent demeanor and abuse of the subordinate native agents who had accompanied Mr. Scott into the hills, and led to the formation of a confederacy for the extermination of the lowland strangers.

Lieut. Bedingfield, the first victim of this most atrocious conspiracy, had from the first hour of his intercourse with the Khasias, evinced the liveliest interest in their welfare; he had studied their language as the best avenue to their affections, and the great aim of his residence among them, appeared to be an anxious desire to improve their condition, to instruct them in the arts of civilized life, and to create a relish for its humanizing enjoyments. So sensible did the Khasias appear of his kindness that an intercourse of the most friendly and intimate nature existed between them, to the very moment preceding that in which their guilty hands were imbrued in his blood. He was invited to attend a conference, and disregarding the prophetic warnings of his companion Burlton, who suspected treachery, he entered the assembly unarmed, and was barbarously slaughtered. Lieut. Burlton, with the aid of a small military guard, defended himself in his bungalow at Nongklaw against vastly superior numbers, and at night succeeded in effecting his retreat a considerable distance on the road towards Assam; his route was, however, discovered on the following morning, and he and his exhausted party rapidly overtaken by their blood-thirsty pursuers. Burlton fell covered with wounds, and the greater part of his party were butchered under the most aggravated circumstances of diabolical cruelty. A very few only survived to tell of the horrors that had been perpetrated by these misguided and infuriated savages.

Mr. Scott's sudden departure from Nongklaw for Cherra alone saved him from the dreadful fate which befel his valued friends and faithful followers, and sometime elapsed before he was made acquainted with the afflicting reality. Troops were immediately called up both from Sylhet and Assam to avenge the atrocious murders which had been committed, and a harassing warfare commenced in which many lives were sacrificed. The Khasias,

conscious that they had violated every pledge, which even savages are accustomed to regard with superstitious reverence, viewed with suspicion every pacific overture, and, despairing of pardon, protracted a contest which their first skirmishes with our troops must have proved to be hopeless.

At length, however, the submission of Teerut Sing, the Raja of Nongklaw, who had been the principal culprit, was soon followed by a general pacification. The other chiefs had, with few exceptions, prior to this, adopted the sagacious policy of withdrawing from an unprosperous cause; and the few who had supported him were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by his surrender, to throw themselves on the clemency of the paramount power.

Teerut Sing, on his surrender on the 13th of January 1833, was conveyed to Gowhati and eventually confined in the jail of Dacca, where he remained a State prisoner to the end of his life. But as there had been a marked difference in the conduct of the various chieftains, it became necessary to distinguish those who had been friendly, from the guilty participators in the crime of Teerut Sing, and measures were accordingly adopted for subjecting all those who were proved to have participated in the murders and plunderings which had been perpetrated, to the payment of pecuniary fines. All opposition having been finally overcome, and the principal chieftains having formally tendered their submission to the British Government, it was resolved to place the whole mountain tract under the superintendence of the officer whose skill and gallantry had so largely contributed to its pacification; and Colonel (then Captain) Lister, was shortly after appointed Political Agent for Khasia affairs, over which he exercised a general control.

Some time previous to this amicable settlement, however, the distinguished officer who had devoted all his energies to promote the welfare of the people placed under his official charge, was suddenly removed from the sphere of his labours. Mr. David Scott died at Cherra on the 20th of August 1831, and the Government he had served with such devotion, in order to mark the high estimation in which his services were held, caused a stone monument to be erected over his remains at Cherra with the following inscription:—

In Memory of
DAVID SCOTT,
Agent to the Governor-General of the
North-East Frontier of Bengal
And Commissioner of Revenue and Circuit, in the District of Assam
North-Eastern part of Rungpore, Sherepore, and Sylhet.
Died 20th August 1831.
Aged 45 years and 3 months.

"This monument is erected by order of the Supreme Government, as a public and lasting record of its consideration for the personal character of the deceased, and of its estimation of the eminent services rendered by him in the administration of the extensive territory committed to his charge. By his demise the Government has been deprived of a most zealous, able and intelligent servant, whose loss it deeply laments, while his name will long be held in grateful remembrance and veneration by the native population to whom he was justly endeared by his impartial dispensation of justice, his kind and conciliatory manners, and his constant and unwearied endeavours to promote their happiness and welfare."

His many acts of kindness and urbanity still live in the grateful remembrance of the people, among whom the name of "U Sahéb Scott," continues to this day to be held in high veneration. Extensive schemes had been formed by him for the improvement of this Hygeian Land of Promise, and the civilization of its wild and independent tribes, and in losing him the Khasias felt they had lost a sincere and warm-hearted friend.

Partial as Mr. Scott had originally been to Nongklaw, as the site for a sanatory station, his favourable opinion of the place was greatly shaken by a prevalence of sickness during the months of May and June 1827, which rendered the salubrity of Nongklaw more than questionable, and led to its relinquishment. Cherra appeared then likely to fulfil the conditions required for a sanitarium, and as the Khasias themselves maintained the superior healthiness of the place, measures were accordingly adopted for experimentally proving the correctness of their opinion.

The excessive rainfall at Cherra, however, is supposed to have been a great drawback to the salubrity of its climate for invalids, for whatever might be the advantages derivable by them from a reduced temperature during the winter and summer months, the torrents of rain that fall there during the wet season, could not fail, it was said, to prove injurious to men, whose constitutions had already suffered from the effects of an Indian climate—and in 1834, the Government was led to order the removal of the detachment of European invalids that had been temporarily stationed there. Others, however, have expressed themselves satisfied that bad accommodation, houses not water-tight, and almost below the level of the ground, coupled with the facility of obtaining the native spirits at an extremely low price, were tenfold more fruitful causes of illness among the troops, or of non-recovery, than any defect of climate.

The other European residents who had sought that station in search of health, were in consequence of this movement led to the apprehension that Government intended also to deprive them of the medical aid they had hitherto enjoyed, and under this im-

pression they addressed the Governor-General's Agent on the subject. As their letter contains a brief summary of the advantages derived from the continued possession of this tract, and an acknowledgment of the benefits they had individually experienced from a residence there, an extract from it may not be without effect, in counteracting a prejudice against the Khasia hills, which, if the opinions of men who speak experimentally be valid, is wholly unfounded :—

“It is in no sort intended to question the propriety of the decision of Government for the removal of the European soldiers ; but we consider that they are so differently placed, in regard to the accommodation and comfort which are required here, and are deprived of so many sources of amusement which may be enjoyed by the members of the community at large, that the failure of an experiment in regard to them, as inconsistent with the object of Government, is no satisfactory proof that other members of the community may not benefit by residence here. On the contrary, we think, that with the exception of some cases, to which the climate has been unsuited, (and these are cases unsuited to any climate in the known world,) the greater portion of those who have visited Cherra Poonjee have derived advantage ; and we even know that some have enjoyed a more perfect state of health here than they have in England. We consider that Government even would obtain considerable advantage by affording the opportunity to many of their public servants of warding off, by a timely visit to Cherra Poonjee, the necessity of withdrawing themselves from public employ for two years, if not altogether to revisit England—and to other members of the community in Bengal, but especially in Calcutta, this is of incalculable advantage. These considerations have, in fact, already made this station a very common place of refuge for invalids of all classes ; many houses have been built in consequence, suitable to the climate, for their accommodation, and a considerable portion of the ground occupied here, pays a rent to Government annually. Even schools have been established here for children, for whose health it has been found that this climate is peculiarly favourable. Schools have also been established for the instruction of the natives themselves ; and the population generally, have been both civilized and improved in circumstances, by their communication with the European residents.”

The fears which had been excited were allayed by the subsequent establishment of the head-quarters of the Sylhet Light Infantry at Cherra. But it was soon apparent that by the removal of the European invalids detachment, the Government had virtually pronounced a sentence of condemnation against the Khasia hills, and Cherra very soon lost the prestige it once enjoyed.

Cherra's loss however has been a gain to Darjeeling, to which place the European invalid depôt has since been transferred, and which attracts to it the servants of Government, and all other

European residents in Bengal, to whom ill-health may render a change of climate desirable. It would be well, therefore, to institute a comparison between the two, with regard to the advantages and disadvantages of each as a sanatory station.

Darjeeling, * as is generally known, is situated on one of the lower and outlying ridges of the great Himalaya range, at an elevation, varying in different parts of the station, from 6,500 to 7,400, the mean height of the greater portion of the station being about 7,000 feet. It is a considerable distance within the hills—about 45 miles by the road, but in a direct line perhaps not more than 20. It is partially protected on the South by the higher ridge of Senchal and its spurs, while to the North it is freely open to the snowy range, of which it commands a magnificent view, extending for many miles East and West of the great culminating points of Kunchinjunga, the highest known summit on the earth's surface—28,177 feet. All round the station, the hills form a succession of remarkably steep and sharp saddle-backed ridges with deep glens, (from three to five thousand feet below the station,) and are covered with an almost uninterrupted and dense mass of forest trees, festooned with moss, and literally dripping with moisture.

Professor Oldham, the title page of whose work on the Khasia hills stands at the head of this article, observes, that comparing Darjeeling and Cherra as regards rain, it appears that the mean annual fall at Darjeeling is scarcely more than a quarter of the mean annual quantity at Cherra. For the years 1851 and 1852 the comparative rain-fall at the two stations stands thus:—

	1851.	1852.
Cherra	592.525	449.63
Darjeeling	126.500	104.70

The following table gives a comparison of the number of dry days at each station:—

	Days of no rain.	Days of less than 1,000 inch.	Total.
Cherra in 1851	50	47	97
„ 1852	55	44	99
Darjeeling 1851	102	61	163
„ 1852	96	85	181

While, therefore, there is nearly four times the quantity of rain at Cherra than falls at Darjeeling, it is worthy of notice that the distribution of this amount of rain is far from being in the same proportion. Besides, at Cherra, where the fall is so excessive, a day with less than 1,000 inch of rain is actually a fine day while at Darjeeling the same fall in the course of the 24 hours ge

* In latitude 27° 3' 0" North, and longitude 88° 18' 40" East.

nerally produces a wet day. The greatest fall at Darjeeling during the two years referred to by Professor Oldham, was in July 1852, when there were 35.40 inches recorded, or an average fall in the *twenty-four hours* of 1.15 inch.

"A fair estimate of the climatal condition of any locality" however, as Professor Oldham justly remarks, "can scarcely be formed merely from a consideration of the fall of rain; more especially as regards the comfort or convenience of residents. It is obvious that for most purposes of enjoyment a fall of rain of only 5 inches spread over the whole day, is much more objectionable than a fall of 15 inches, confined to 15 hours out of the 24; while the state of the atmosphere, amount of cloud, fog, wind, &c., are all equally important considerations." The mean humidity of the atmosphere therefore is, we presume, a much safer guide in estimating the conditions of any locality as to moisture, than the actual rain-fall. Professor Oldham it appears had not the means of comparing this at the two stations for the same year; but taking the results obtained by him at Cherra for four of the wettest months in 1851, and the corresponding result for the same in 1853 at Darjeeling,—a comparison which by the way is decidedly in favor of Darjeeling, as the latter year was finer than 1851,—we have the following comparative table:—

	July	August	Sept.	October	Mean of 4 months.
Cherra in 1851,	.873	.960	.932	.916	.920
Darjeeling in 1853,	.917	.936	.928	.887	.917

We have here then, the very unexpected result, that the *mean humidity* of the wettest season of the year is within a small fraction (.003) *the same at both the stations*, although the actual fall of rain is four times greater at one place than at the other.

The remarkable *absence of wind* at Darjeeling is another circumstance that tells to its disadvantage. "During the whole of the present season" (1853) Professor Oldham observes, "I find, on examining my daily records, only a single entry in which the force of the wind, stated according to Beaufort's scale, amounted to 4°; the large majority—four out of five days—giving nothing more than 0—1, or being nearly quite calm. I confess myself quite unable to explain the cause of this absence of wind, but it is an universally admitted fact." The consequence of this stagnation of the atmosphere, as might have been expected, is the almost constant presence of cloud and fog, which rise from the deep and humid glens around, and hang for days together unmoved over the station—engendering gloomy and oppressive feelings, which to invalids in particular, must be extremely unpleasant.

The loftier position and more open aspect of the Jilla-pahar, however, where the convalescent dépôt of Her Majesty's Troops is placed, render it much less liable to this covering of cloud, but the

fall of rain is in consequence considerably greater there than it is in the civil station below.

The constant *uncertainty in the weather*, is more complained of at Darjeeling than at Cherra. This is doubtless partly owing to the greater elevation of the former place, and may in some measure also be attributable to certain local peculiarities of position. "Even when apparently most settled," Professor Oldham remarks, the weather at Darjeeling "cannot be depended upon for an hour, while in the Khasia hills, even during the height of the rains, there frequently occur breaks of the most lovely summer weather, continuing for several days."

The *mean temperature* of the two places is another point worthy of comparison. From the more Northerly latitude of Darjeeling, and its greater elevation, combined with its more remote position within the hills, it would naturally have been anticipated that the temperature there would have been much lower than at Cherra. But this anticipation is not altogether supported by the result of observations, as will be apparent from a reference to the following Table :—

1851.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
Cherra,	53°70	55°10	65°30	67°10	69°30	71°30
Darjeeling,	40°90	41°70	51°80	55°30	61°90	62°50
Difference,	12°80	13°40	13°50	11°80	7°40	8°80
1851.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Cherra,	71°80	72°40	72°40	68°20		
Darjeeling,	63°70	64°30	63°20	55°80	50°40	44°80
Difference,	8°10	8°10	9°20	12°40		

This would tend to show, that while there is during the winter months a very much lower temperature at Darjeeling than at Cherra, the difference is not by any means so marked during the summer months. But another inference drawn from the above Table is, that the difference between the extreme mean temperatures for the whole year is much greater at Darjeeling than at Cherra, being 23°40 at the former place, and only 18°70 at the latter ; or, in other words, the temperature at Cherra is *more equal* throughout the year, than it is at Darjeeling.

One word more regarding the comparative advantages of situation between Darjeeling and Cherra. The latter decidedly possesses greater facilities of approach.

In the case of a traveller from Calcutta, for instance, proceeding to Darjeeling, the two nearest points of access to which he can get by water are *Nalagola* on the Purnababa (the Dinagepore river,) and *Dulalgunge* on the Mahanundo or Malda river. From *Nalagola* he has a land journey of 30 miles to make to Dinagepore, and thence 88 miles more to Siligooree at the foot of the hills, or 118 miles. From *Dulalgunge* the land journey to *Titaliya* is about 50 miles, and thence to Siligooree 16 = 66 miles. And from Siligooree to Darjeeling the distance by the road is 45 miles. That is, landing at *Nalagola* the traveller has to perform a long land journey of 163 miles, or, landing at *Dulalgunge*, a journey of 111 miles. While, proceeding to Cherra on the contrary, the traveller lands at *Pandua* at the very foot of the hills, and thence in one short march of 10 miles reaches the end of his journey. The *Soorma*, the Sylhet river, by which he proceeds to *Pandua*, is navigable at all seasons of the year, and as we understand it is the intention of Government to run their inland steamers to Sylhet and Kachar, the journey to Cherra may then be performed with perfect ease and facility.

The situation of Darjeeling relative to the neighbouring country, we must confess, is beautiful, standing on a ridge that juts out, as it were, into a vast basin in the very heart of the sub-Himalaya, and enclosed on every side by mountains generally higher than itself; except to the North and North-East, where the view is open, and exhibits range upon range, until the prospect terminates in the distant snowy mountain, the proper Him-alay. The ridge itself is, for the most part, narrow or hog-backed, with a steep descent on its Eastern side; while on the opposite or Western side, it declines in slightly gentler declivities. On this side most of the houses of the residents are built, with the exception of the Church, the Cutchery, and a few of the older houses, which have been constructed along or near the summit of the ridge. The building sites are mostly scarped and then superficially dressed and bound at the outer edge, either with a binding timber, fastened by stakes, or supported on a revetment of dry stone masonry. Cherra on the contrary stands on a flat table-land six or seven miles in circumference, with an aspect as bleak and inhospitable as can well be imagined; but surrounded at the same time with the most lovely scenery, and traversed by good buggy roads in almost every direction.

We now close this description of the comparative merits of the two sanitarium of Bengal, with the following quotation from Professor Oldham's book:

"I do not pretend," he says, "to offer any opinion on the choice of such places as a summer resort for invalids, or a temporary residence for persons who may be suffering from the intense heat of the plains of India, and from the diseases which so commonly affect Europeans there. But I would express my own personal feelings, (the feelings of one in good health and not long in a tropical climate,) that notwithstanding the enormous fall of rain, the climate of Cherra Poonjee is greatly to be preferred to that of Darjeeling. It is much more bracing, and less gloomy and depressing. The sensation there is that of an English summer (a wet summer certainly); the sensation at Darjeeling is that of a foggy English November."

We will not go so far as to presume that these remarks will cause the Government to adopt any changes at present, but as it is not improbable that when the Khasia hills come to be better known, Europeans may be induced to settle there in preference to Darjeeling, we cannot refrain from putting on record one or two more observations made by competent authorities regarding sites for a sanatorium that might prove preferable to Cherra. Two of these have been thus described by the late Major Fisher :—

"Though many of the central parts of the hills are extremely well calculated for the purpose of cantoning three or four hundred European troops, there are two spots which appear to me, above all others, to deserve a preference. First, the fine plain extending from the hill Chilling-deo to Nong-kreem, which presents a surface of about four or five square miles, unbroken by any undulation, and which could easily be rendered practicable for wheeled carriages. The total absence of jungle might indicate a poor soil; but abundance of short rich grass proves that it is very fit for the support of cattle. The altitude is probably about 6,200 feet; in winter there are frosts, but it does not appear that snow ever falls.

"The second spot is the plain about three miles South of Nogundee, crossed by the road between that place and Surra-reem. This possesses all the advantages of the one before mentioned, but is probably a little lower, though not so much so as to be perceptibly warmer; and as the access from Pundua to this spot is easier than to the first, I incline to give it a decided preference."

Mr. Robertson, who succeeded Mr. Scott as Agent to the Governor-General, after having made a tour in company with Col. Lister, for the express purpose of examining the various sites which had been proposed for a sanatorium, in a letter of the 23rd July 1832, says—

"As the site of any future establishment in the interior, I give the preference to Myrung. Nongkiaw would perhaps be a better situation with reference to its bearing on Assam, but is liable to mists, does not appear to be very healthy, and is infested with annoying insects. There is a site to the Eastward of Mauleem, which possesses considerable advantages, both as to climate, and extent of table-

ground ; but it stands in a corner, and is therefore ill situated for a station for troops." This is Major Fisher's first site,—lying between Chilling-deo and Nongkreem. "Myrung seems to combine the advantages in which both of the other spots are wanting. It stands on the road leading from Cherra to Gowhati. Its climate is excellent, perfectly free from mist ; and its salubrity is proved by the appearance of the sepoy and others stationed at that post."

Referring to the above, Capt. R. B. Pemberton writes :—

"I should prefer the site pointed out by Major Fisher, near Nogundee, which possesses an elevation so great as to lead to no perceptible difference in temperature between it and the very highest known spot, near the Chilling-deo hill, and which can be reached by a line of road, where not a single river of any depth or magnitude, is crossed ; and from which, two easy marches would convey troops to Nurtung, on the best and most salubrious line of route, leading into Central Assam, or to Myrung, should their services be required in the vicinity of Gowhati."

The great objection to Cherra as a station, is the heavy torrents of rain that fall there annually. But this heavy fall is very local, and a few miles inland the quantity that falls annually is not half so much as at Cherra. Its position at the top of a steep and precipitous ascent from the plains ; the vast extent and size of the inundations and rivers which deluge those plains immediately below it ; the general direction of the wind during the monsoon, and the altitude at which clouds generally float in the air, all tend to expose the place to a very heavy discharge of rain. Professor Oldham informs us that the fall during the year 1851 amounted to *five hundred and ninety-two inches*, or to EIGHT FATHOMS AND A QUARTER of water ; for it seems absurd to use a smaller unit in treating of such a quantity.

The direct effect of this deluge, is to raise the little streams about Cherra fourteen feet in as many hours, and to inundate the whole flat ; from which, however, the natural drainage is so complete, as to render a tract, which in such a climate and latitude should be clothed with exuberant forest, so sterile, that no tree finds support, and there is no soil for cultivation of any kind whatsoever. But owing to the hardness of the horizontally stratified sandstone, the streams have not cut any deep channels for themselves, nor have the cataracts worked far back into the cliffs.

The flat on which the station stands may be about three miles long and two broad, dipping abruptly in front and on both sides, and rising behind towards the main range, of which it is a spur. The Western part is undulated and hilly, the Southern rises in rocky ridges of limestone and coal, and the Eastern is very flat and stony, broken only by low isolated conical mounds. The scenery varies extremely at different parts of the surface. To-

wards the flat portion, occupied by the European residents, the aspect is black enough ; a thin stratum of marshy or sandy soil covers a tabular mass of cold red sandstone ; and there is not a tree, and scarcely a shrub to be seen. The low white bungalows are few in number, and very scattered ; and a small white Church stands lonely in the centre of all.

But in the immediate neighbourhood, and especially from the margins of this plateau, the views are magnificent. Four thousand feet below are bay-like valleys, carpeted as with green velvet, from which rise tall palms, tree-ferns with spreading crowns, and rattans shooting their pointed heads, surrounded with feathery foliage, as with ostrich plumes, far above the great trees. Beyond are the Jheels, looking like a broad shallow sea with the tide half out, bounded in the blue distance by the low hills of Tipperah. To the right and left are the scarped red rocks, and roaring waterfalls shooting far over the cliffs, and then arching their necks as they expand in feathery form, over which rain-bows float, forming and dissolving as the wind sways the curtains of spray from side to side.

To the South, the lime and coal measures rise abruptly in flat topped craggy hills, covered with brushwood and small trees. Considerable caverns penetrate the limestone, the broken surfaces of the rock presenting many beautiful and picturesque spots. Westward, the plateau becomes very hilly, bare, and grassy, with the streams broad and full, but superficial and rocky, precipitating themselves in low cascades over tabular masses of sandstone.

On the heights to the North stands the extensive and populous native village, or Poonjee, the road to Assam running between it on the left, and a deep and richly wooded valley on the right. The country the traveller at first passes over is very open and bare, the ridges being so uniform and flat-topped, that the broad valleys they divide are hidden till their almost precipitous edges are reached ; and the eye wanders far East and West over a desolate-looking level grassy country, unbroken, save by the curious flat-topped hills. These features continued for eight miles, when passing the villages of Laitangkot and Surrareem, where the principal operations of the iron smelters are carried on, a sudden descent of six or seven hundred feet leads into the dark valley of the Kala-panee, or the black water river—near which stands a small staging bungalow. The almost perpendicular sides of the hills around, are clothed with the dark foliage of innumerable shrubs and creepers, indicating a soil more favourable to vegetable life than had been previously observed on the more Southern portion of the tract. Here in many places the sandstone alternates with alum shales, resting on a bed of quartz conglomerate, and the latter on black greenstone. In the bed of the river,

whose waters are beautifully clear, are seen hornstone rocks, which give to the water flowing over them a darkish appearance, whence the origin of the name applied to the river.

Ascending from this chasm to the height of about 600 feet, the road enters a shallow, wild, and beautiful valley, through which it runs for several miles. The hills on either side are of greenstone capped by tabular sandstone, immense masses of which have been precipitated on the floor of the valley, producing a singularly wild and picturesque scene. Beyond this a high ridge is gained, above the valley of the Boga-paneé, the largest river in the Khasia hills—from which the line of the Bhotan mountains may be seen in clear weather, at the astonishing distance of from 160 to 200 miles. The descent is very steep, and the road then follows a clear affluent of the Boga-paneé, or the white water, and afterwards winds along the margin of that river, which is a rapid turbulent stream, very muddy, and hence contrasting remarkably with the Kala-paneé. It derives its mud from the decomposition of granite which is washed by the natives for iron, and in which rock it rises to the Eastward.

An elegant iron suspension bridge was thrown across this stream, but in June 1851 a very heavy flood occurred which carried it all away, leaving scarcely a vestige behind. The greater proportion of the mischief resulted, not so much from the actual amount of rain that fell, and the rise of the waters consequent thereon, as from the waters being impeded in their course, and pounded back by numerous great slips of earth and stones, carrying down with them trees and underwood. The torrent, meeting with such obstacles, must have been restrained until its accumulated force burst through every barrier, and swept every thing before it. In certain parts of the river, the rise was not less than fifty feet, and the richly wooded slopes of that valley were next morning scored with innumerable gullies and deep ravines, extending frequently from the level of the water up to the very summit of the steep banks. From one of these deep cuts, in which a small stream usually found its course, a mass of rubbish consisting of stones of various sizes had been carried down, which on a rough calculation was estimated to amount to about five thousand tons of matter, the stones varying in size from one to twenty cubic feet. Not a vestige of the bridge was left; a single screw bolt, which had formed one of the fastenings of the wall-plates, alone indicated that such a structure had ever existed; and when the waters had subsided, one of the heavy cast-iron standards, which had supported the chains, was found about 250 yards down the stream, jammed between the huge blocks of stone in the river bed. A thick range of trees which formed a shady covering to the road for nearly a mile between it and the

river, was entirely swept away, and with it the strongly formed revetment wall which supported the road. To such sudden rises, all mountain torrents must be more or less liable, but during previous years, the waters in this stream were never known to rise to much more than half the height they reached on the occasion now referred to.

Another bridge, on the suspension principle, now supplies the place of the iron one. Like many others seen in the hills, and erected by Khasia ingenuity, this is composed of long rattans stretched between two trees, at a height of about forty-five feet above low water mark. The footway consists of a bundle of small canes lashed together, and connected with two larger rattans forming hand-rails, but these are so low and so far apart, that it must be difficult to grasp both together. The length of this bridge cannot be much under seventy feet between the points of suspension.

We will here just mention one other instance of Khasia ingenuity in the erection of bridges. In the valley of Mau-smai, on the top of a huge boulder by the river side, grows a magnificent caoutchouc tree, clasping the stone in its multitude of roots. Two or three of the long pendant fibres, whilst still easily pliable, have been stretched across the stream, and their free ends fastened on the other bank. There they have struck firmly into the earth, and form a *living bridge* of great, and yearly increasing strength. Two great roots run directly one over the other, and the secondary shoots from the upper have been bound round, and have grown into the lower, so that the former affords at once a hand-rail and suspending chain, the latter a foot-way. Other roots have been laced and twisted into a sort of ladder as an ascent from the bank to the bridge. The greatest thickness of the upper root is a foot, from which it tapers to six or eight inches. The length of the bridge is above eighty feet, and its height about twenty above the water in the dry season.

But to return to the road ; after crossing the Boga-panee we for the first time meet with groves of pine-trees, somewhat dwarfish and stunted in appearance, but giving a novel aspect to the scenery. A very steep ascent leads to the bungalow of Mau-flong, on a broad bleak hill-top near the axis of the range, at an altitude of 6,062 feet. The people in this neighbourhood grow a large quantity of potatoes, and also a species of coix (*Job's tears*) for the grain it yields, which is very much used in the preparation of a fermented liquor. Though planted in drills and carefully used and weeded, it is after all but a ragged crop, and yields a very poor return.

The finest view in the Khasia mountains, and perhaps a more

extensive one than has ever before been described, is that from Chillong hill, the culminant point of the range, about six miles north-east from the Mau-flong bungalow. This hill, 6,660 feet above the sea, rises from an undulating grassy country, covered with scattered trees and occasional clumps of wood; the whole scenery about being park-like, and as little like that of India at so low an elevation as it is possible to be.

Northward, beyond the rolling Khasia hills, may be seen the valley of Assam, seventy miles broad, with the Bruhmaputra winding through it, fifty miles distant, reduced to a thread. Beyond this, even in a clear day, banks of hazy vapour obscure all but the dark range of the lower Himalya, crested by peaks of frosted silver seen at the distance of two hundred miles, occupying sixty degrees of the horizon, and comprising the greatest extent of snow visible from any known point in the world. Westward from Chillong, the most distant Garrow hills visible are about forty miles off; and Eastward, those of Kachar, which are loftier, are about seventy miles. To the South, the view is limited by the Tipperah hills, which where nearest are a hundred miles distant; while to the South-west lies the sea-like Gangetic delta, whose horizon, lifted by refraction, must be fully a hundred and twenty. The extent of this view is therefore upwards of *three hundred and forty miles* in one direction, and the visible horizon of the observer encircles an area of fully *thirty thousand* square miles, which is greater than that of Ireland!

Continuing Northward from Mau-flong, the road, after five miles, dips into a very broad and shallow flat-floored valley, fully a mile across, which resembles a lake-bed. It is bounded by low hills and is bare of aught but long grass and herbs. The road winds very prettily among these little elevations, and by a sudden descent of four hundred feet, leads to another broad flat valley called Sohiong, * where is another staging bungalow. This valley is grassy but otherwise bare, and is supposed to be at an elevation of 5,725 feet.

Beyond this, the road passes over low rocky hills, wooded only on their North or sheltered flanks, and dividing small flat-floored valleys, and extensive moors, till the descent to the valley of Mairung (Myrung), one of the most beautiful spots in the Khasia hills, 5,650 feet above the sea. Here there is an excellent staging bungalow, situated on the North flank of a very shallow valley, two miles broad, and full of rice cultivation. The hills on either side are some of them dotted with pine-woods, others are conical and bare, with small clumps of pines on the

* Sohiong signifies, the black plum, from Soh, a fruit. Thus the Khasias have Soh-mluh, the red plum; Soh-shan, the strawberry; Soh-runkham, the black currant; Soh-shia, the raspberry, &c., &c.

summit only ; while in other places are seen broad tracts, containing nothing but young trees resembling plantations, but not owing their existence to human industry. Wild apple and birch are common trees, but there is little jungle except in the hollows, and on the Northern slopes of the higher hills.

About ten or twelve miles South-West of Myrung, and conspicuous from all directions, there is a very remarkable hill, known by the name of Kollong, which rises as a dome of red granite to an elevation of 400 feet above the mean level of the surrounding ridges, and 700 above the bottom of the valleys. The South or steepest side is encumbered with enormous detached blocks, while the North is clothed with a dense forest containing oaks and rhododendrons. The view from the top of this rock Northwards is very extensive, commanding the Assam Valley, the Himalaya, and the hilly range of undulating grassy Khasia mountains.

From Myrung to the next bungalow at Nongklaw * the distance is about ten miles, along an excellent road over an undulating country, the barrenness of which is greatly relieved by the presence of some noble firs, which crown the summit of the knolls, and are scattered over all the hollows which lie between the different heights.

Nongklaw stands at the Northern extremity of the broad plateau of the Khasia hills, and from thence the descent to the valley of the Brahmaputra is very rapid. None of the hills beyond it attain to an elevation of more than 1,000 feet, and these are for the most part very thickly wooded. The view Northwards from Nongklaw, in the early morning, is like a scene in cloudland, with its mysteries of beauty that defy the skill of the painter. An ocean of mist, as smooth as a chalcedony, as soft and white as the down of the eider duck's breast, lies over the whole lower world, with only an occasional mountain top visible like a verdant wooded isle, rich in beauty and glory.

The elevation of the bungalow is 4,688 feet, and by a rapid descent of a thousand feet the road leads down to a tropical forest rich in figs, birch, nutmegs, horse-chesnuts and oaks, with tall pines growing on the drier slopes and measuring from 80 to 90 feet in height. The descent continues by a zigzag road through this forest, down to the very bottom of the valley, in which flows the Bor-pani, a broad and rapid river, that descending from Chilong winds round the base of the Nongklaw spur.

This river is about forty yards wide, and is spanned by an elegant iron suspension bridge, clamped to the gneiss rock on if

* The village in the wilderness, from Nong or Shuong, a village, and Klaw, desert, wilderness.

either bank. Beneath is a series of cascades, none high, but all of great beauty from the broken masses of rocks and picturesque scenery on either side. From this point the descent towards the plains of Assam is comparatively gentle, and for the first three or four miles the road winds beautifully among grassy knolls and groups of pine, till it reaches the bungalow at Mossia, a desolate looking log-house standing solitary and inhospitable amid the surrounding solitude. Wild animals are said to be very abundant here, though extremely rare on the higher part of the Khasia range.

From Mossia to the next bungalow at Jyrung the distance is about 20 miles, through a tract of country so decidedly insalubrious that it can be traversed with safety only between the months of November and March, almost entirely neutralizing the advantages anticipated by the residents of Assam, from the vicinity of so elevated and temperate a region. The glimpses of scenery as the traveller passes through this forest are sometimes exceedingly enchanting. Upwards the mists are still curling and hanging to the mountains, or rising slowly and gracefully from the depths of the valleys along the face of the out-jutting crags; while below there are the clumps of trees in the sunlight, the deep exquisite green of spots of unveiled meadow, the winding stream, now hid and now revealed, the gray mist sleeping on the tender grass, the brooks murmuring, the birds singing, the sky above and the earth beneath uniting in a universal harmony of beauty.

The bungalow at Jyrung is a still more dreary and melancholy looking object than the one at Mossia. Small, dark and low, it stands on a little rising knoll, surrounded by thickly wooded hills of far greater elevation. The consciousness of having some place of shelter, and the soothing murmurs of the brook that runs close by, alone reconcile the traveller to this miserable accommodation. A further journey of nine miles brings him to the sun-lit plains of Assam, which look bright and cheerful in contrast with the dark and heavy forests he has passed through. Imbedded in these forests are numerous little Khasia hamlets, and the clearances in their neighbourhood are extending rapidly every year, so that it is to be hoped, that, as has been the case elsewhere, the danger at present attending a journey through this forest will vanish with the progress of improvement.

In relation to the extent of country that passes under the name of the Khasia hills, the population is exceedingly scanty, and very much scattered. According to the last census taken in 1846, the number of Khasia houses or homesteads amounted to 16,480; allowing five persons to each house, the population of the hills may be estimated at 82,400 souls.

Though the country is nominally under British control, the system of government has been allowed to continue almost unaltered, the people having to this day their own Kings or Rajas, and every village its own chief. They present the appearance of a congregation of little oligarchical republics subject to no common superior; yet each member is apparently amenable in some degree to the control of his confederates.

There are said to be 23 of these confederated states in the Khasia country, exclusive of that portion known as the Jaintia territory. The two states of Mau-smai and Mau-mloo alone belong to the British Government by right of conquest, and Sooparpoonji has since been added by virtue of a treaty. Over these the Government exercises entire jurisdiction; and the sirdars or headmen are empowered to investigate and decide all petty cases, subject to an appeal to the Court at Cherra.

The 15 states noted below,* are dependent ones; that is, the chiefs have placed themselves under British protection and control—and although they are permitted to try all petty Civil and Criminal cases occurring amongst their own people, cases between the Company's subjects and theirs, or those of other states, are taken up by the Cherra authorities; while all serious cases, such as murders, homicides, &c., are reported to our Courts, and enquired into, in the first instance, by the Police.

The other 5 states, namely, those of Cherra, Khyreem, Lungree, Nurtung and Mespoong, are but partially dependent. The Rajas exercise sole Civil and Criminal jurisdiction in their respective states; but all cases of complaint occurring between their subjects and those of any other states, or the subjects of the British Government, are tried in our Courts.

The Government derives no land-revenue from any portion of these hills, with the exception of a trifling sum received as ground rent for the building lots in the station of Cherra. The tract of land on which the station is placed was transferred to Government by the Raja of Cherra, in exchange for an equal quantity of land in the district of Sylhet, at a place called Burgiste, near the foot of the hills. The total sum, from the above source, and all other items put together, judicial fines, the sale of opium, &c., &c., we believe does not amount to so much as 700 Rs. a year; while the receipts from the hill territory of Jaintia may probably be computed at 600 Rs. per annum, making a total of 1,300 Rs. a year.

No land tax is said to be imposed on the people by their Rajas; what public revenue they have is derived from fines, and in some cases, from trifling dues paid in kind by frequenters of

* Nongklaw, Mau-leem, Maram, Chilla, Mullye, Ramrye, Bhawal, Murriow, Mau-young, Mau-rolee, Shoing, Mau-fiong, Jyung, Dowarrah, and Mullung.

the markets. The business of the State is usually transacted at public meetings called by order of the King, at which subjects affecting the welfare of the parties are canvassed, opinions advanced, and the question decided by a majority. Petty complaints are usually settled by the headmen of the villages or by arbitration, but if the chief of the village is not able to bring about a reconciliation between the parties, a public meeting is called. The crier is sent out about 8 or 9 o'clock at night, when the people are supposed to have all returned home from their daily occupations. Taking up a position whence he is likely to be heard, he attracts attention to himself by a prolonged, unearthly yell, and then delivers himself of his errand :

"KAW! Thou, a fellow villager! thou, a fellow creature! thou, an old man! thou, who art grown up! thou, who art young! thou, a boy! thou, a child! thou, an infant! thou, who art great! thou, who art little! *Hei!* in his own village, in his own place. *Hei!* in his own village, in his own place. *Hei!* in his own prohibition, in his own interdiction. *Hei!* in his own drawing of water, in his own drinking of water. *Hei!* there is a quarrel. *Hei!* because there is a contest. *Hei!* to come to sit together. *Hei!* to cause to deliberate together. *Hei!* to give intelligence together. *Hei!* about to assemble in Durbur to hear, to listen attentively. *Hei!* ye are forbidden. *Hei!* ye are stopped to draw water then, to cut fire-wood then. No, *Hei!* to go to work then. No, *Hei!* to go a journey then. No, *Hei!* to descend to the valley then. *Hei!* he who has a pouch. *Hei!* he who has a bag. *Hei!* now come forth. *Hei!* now appear. *Hei!* the hearing then is to be all in company. *Hei!* the listening attentively then is to be all together. *Hei!* for his own king. *Hei!* for his own master; lest destruction come, lest piercing overtake us. KAW! Come forth now fellow men!!"

After this proclamation no one is to leave the village on the following day. Guards are placed at various points on the public roads and by-paths, for the purpose of apprehending all recusants, who by attempting to leave the village subject themselves to the penalty of a heavy fine. On the following day, from about 4 P. M. till near sunset, the men may be seen gradually assembling at the place where such meetings are usually held. This is an open place in the neighbourhood of the village, where a large number of stones are circularly arranged for the accommodation of the assembly, something probably after the fashion of the ancient Druids, or as was the custom of the Greeks, when—"The heralds spoke, the aged judges sate on squared stone, in circle for debate."

The proceedings are opened by the chief augur of the village, and the witnesses are then examined; the chief at the close summing up the evidence on both sides, pronounces judgment

making at the same time a hearty appeal to the assembled villagers : " Is it not so my young, energetic ones ? " To which they unitedly respond " Yea ! so it is, young energetic ones." Decisions are given, not so much according to any fixed law, as agreeable to the customs of the community, which admit of various modifications ; so that when true justice is done, the trial, especially in cases involving disputes regarding property, resolves itself into an equitable arbitration, in which the disputants cannot avoid concurring.

The Khasias have no prisons, and corporal punishment is seldom or never resorted to, but all crimes and misdemeanours are punished by fines more or less heavy. In cases of inability to pay the fine, the criminal forfeits his freedom, and he and his posterity become the slaves of the chief. It sometimes occurs, that in a case of great intricacy, the village community aided by their chief are unable to bring matters to a final settlement. The contending parties are then called upon to clear themselves by ordeals of different descriptions. The water ordeal used to be the one most often appealed to. The opponents with much ceremony plunged their heads under water on the opposite sides of a consecrated pool, and he had the right who remained longest under water. It not unfrequently happened that the ordeal proved fatal to one of both of the parties, and all such cruel practices have now been interdicted.

Imperfect as their mode of government is, it is worthy of remark that crimes, such as would be cognizable by our law, are of very rare occurrence. Among their bad qualities, dissoluteness of manners and drunkenness are the most prominent. But there is also much of what is good in their character which raises them above their neighbours in the scale of moral worth, considering that they are destitute of the only source from which true morality proceeds. Frank and independent in manner, and in spirit too, they have much more manifestly a conscience to distinguish between write and wrong, than any of their neighbours below. Whether they always act up to it is another question ; but there are many amongst them whose right feeling, truthfulness and strict uprightness, would do honor to men even in a Christian land.

Efforts have for some years past been made by Christian Missionaries for the instruction of the Khasias, and their labours have not been without success. We had an opportunity a few months ago of attending Divine service at the Missionary chapel at Cherra Poonjee. The preacher was a converted Khasia, who addressed his countrymen with great animation and feeling, and was listened to by a large congregation with the utmost decorum, and apparently with considerable attention and interest.

Most of our readers are probably aware, that the first attempt made to introduce the great source of the world's enlightenment amongst these people, was made by that noble body of men,—the Serampore Missionaries. The New Testament was translated by them into the Khasia tongue ; but their efforts to maintain a Mission on the hills not having been properly sustained and followed out, failed of success. The Rev. Mr. Lish's efforts, however, during the short period he was at Cherra, were productive of considerable good, and there are many Khasias now living, who speak of him with feelings of grateful remembrance as one of the benefactors of their tribe.

The translation of the New Testament having been found to be unidiomatic, and in a large number of instances almost unintelligible, a new translation is now in course of preparation by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, who has acquired a thorough knowledge of the language, and whose efforts to promote the welfare of the people are beyond all praise. At the present time, there are several schools both for boys and girls, in active operation, and hundreds of Khasias are able to read intelligibly in their own language. Portions of the Scriptures, and books teaching the fundamental principals of Christianity, have been rather widely diffused among the people, and several others are in course of preparation. The efforts made by the Missionaries for the spread of education have, we are glad to observe, been very kindly noticed by the Supreme Government, and a 'grant-in-aid' given them to enable them to extend their operations. That they have done, and are doing, a vast amount of good to the people for whose welfare they have devoted their lives, there can be no question, and we heartily wish them God-speed in their labors of love.

Where the Khasias may have originally come from, or from what particular branch of the great Tartar or Mongolian stock they may have sprung, it would be difficult now to ascertain. "There are," however, as the Rev. Mr. Pryse observes in his "Introduction to the Khasia Language," "various indications extant amongst the people, both in their dialect and in their customs, to point out either the empire of Assam, or the range of hills intervening between that empire and the Khasia hills, as the cradle of the tribe."

Their language is a purely monosyllabic one, and has been very fully delineated by the Rev. Mr. Pryse in the little book above alluded to. It abounds in nasal sounds, and is spoken with a peculiar jirking tone which has a singular effect to a stranger. The same language, with no substantial difference, appears to prevail in all their villages, though there are considerable differences of accent, especially between the men of Jaintia and those of the other Khasia States. The Khasias, like most of the tribes on the

North Eastern frontier have no written character, no books, and no literature of their own. In preparing books for them, therefore, and reducing their language to writing, it was necessary to introduce a written character. The Serampore Missionaries gave the preference to the Bengalee character which they found quite adequate to express all the sounds of the language—and it is a great pity we think that the Roman character, surrounded by a halo of dots and dashes, has been since substituted in its stead. The adoption of the former, it was said, was objectionable, “because it entailed on the illiterate Khasia youth the—to him—almost unsurmountable difficulty of learning some hundred or more signs of different sounds, including the whole of the Bengalee letters, simple and compound, whilst some 18 or 20 Roman marks of sounds properly combined, would be ample to represent and express every sound in the Khasia dialect.” But when it is considered that the Roman alphabet has distinct forms for the capital and small letters, and there is another distinct form in these letters when used in ordinary writing, it will be apparent that the illiterate Khasia youth will have in either case almost the same difficulty to surmount, and “to learn some hundred or more signs of different sounds.” One of the objects in teaching the Khasia the arts of reading and writing, is doubtless to give them a greater facility of intercourse with the people of the plains, with whom, in their commercial dealing, they are now brought into almost daily intercourse. The Bengalee character, used as it is by the people of Sylhet on the one side, and those of Assam on the other, would have been to them a much more useful character to have adopted. It is obvious that such a small and non-influential tribe will not long be able to retain characters different from those of the larger nations of the plains in their neighbourhood. And as they are brought under the influence of education and their commercial intercourse is extended, the Bengalee character, we venture to foretell, must at no very distant day supplant the Roman. Nor is it beyond the bounds of probability to expect that the time will be, when the various hill dialects on the N.-E. frontier will all be likewise supplanted by the Bengalee language.

No satisfactory explanation, we believe, has yet been discovered of the meaning of the term KHASIA, as applied to the people of this tribe. Some derive it from the name of a female “Ka Si;” in which case the *h* should be dropt, and the word spelt “*Kasi*.” others derive it from “Kha,” a verb, signifying to give birth, and Si, a woman’s name, making the term “Khasi” to signify, the descendants of Si. The natives call themselves “Ki Khasi.” (the Khasis) and their country they call “Kari Khasi.” The word “Cossyah,” as sometimes used by Europeans, is therefore

an unfortunate one, as to its orthography at least; for it is one of those in which the departure from the pronunciation of the natives is such as to render it quite unintelligible to them.

A few indistinct traditions are current among the tribe, but we believe nothing tangible can be derived from them. There is one, for instance, which may probably be traced back to the common patriarchal or antediluvian source from which the traditions of most tribes have taken their origin. The story tells that in olden times, a Bengalee and a Khasia swam across the ocean, each with a book in his mouth to protect it from the watery element. The former carried his book in safety to land, but the latter unfortunately, during his exertions in swimming, swallowed his book. Hence comes it that the Bengalee has a literature, and the Khasia none.

The story of the "*Diingei*," or *forbidden tree*, is another very popular one among the tribe. The following may be said to be the leading features of the tale as now told. In the origin of the race there was an enormous tree, by means of which man and God held intercourse with one another; this tree brought a curse of darkness upon mankind which they were unable to remove. Another feature is, that the sun was deified in the circumstance of the tree. A third feature, that a mediator was necessary between mankind and their sun-god; which was found in the domestic cock. A fourth, that the mediator voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice, in order to effect a reconciliation between the parties. Such are the leading features of a story which, for aught we know, may have originated in a tradition of the Biblical narrative of the forbidden fruit.

God is commonly considered by the Khasias to be the "Nongthaw," or Creator of all, and He is occasionally spoken of as, "*He who carefully watches over and protects: who is the cause of goodness and prosperity.*" No sacrifices are offered to him, nor is he ever invoked in prayer. The goddess, supposed by the Khasias to be the wife of God, is said to be full of mercy, the bestower of happiness and prosperity on mankind; and offerings are constantly made to her in order to insure her protection. But evil spirits are particularly regarded by them, and their religious forms and ceremonies consist for the most part in sacrifices and offerings to appease these spirits and avert those evils that they are to originate. Temples and idols they have none, except in certain villages of Jaintia, where Kali and her Brahmins have unfortunately effected a lodgment, under the patronage of the former king of the country, whose devotion to the bloody goddess cost him his kingdom.

The people are much addicted to consulting auspices of different kinds, but especially by the breaking of eggs. Indeed, this late-

ter superstition is so prominent and has got such a fast hold on the minds of the people, that it would seem to be the principal part of their religious practice. On all occasions of doubt it is resorted to, and they will sometimes spend whole days in dashing eggs upon a board, with much wild chaunting and wilder gestures in search of a decisive or a favorable augury.

The only possible condition of the immortal spirit of man in a future state, known to the Khasia, is that of a "*Ksuid*" or demon, malignant, malicious, unjust, bent on injuring those left behind him on earth. Hence the frequency of the sacrifices offered to pacify the spirits of the dead, especially the bones of the deceased are deposited in a small repository. But if they were placed in a large one, the fear of his injuring the family is not so great, and the sacrifice is therefore not so frequent; because "*la buh ka niom ka rukom*"—the religion and customs were observed—regarding him.

For this reason, too, it is that the greatest festivities of the people are funeral; either at the burning of the dead or when the ashes of the family are collected, and a monument erected in their honor. When by the help of the oracles the time is fixed for the removal of the ashes to the family vault, a public dance is held, which on great occasions is continued for several successive days, and the numerous performers are recompensed by an ample feast of pork and whiskey. The dance is performed either with fans or swords. If with the former, the men dance round and round a circle, somewhat monotonously, attitudinizing and brandishing their fans. They are all clad in the most brilliant finery that they possess, or can hire for the occasion,—richly embroidered outer shirts of broadcloth, silken turbans and dhoties, large bangles, heavy silver chains, and gold necklaces with plumes of down or peacock's feathers, and ornamental quivers. In the centre are the village maidens; they form in twos and threes, and *set* to one another with a comical *Pas* of exceeding simplicity, which seems to be performed by raising the heels, and twisting from side to side, on the forepart of both feet, which never leave the ground. They, too, are loaded with silver chains, tassels, and armlets, and all wear on the head a peculiar circlet of silver, having a tale spear head rising behind. In the sword dance, the men accompanied by music and musquetry, dance and bound, clashing sword and shield, and uttering in chorus a chaunt, at first, seemingly distant and sepulchral, but gradually becoming louder and louder, till it bursts into a terrific unearthly howl,—then sinking to a doleful chaunt again, and again rising to wake the echoes.

The various remarkable monumental stones, which are scattered on every way side cannot fail to attract the attention of the stranger from the peculiar aspect thrown by them on almost every scene

in the upper parts of the country. They are of several kinds, but almost all of them recall strongly those mysterious, solitary or clustered monuments of unknown origin, so long the puzzle and delight of antiquaries which abound in England and are seen here and there in all parts of Europe and Western Asia. The most common kind in the Khasia country is composed of erect oblong pillars, sometimes unhewn, in other instances carefully squared, and planted a few feet apart. The number composing one monument is never under three, and occasionally they are as many as thirteen. The highest pillar is in the middle, sometimes covered with a circular disk, and to right and left they gradually diminish. In front of these is what English antiquaries call a *cromlech*, a large flat stone resting on short rough pillars. These form the ordinary broadside resting-place of the weary traveller. Some of these stones are of considerable size and must have cost immense labour in erection.

The tallest of a thick cluster of pillars in the market place of Murteng, in the Jaintia country, rising through the branches of a higher old tree, measures *twenty-seven feet* in height above the ground. And in another place, near the village of Sailankot, a flat table stone or *cromlech* elevated five feet from the earth, measures 32 feet by 15, and 2 feet in thickness.

In some cases the monument is a square sarcophagus, composed of four large slabs, resting on their edges and well fitted together, and roofed in by a fifth placed horizontally. In other cases the sarcophagus is in the form of a large slab accurately circular, resting on the heads of many little rough pillars, closely planted together, through the chinks between which may be seen certain earthen pots containing the ashes of the family. The upright pillars are merely cenotaphs, and some few among them have probably been erected in commemoration of certain important events.

Many of the villages doubtless derive their appellations from such erections, as is apparent from the number commencing with *Mau*, which signifies a stone. There was war once, we are told, between Cherra and Mau-smai, and when they made peace and swore to it, they erected a stone as a witness, thence the name Mau-smai *the stone of the oath*. So they have Mau-mluk, from "mluk," salt, Mau-flag, from "flag" grass, Mau-inlu, from "inlu," upturned, and several more that might be enumerated.

The Khasias are not in the habit of marrying young. The proposal of marriage comes from the man, who usually selects a friend of his as a go-between, and sends her to the father of the girl to ask his consent to the union. This is sometimes done without giving any intimation of his intentions to the girl herself. The consent of the parents being obtained, and the day fixed for the marriage, the bridegroom in company with a party of his friends

proceeds to the house of the bride, there, a feast is prepared for the occasion, consisting of all the good things within the reach of the family. Before the party partakes of the feast, the young couple are placed to sit together, with a maternal uncle of each on either side of them. These uncles talk to one another regarding the desirableness of uniting the two parties, and in them their respective families. The consent of the parties having been obtained, the couple are pronounced united, and the feast follows. After which the friends return to their respective homes, but the bridegroom remains in the house of his bride, and becomes an inmate of it if she happens to be the youngest or only daughter ; if otherwise, the husband removes her to his own house, which then becomes the property of the wife.

The marriage tie, however, is a very lax one, and the simple exchange of five cowries between the parties dissolves the union ; but the children abide with the mother.

Closely connected with this system and as we may suppose originating in it, is their strange, though not unique, law of succession. The son has no claim to succeed his father, whether it be in the chieftainship or in private property. The sister's son has the inheritance.

The volatile disposition of the men naturally takes them much from home ; and while they are engaged in trade, or cultivation, or sauntering about the hills and valleys in pursuit of amusement and pleasure, the domestic occupations devolve upon the women. The men have generally speaking great powers of industry, but are somewhat capricious in exerting it. They are seldom tall, generally well made, and shew great strength of limb. Their features can rarely be called handsome, yet there is often a strong attraction in the frank and manly good humour of their broad Tartar faces, flat noses, and angular eyes. The children are sometimes very good looking, but beauty in women seldom rises beyond a buxom comeliness. The characteristic dress of the men is a short sleeveless shirt of thick cotton cloth, sometimes striped blue and red, and almost always excessively dirty. It has a deep fringe below, and is ornamented on the breast and back with lines of a sort of diamond pattern embroidery ; over this is usually thrown a large mantle of Eria silk procured from Assam. A large and loosely made turban covers the head of the better class ; others wear a greasy cap with flaps over the ears or go bare-headed. The forepart of the head is shaven, and the back hair gathered into a knot on the crown. The women are generally wrapped in a shapeless mantle of cotton cloth, similar to those worn by the Assamese women, with its upper corners tucked in above the breast. The Khasias are utterly unacquainted with any art of weaving, and nearly all their usual articles of dress, peculiar as

they are, are made for them in the Assam villages bordering on the hills.

Their common food is rice, but since the introduction of the potatoe, this useful esculent is also used very largely as an article of consumption. Dried fish is a universal favorite, and is brought from below in large quantities ; and almost all animal food, pork especially, they are very partial to. They are extremely addicted to chewing *pawn* (the leaf of the betel vine,) and some of them have their mouths literally crammed with it. Distances are often estimated by them, by the number of pawns that will be consumed on road.

A great proportion of the proper names of men are quaint monosyllables, such as Tess, Bep, Mang, Sor, Mir, Bi, reminding one irresistibly of Walter Scott's Saxon Hig, the son of Snel. But there are generally euphonised by the masculine prefix U, into U-tess, U-sor, &c. "Ku-ble !" is the singular salutation in common use when acquaintances meet. The literal signification of which we believe is, "Oh God !" It is probably nothing more than an elliptical expression corresponding to our *adieu !* or *good-bye !* The derivation of which—God be with you—perhaps few ever think of.

Amongst the amusements of the Khasias, archery may be mentioned as the chief, as well as the most interesting. In the trial of skill, each village has from time immemorial its established competitor, and with this alone is the contest carried on. The Toxophilite meeting is held at each village on alternate market days. The target is pitched at about sixty yards, and is made of an oblong piece of soft wood about three feet and a half high by one broad. Four or five persons generally shoot at once ; they draw the arrow to the ear, and their attitudes are often very striking. The bow, the bow-string, the arrow, and the quiver are all made from various species of the all-useful bamboo. When all have shot, the arrows in the target are taken out, and the people crowd round the umpire as he distributes them. As each arrow is recognised, the party to which its owner belongs, dance and hop about, fencing with their bows, spinning them high in the air, and shouting together in a wild cadence. Bird-catching, fishing, hunting, and gambling also occupy no small portion of their leisure time.

The houses of the people are by no means so dirty as their persons. They are generally dry, substantial, thatched cottages, built either of a double wall of broad planks placed vertically in the ground, or of loose stones cemented together with earth, and with a good boarded floor raised three feet or more from the earth. As they have rarely anything like a window, one sees nothing on first entering, and rarely escapes a bruised head from

a collision with one of the massive low beams. The fire is always burning on the hearth in the centre, and as there is no chimney, the house is generally filled with wood smoke. The verandah is partly stored with lumber, and partly affords shelter to the fowls, calves and pigs, which last are carefully tended, and attain enormous obesity.

Milk is not used in any shape, and the cattle though numerous, are not applied to any useful purpose, being kept only for slaughter, and especially for sacrifice. Their husbandry is confined to the hoe, and their grain is thrashed with the flail. Man is the only bearer of burdens. All loads the people carry on the back, supported by a belt across the forehead; and in the rains they and their burdens are protected by a large hood made of palm leaves which covers the head and the whole of the back.

There is a market place in the neighborhood of almost every large village which is a great convenience to the people, who seem fond of buying and selling. The luxuries exhibited at these markets are all Khasian, consisting of stinking fish, some other things of dubious appearance, and still more dubious odour, rice, millet and the inferior grains, the fashionable articles of Khasia clothing, and all the adjuncts to that abominable habit, *pawn* chewing. Iron implements of husbandry of native manufacture are also vended, and, in short, all the various luxuries and necessities of a Khasia are usually obtainable.

Their trade with the people of the plains consists chiefly in the barter of oranges, pawn and betel-nuts, honey, bees' wax, cotton, iron and ivory—for rice, dried fish, cotton and silk cloths, and salt. Potatoes are grown to a considerable extent in the valleys and on the acclivities of the hills, and may now be considered as one of the staple articles of their trade.

The manufacture of iron appears to have been carried on by the Khasias from time immemorial. And so marked an effect have their works achieved on the undulating hills which cover the country, that in many instances what must once have been, like their neighbours, round swelling knolls, appear to have collapsed and sunk to their skeletons, showing nothing but fantastic piles of naked boulders; the earth which once bound and covered them, having been entirely washed out by the heavy rains following in the track of the miner. So numerous and extensive are the traces of former excavations, that judging by the number at present in progress, one may suppose them to have occupied the population for twenty centuries.

The ore occurs in the form of a fine sand, consisting of minute crystals of titaniferous magnetic oxide, which are irregularly distributed in the mass of the softer portions of the granite rocks, and also occasionally in some of the gneiss-ore beds. The upper

portion of the granite is partially decomposed to a considerable depth, and this soft and easily yielding rock is not quarried or mined ; but simply *raked* into a small stream conducted to the base of the small scarp, or face of rock from which the ore is obtained.

The workmen standing on one side of their work, poke out the soil from between the boulders with long poles, terminating in iron spikes. The loosened soil tumbles into the stream, and is carried by it violently down a narrow channel to a point about 200 yards distant, and about 80 feet perpendicularly below. Here a little post is fixed at each side of the stream, and against the upper side of these posts little bits of stick are laid, so as to form a kind of dam, which stops the heavy particles of iron, whilst the lighter grains of soil are carried off by the rapid stream, bounding over the obstacle. As the iron accumulates sticks are added to heighten the dam, and when this is nearly as high as the bank (or about one foot) the ore, a fine black sand is taken out, the dam lowered, and the process repeated. Above the dam a man is constantly employed in turning up the channel of the stream with a hoe, to prevent the ore from sticking in the passage, and with a long hooked fork, he occasionally takes out any pieces of stone brought down by the current.

The ore thus procured is now removed to the washing trough which is supplied with water by a small branch of the upper stream. The washing is generally performed by two women, working the ore against the stream with their feet, and occasionally turning and mixing it with a hoe. It is then put in a heap to dry, and washed again. This process is repeated four times.

The ore is then carried to the smelting house. The bellows are double, formed of two half cylinders of cow skin, and worked by a man or woman, with a leg on each, swaying from foot to foot. The furnace is about twenty inches in diameter, and the chimney about five feet high, made of clay, bound with iron hoops. The iron is wetted and placed on a shelf. At short intervals a handful of fern leaves is dipped into the sand, and shoved into the furnace, and charcoal to replenish the fire is poured down the chimney. In some places instead of using the fern, as above described, the ore is mixed with pounded charcoal and placed on the shelf. The person who works the bellows, at almost every other sway of his body, takes up a small quantity of the mixture with a long handled spoon and drops it into the chimney. After an interval—which from the equal size of the masses must be very regular, though judged by guess—one of the workmen stirs up the mass with a poker, takes it out with a pair of tongs, lays it on a block covered with earth, beats it with a wooden club in-

to a sort of hemisphere, and then splits it nearly in twain with an axe. He opens the split further by the insertion of a couple of wedges, and then pitches the hot mass into a trough full of pounded dross to cool. The metal, impure as it is, is now fit for the market. Heating in the furnace and hammering, form the only further process of purification. But the loss of iron, purchased in this form, is at least three parts in four.

By far the larger portion of this impure iron, in the balls or lumps in which it comes from the smelting furnaces, is sent to the plains, where it meets with a ready sale. The quantity annually exported, it is supposed, may be valued at about 3,000 Rupees.

Of the iron which is converted within the hills, the greater portion is wrought into *Kodalis* or hoes, or into the *Daws* or larger knives which the Khasias use.

"The quality of this Khasia iron," Professor Oldham informs us, "is excellent for all such purposes as Swedish iron is now used for. The impurity of the blooms, however, as they are sent to market, is a great objection to its use, and the waste consequent thereon renders it expensive. It would also form steel or *wootz* of excellent quality. I have no doubt that the manufacture could be greatly improved, and possibly extended. The great defects in the present system are, the want in the first instance of a means of sustaining a sufficiently high and equable temperature in the hearth, so as to keep the whole of the mass or bloom of metal in a molten state at the same time, and thus more completely separating the slag from the purer metal; and, of some more powerful means of expressing the slag from the spongy metallic mass than the slight hammering is now receives with a wooden mallet or club."

Owing to the scanty dissemination of the ore in the rocks, and the consequent high cost of obtaining it, it is extremely doubtful whether the manufacture of this iron could be very much extended. At present the want of any permanent supply of water prevents the natives from working for more than a few days during the year, while the rains are heavy, and they can readily obtain a sufficient force of water for the washing of the ore from its matrix.

Among the other mineral products of the Khasia hills, coal and limestone are the most important.

Most of our readers are probably aware that the source whence lime for the Calcutta market, for the last thirty years or more has been supplied, is in the neighbourhood of these hills. Professor Oldham's remarks on this product are so interesting that we subjoin them at length.

"The extent of this trade, and the importance of the product, as an element of progress in civilization, demand a brief reference to the

circumstances attending it. The principal localities of the manufacture are at Chattuc and at Sonamgunge (*Chunamgunge*, or the *lime mart*?) and along the banks of the river Soorma, between these two villages. The rude kilns in which the stone is burnt stretch for miles along either bank of the river; and the many large and well constructed buildings, in which the lime is stored until required for market, give an aspect of wealth, comfort, and prosperity to the district, which contrasts forcibly with the almost unlimited extent of marsh and jheel that bounds the view on either side lower down the river.

Almost the entire range of the limestone quarries, along the base of the hills eastward, from Cheyla, belong to the firm of Inglis and Co., whose principal establishment is located at Chattuc. Westwards, the quarries in the neighbourhood of Laour, and some smaller quarries between, are in the hands of Messrs. Stark and Sarkies, and of some native merchants.

The extent and importance of the trade will be more evident from a consideration of the quantity of stone raised annually, and of the quantity of lime produced. On an average of ten years ending in November 1851, the amount of limestone quarried on the borders of the Khasia hills is stated to have been—

By Messrs. Inglis and Co.	Maunds	14,48,550
„ Messrs. Stark and Sarkies and native merchants	„	2,31,500

Total average amount quarried annually ...	<u>16,80,050</u>
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Equal to *sixty thousand tons* of limestone yearly. From this stone there have been burnt by natives, who have for the most part purchased the stone from Messrs.

Inglis and Co.—annually	Maunds	12,34,000
By Messrs. Inglis and Co.	„	1,57,000
„ Messrs. Stark and Sarkies, &c. ...	„	80,000

Giving a total average amount of lime ...	<u>Maunds</u>	<u>14,71,000</u>
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The whole of this very large amount is quarried from the several plans along the foot of the hills, where the limestone occurs close to the level of the plains, and from whence it can be removed by water. The quarrying of the stone is carried on at all seasons, but chiefly during the spring and cold months, and the stone, broken into pieces of convenient size, is piled up in suitable localities until the rains, in May, June and July, fill the little streams from the hill sufficiently to float the small *dinghies* or canoes which are here used. As soon as this takes place, every available boat is at once employed for the removal of the stone into the larger streams. It is scarcely possible to conceive a busier scene than the neighbourhood of some of these large quarries presents after a good fall of rain. Hundreds of men and women are busily engaged loading their canoes, and then rapidly shooting down the narrow stream, while others are hastily poling the returning empty boats up the current, again to load, and shoot down

the rapids with their freight of stone. The whole place seems alive with eager workmen, who know well, from experience, the necessity of taking advantage of the sudden rise of the waters. So sudden is the fall sometimes of those little nullahs, that even these light canoes, which draw only a few inches of water, are frequently left stranded in the middle of their course. In this way the greater portion of the stone is removed from the quarries, these small dinghies carrying the limestone only into the larger streams, where all is quickly thrown on the bank, or into the water near the bank, to be again shipped into larger boats for conveyance to the place of manufacture.

In that portion of the hills which lies more immediately to the South of Cherra, the largest quarries are near the village of *Tungwai* or *Tingye*, from which the stone is brought to the neighbourhood of *Pandua*, to be again removed from thence to *Chattuc*. Other very large quarries are in the vicinity of the great orange groves between Teriaghat and Laukat, from which also the stone is conveyed to Chattuc for burning.

The whole of this limestone belongs to the nummulitic group. It varies but slightly in mineral character, and produces a good sound, but not very strong lime, of good colour, and slacks readily. Some of the beds are magnesian, and more gritty in aspect; and the lime from these is somewhat darker in tint than that produced by the purer beds.

At present the only fuel employed in burning this limestone is wood, or reeds (called *nul*), principally the latter, which are collected in immense quantities from the extensive jheels in the vicinity. The kilns are placed on the banks of the river, which are cut down perpendicularly for some feet, to form the face, in which the opening into the lower part of the kiln is made. The excavation is circular in plan, and nearly semi-globular in shape; and generally of sufficient size to take when piled up from 500 to 700 maunds of stone. After ignition each kiln is, in ordinary weather, allowed to burn for about four days and nights, when the burnt lime is removed from the kiln at the top. The kiln, if sound, is then again charged, again lighted, and after a sufficient interval, again emptied.

The system in ordinary use in Europe, of drawing the lime from the bottom of the kiln, and replacing it by fresh stone and fuel at the top, so as to keep up a continued combustion as long as required, is quite unknown in this district. Such a system, indeed, is quite incompatible with the rude and imperfect kilns here in use, and also with the kind of fuel now used. There can be no question, however, that the cooling down of the kiln on the removal of each charge, causes a very considerable waste of heat, while the impossibility of burning lime, on the present plan, excepting during a few months of the year, entails a great additional loss. The burning, at present, does not properly commence until the end of January, or until February, and must be completed by April.

Twelve hundred maunds of stone yield on the average one thousand maunds of lime, and will require from 3,500 to 4,000 bundles of *nul*, or reeds for their combustion. The stone delivered at the kilns,

on the river bank, costs from 14 to 18, or sometimes 20 Rupees per 1,000 maunds.

Much of this limestone would produce most durable, and occasionally very handsomely veined marble. It would answer well for ordinary purposes, chimney pieces, slabs for tables, garden seats, and for flooring tiles. Of the latter article, I believe many hundreds are annually imported, of inferior colouring and beauty to those which could be manufactured out of this Khasia limestone."

Regarding the coal of the Khasia hills, a considerable amount of information may be obtained from the Proceedings of the Coal and Mineral Committee, published between the years 1838 and 1846.

The most important coal locality in the hills is that on the small ridge to the West of the station of Cherra, and in which the adits hitherto worked are situated. It was first brought to notice in 1832 by Mr. Cracroft.* That which occurs elsewhere in the hills is said to be too limited in extent, too much disturbed, and too poor in quality to be worth considering at all.

"The Cherra coal," observes Professor Oldham, "is undoubtedly superior to the Coal from the Damoodah valley, and it is equally certain that it is equal to *some* English coals, but it is as certainly inferior to others. It is *quick in its action*, and therefore would generate steam rapidly; it coked well, but gives out a large amount of smoke: it is fragile and easily broken, and from the absence of that definite structure, which produces the flames of division known to English miners, as "backs," or the joints in the coal, it breaks into unsymmetrical pieces, and consequently would not stow well. From its composition, therefore, its quick combustion, and its irregular cleavage, I conceive it to be at the least 5 to 7 per cent. inferior to *good* English coal. As a gas-producing coal, it is superior to any English coal imported, both as regards the quantity and purity of its gas. And with proper precautions in burning, it would yield a very passable coke."

Between the years 1842 and 1844, Colonel Lister at various times sent down large quantities of this coal to Calcutta, and on his experience, Professor Oldham informs us that the *average* cost in Calcutta was 7 annas $6\frac{1}{4}$ pie per maund or 47 Rs. per 100 maunds. This was the cost inclusive of all charges for overseers, weighmen, coolies, freight, &c., excepting only any charge for superintendence and general management.

The coal is situated within the territory of the Raja of Cherra Poonjee, but he has given a perpetual lease of it to the British Government at a stipulated royalty of one Rupee for every 100 maunds excavated by Government, reserving at the same time the right of all his own subjects to mine on their own account. But

* See Journal of the Asiatic Society for Bengal, Vol. 1, p. 250—252.

the Government have rarely availed themselves of the privilege, and almost all the coal hitherto procured from these mines, has been purchased from the Khasias, who have raised and sold it.

Though it may not be possible under present circumstances to send the Cherra coal with profit to the Calcutta market, yet there is every probability that it may at no very distant period be turned to great and useful account. The Districts of Sylhet, Kachar and Munnipore, with their daily increasing traffic, and the vast tracts that have lately been taken up there for the cultivation of the Tea plant, cannot be much longer deprived of the benefits of steam communication, and the coals of Cherra will then prove highly valuable for the supply of the requisite fuel, at an economical rate.

Years may elapse ere the full value of the controlling influence established by the British Government in these hills becomes generally appreciated, or their resources fully developed. The people, however, have felt our strength, they are becoming better acquainted with the advantages of a civilized life, and so great is their appreciation of our system of administration, that it requires no great foresight to perceive, that all the Khasia states will before long cheerfully acquiesce in a renunciation of their nominal independence, and an acknowledgment of their allegiance to the paramount power. Our Government has, therefore, a high and responsible duty to discharge, in regard to the people who are thus voluntarily placing themselves under its fostering care; and we sincerely trust that while measures will not be neglected to render this salubrious tract of country a really valuable acquisition, the best means will also be used for the moral and intellectual improvement of its inhabitants.

HISTORY OF COORG.

BY REV. MOEGLING, D. D.

Unpublished Manuscripts.

A CLOUD of mystery overhangs, in the Hindoo mind, the nature and character of the Honorable the East India Company. The people of this country have known Rajahs and Maha Rajahs, Ranees and Maha Ranees, as rulers of their destinies ; but all these personages and visible divinities (pratyaksha devatas) have had their ascertainable places of residence, their tangible capitals, palaces, and thrones ; they have conquered and have been conquered ; they have lived and died. Not so the "Kumpani." Her dominion stretches over the whole land ; her name is a tower of strength ; her fame fills the world : yet nowhere is she seen in her royal splendour. She appoints Governors great and small, and through them rules untold millions ; she gives salt to an enormous army, wages wars, subdues kingdoms, deposes princes, gives laws to nations. But who is, where is, this High Mightiness that presides over the vast household of Hindustan ? Is she some Devi, dwelling high above this nether world in the regions of Kailasa and Vaikunta, or some great Rance, sitting on a throne of Devendra in a palace of pearls and gold on a Genii-guarded island in the far ocean ? Her power is ever on the increase, her glory ever rising, her wonders multiplying in the land. Her chariots run over rivers and through hills by the joint powers of Agni and Varuna, reduced by her to servitude. Her messages fly from sea to sea, outstripping Marut and Vijing with the bolts of Indra. She was never born and never dies. Continual changes take place among the grandees of her empire, but the centre of all power remains unchanged. *Who* is the Kumpani ?

The schoolmaster is abroad. The dreams of night and the mists of morning will soon vanish, and the Hindu mind awake to the board daylight of the nineteenth century. Then it will be seen by all eyes what the Company is. The virtues and vices, the power and weakness, the resources and the burdens of its government of India will be known by all men ; and the peoples of Hindustan may then judge and act according to their knowledge, admire and obey, love and bless the great guardian power of their country, or despise and hate, and throw off the yoke of foreign selfishness. The next volume of the East India Company's history will contain an account of its trial in the face of the world, and of the judgment of God upon its character.

There is, however, some force of truth in the popular personification of the "Kumpani," which has established itself in the Hindu mind. The East India Company's government up to the end of the last, and the beginning of this century has had a peculiar character of its own—thoroughly heathen, affectedly half

Hindu, half Mussulman, as much at variance with the growingly European character of the East India Company of the first-half of our century, as the temper and principles of any ill-favoured mother can differ from those of a daughter born under happier auspices and belonging to a better generation. And there is much hope, that the mind and heart of the Company of the second-half of the nineteenth century will rise to a still higher standard, political and religious. The year 1853 has been the commencement of a new era. The old Rance of the ancient regime, living in the fashion of the land, ordering salutes in honor of devils, male and female, great and small, almost worshipping holy Brahmans and their gods, looking complacently on the burning of widows and the destruction of infants, and jealously guarding her domain against the entrance of the Bible and of Missionaries, appears a thorough Asiatic—licentious and brave—avaricious and prodigal—faithless and intolerant. Her daughter, of the present century, has the air of an European Princess, enlightened, liberal, humane, averse to and disgusted with the abominations tolerated or cherished in her mother's time. She has dared to avow her religion, to open the country to Missionaries, to suppress Sati (Suttee) and infanticide, to import Bishops, build churches, and gradually to withdraw from the open support of idolatry. At the same time she has been nervously anxious to preserve a so-called strict neutrality, and quite zealous in disavowing any care whatever for the spiritual welfare of the millions entrusted to her keeping by the king of kings. Her daughter, of the present generation, can scarcely be recognized as the grand-daughter of the old godless Begum. She harbours noble thoughts in her mind, and meditates vast schemes of reform, worthy of her high calling. The fear of God and the love of man seem to exercise a holy influence upon her heart; a generous ambition appears to animate her soul: in short, she looks as Christian-queen-like as her Royal Mistress, Victoria.

It was during the latter end of the eighteenth century that Coorg was first brought within the influence of the East India Company, during one of those great struggles through which the latter has risen to the height of its present power. Old Vira Rajendra Vodeya, for his important services during the war with Tippoo Sultan, was taken under British patronage, received the thanks of the Supreme Government, a splendid sword, a costly bracelet "as an amulet!" (quite in keeping with the character of Begum Company,) and a solemn promise of protection to his favorite daughter and designated heiress, which was not kept. Of Christianity he seems to have seen and heard nothing from his British friends and patrons.

In 1834, during the second period of the development of the

East India Company's character, Coorg was delivered from the grasp of a chief as cruel, licentious and cowardly as any of the Indian puppets, whom the Company has too long permitted to play their fantastic tricks upon their tottering thrones, and to spread contagion and wretchedness all around them,—by Lord William Bentinck, and transferred to European rule. For 20 years, however, the country has been almost left to take care of itself, the power of the Commissioner for Mysore and Coorg being paralyzed by a most unhappy arrangement by which the Supreme Government kept Coorg under its own immediate control. The consequence was, that the poor principality was almost forgotten by the great men at the helm of all India; doing nothing themselves for the improvement of their little charge, they prevented, by the customary system of checks and endless references, one of their ablest administrators, under whom Mysore has revived and prospered, from extending the blessings of his rule to the unfortunate appendage of the great kingdom under his charge.*

* Lieut. Genl. M. Cubbon, Commissioner for the Government of the territories of His Highness, the Rajah of Mysore and of Coorg, is one of that race of gentlemen kings, whom the British nation alone, in modern times, seems to be capable of producing, and certainly has alone the means of aptly employing in the government of dependencies which encircle the globe. A Persian Satrap, an ancient Subadar of the Mogul, a Roman Proconsul may be more attractive to the imagination, in their glitter of "barbaric pearl and gold," their pomp and pride of office, or their stern, invincible power. The statesmen of the East India Company, who are placed in charge of countries as large as great kingdoms in Europe, affect no other character but that of English gentlemen. While the Rajah of Mysore idles away his time with trivial amusements and in despicable company, and squanders lakhs upon lakhs in thriftless extravagance, the real ruler of the country quietly and unostentatiously performs the hard work of Government, leading the life of a country gentleman of property. Half his day is spent in his Cutcherry, where he arrives as regularly as his clerk, and much of his time at home, too, is filled up with hard office work. There is no parade, no assumption of consequence. The Governor of some millions of people is as courteous to all comers, high or low, as affable and kindly in the intercourse with his subordinates, as frank and urbane in his whole deportment as any private gentlemen could be. Lieut. Genl. Cubbon has long ago reached the time, when men generally cease to be equal to the severer duties of life; but age seems to have taken most kindly to him; he has retained much of the liveliness and energy of youth. You may hear him, relate, from the stores of his unfailing memory, some anecdote with keen relish, introduced by "The other day." The names of the persons mentioned point to days long passed; but you are quite taken aback when you happen to hear "it was in 1805 or 1806," half a century ago. General Cubbon came to India in 1800. Of his merits as a ruler, the Marquis of Dalhousie has borne a better and a more competent testimony, than the writer of these pages could give, in the subjoined despatch.

Dated Fort William. the 7th February 1856.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 24th November last, No. 84, and the five printed papers which accompanied it, comprising all the information procurable on the principal points connected with the administration of Mysore.

The Governor-General in Council has read with attention, and with very great interest, the papers submitted by you. They present a record of administration highly honorable to the British name, and reflecting the utmost credit upon the exertions of the valuable body of officers, by whom the great results shewn therein have been accomplished.

In 1852, Gauramma, the favorite daughter of the ex-Rajah of Coorg, was baptized in London, Her Majesty being sponsor. In

In the past autumn, the Governor General had the opportunity of witnessing some portion of these results with his own eyes, during his journey from the Neigherries through Mysore to Madras. His journey was necessarily a hasty one. Even the cursory examination of the country, which alone was practicable during the course of a week's visit, enables him to bear testimony to the extent to which works of public improvement have been carried in Mysore, and to the favorable contrast, which the visible condition of that territory and of its people, presents to the usual condition of the territory of a native prince, and even to the state of districts of our own which may sometimes be seen.

During the period of 25 years which has elapsed since Mysore came under the administration of British officers, every department has felt the hand of reform. An enormous number of distinct taxes have been abolished, relieving the people in direct payment to the amount of 10½ lakhs of Rs. a year, and doubles the indirect relief given by this measure has exceeded even the direct relief. Excepting a low tax upon coffee, (which is raised on public land free of rent or land tax) no new tax appears to have been imposed, and no old tax appears to have been increased. Nevertheless the public revenue has risen from forty-four to eighty-two lakhs of Rs. per annum.

In the administration of Civil and Criminal Justice vast improvements have been accomplished: regularity, order, and purity have been introduced, where, under native rule, caprice, uncertainty and corruption prevailed: substantial justice is promptly dispensed, and the people themselves have been taught to aid in this branch of the administration by means of a system of Panchayets, which is in full and efficient operation. And in the department of Police the administration of British officers has been eminently successful. In short, the system of administration which has been established, whether in the Fiscal or Judicial Department, although it may be, and no doubt is, capable of material improvement, is infinitely superior to that which it superseded; and has, within itself, the elements of constant progress.

The chief merit of the conduct of this good work, of which the formal record is now before the Government, will, the Governor-General in Council remarks, be assigned by all without dispute or cavil, to you, as Commissioner.

To your ability and judgment; to your long continued and vigilant superintendence of the interests committed to your charge, and to the vigorous yet kindly control by which you have drawn zealous and willing service from all who were placed under your authority, the Government of India owes, in a great measure, the successful issue of its interposition in the affairs of the principality of Mysore.

These services, His Lordship in Council trusts, may yet receive a more honorable recognition than it is in the power of the Government of India to bestow upon them. General Cubbbon, by the latest news, has been created K. C. B. It confers as much honor upon the Government to have offered this mark of distinction, as upon the General to have received it. But His Lordship in Council desires me in the mean time to convey to you the sentiments expressed above, and to tender to you the most marked acknowledgments and most cordial thanks of the Governor-General in Council.

The Officers of the Commission, in the opinion of His Lordship in Council, are fully entitled to share in this approbation. It is therefore requested, that you will make known to them the great satisfaction with which the Government of India has received the high testimony which you have borne to their merits; and you are authorized to convey to them all, (especially to Major Haines whom you specially name,) the thanks of the Governor-General in Council, for their praiseworthy and successful exertions in the administration of Mysore.

The points of detail in your letter will be separately noticed.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) G. F. EDMONSTONE,

Secretary to the Government of India

the following year the first Protestant Mission was established among the Coorgs, and one family baptized. Now Engineers are at work making roads, and carrying the electric telegraph line through the forest. A liberal system of education is on the eve of being introduced, in accordance with the spirit of the third era of British Indian Government, the inaugural manifesto of which is the Education Despatch of 1854.

The affairs of Coorg have seldom, and for short seasons only, attracted public attention. The campaign of 1834 speedily ended in the deposition and deportation to Benares of Virarajah, the last of the Coorg princes, whose impotent and insolent tyranny was gladly exchanged by the chief men among the Coorgs, for the civilized and equitable dominion of the East India Company. A badly contrived and bootless insurrection in 1837 was quelled, without much ado, by the chiefs of the Coorgs themselves, under Captain Le Hardy, the first Superintendent of Coorg. Some stir was created in England and in Coorg by the ex-Rajah's voyage to England, and the baptism of his daughter; but it has died away gradually. Little Victoria's growing up into womanhood, under the fostering care of her illustrious sponsor, is no matter of public importance, and the Rajah's law proceedings against his over indulgent patrons of Leadenhall Street, for the recovery of a large sum of money (the principal amounted originally to about ten lakhs of Rupees or £100,000) invested about the beginning of the century in Company's paper by old Virarajah, in the name of his beloved eldest daughter, Devammaji, do not seem to be very successful, except in transferring part of the Rajah's remaining wealth to the pockets of some legal friends in London; at all events, they do not much interest the British public.*

A little book entitled, "Coorg Memoirs" by the Rev. H. Moegling—Bangalore, 1855—contains the first published descrip-

* Poor Devammaji received of her father a treasure amounting to a lakh of Pagodas or £40,000, besides the above sum invested in Company's paper. According to the will of her father, which was solemnly guaranteed by the Supreme Government, she was to have succeeded him; but her uncle, Lingarajendra, the father of the ex-Raja, contrived to induce the Supreme Government, first to acknowledge him as Regent, and then as Rajah of Coorg. On his death, his son succeeded him. Yet nothing effectual was done or even attempted for the ladies, and they died in the Fort of Mercara, a short time before the annexation of the country. It is the property of this cousin, invested in Company's paper fifty years ago, in the name of Devammaji, for which it was somehow managed to substitute Viraraja's name, which the ex-Rajah now claims from the Court of Directors, together with the interest of half a century. This large sum ought, in strict justice, perhaps to have been given up as prize money to the troops of the expedition in 1834; or to have been confiscated at once as State property, and generously expended on the improvement of Coorg. By some mismanagement, neither of these courses has been adopted; a separate account is still kept of the deposit of old Viraraja, and thus the wily ex-Rajah has been tempted to trust in the ignorance of Indian matters prevailing at home, and to claim the property as his own.

tion of the Coorg country. Copious extracts are given in it from the Puranic history of Coorg, preserved in the Skanda Purana, and from a tolerably correct history of the fortunes of the Coorg Rajahs, since the middle of the seventeenth century, composed under the eye of Virarajendra Vodeya, who died in 1809. A full account, also, of the customs, manners and religion of the Coorgs is presented in a condensed form. The small volume, however, has been printed in an edition of 500 copies only, and, though favourably reviewed by some Indian papers, it can scarcely be said to have obtained publicity. The following pages, therefore, have the advantage of telling most of their readers a new tale.

Coorg is the only native principality which has been added to the territory of the East India Company by Lord William Bentinck, the most liberal, the most peace-loving, and, among the land-devouring Governor-Generals of India, the most abstemious. In ancient times the Rajahs of the Coorg Hills were subject to the Ikkeri Government. They were perhaps an offshoot, originally, of that dynasty. Certain it is, that they have imported upon the wild soil of their fief the Shaiva religion and an establishment of Jangams. Adopting the policy of constant intermarriage with daughters of principal families among the Coorgs, the Rajahs succeeded in naturalizing themselves. They adopted also the superstitions of the country by the side of their own Lingatic worship; their subjects, however, did not return the compliment, but, with few exceptions, adhered to their ancient worship of the Kaveri Amma (Mother Kaveri) the divinity of the principal river of Coorg; of the spirits of their departed fathers and grandfathers, (ancestral worship does not go farther back among those mountaineers,) and of innumerable demons and goblins which people their forest-solitudes, pasturelands, fields and gardens. Brahmanism has spread its polypetendrils into Coorg. Haviga priests have immigrated from the Tulu country, and established themselves at the sacred fountain of the Kaveri, in the room, probably, of an indigenous priesthood, the Amma Kodagas (Coorgs devoted to "Mother Kaveri," who have entirely ceased from the performance of priestly offices, and of whom but a small number of families now remain, as they intermarry only among themselves. Yet Brahmanism also has found the Coorg a tough material.

When Hyder Ali took Ikkeri, which was thenceforward called Hyder Nagara, (Nuggur,) and incorporated the kingdom with his growing territory, he considered himself the liege-lord of Coorg, and though foiled for a long while in his assertion of suzerainty, at last succeeded by dint of fraud and force, in coercing the refractory hill chiefs into a state of vassalage. Lingaraja

of Halebi agreed, about the year 1774, to pay an annual tribute of 24,000 Rs. to Hyder Ali. Virarajendra Vodeya, in his Rajendraname, admits also the fact, that one of his ancestors, Dodda Virappa, with the harelip, paid an annual tribute for some towns in the Yelusaviraskime district of Coorg, which he held from Chicka Deva Vodeya of Mysore. But the two awkward proofs of the dependency of the Coorg Rajahs on more powerful neighbours are carefully disguised.

In the year 1780, Lingaraja, who had betrayed the Horamale branch of the family into the hands of Hyder Ali, died, leaving a natural son, Appaji, and two sons by his queen, Viraraja and Lingaraja. Viraraja was then 17 years old; Lingaraja still of tender age. Hyder Ali, who had destroyed the entire Horamale family, now declared himself guardian of the two young Coorg princes, and appointed a Brahman, Subarasaga, who had formerly been in the service of the Coorg Rajahs, Mamaldar of Coorg. In the same year he led his army against Arcot. The Coorgs were indignant at the seizure of their princes and the ascendancy of the Brahman. In the Monsoon of 1782, they broke out into open insurrection. The Mamaldar reported to his master, who replied from Arcot, that the princes must be secured in Garuru, a Mysore fort, but at the same time promised to inquire by and bye into the grievances of the Coorgs. The princes were deported to Garuru, in September 1782. The Coorgs flew to arms, and swept the Mussulmans from the country. Hyder Ali died before the close of 1782. In 1784, Tippoo, after having treacherously seized General Matthews and his officers at Nuggur, and reduced Mangalore, marched through Coorg on his way back to Seringapatam, and compromised matters with the insurgents. The young Coorg Rajahs and their families were kept prisoners at Periyapattana. They were ill-treated and starved, and the small-pox carried off several of the family. Before the lapse of a year, the Coorgs rose again, defeated a force of 15,000 men sent against them from Seringapatam, but afterwards submitted to Tippoo himself, who treacherously seized large numbers of them and carried them into the Mysore. They were replaced by Mussulman landlords, whom Tippoo supplied with laborers from Adwani in the Bellary district. Nagappaya, a nephew of Subarasaya, was charged with the government of Coorg, but was soon convicted of embezzlement, and condemned to the gallows, when he fled to the Kote Arasa in the Maleyalam.

In December 1788, Dodda Virarajendra Vodeya, by the help of his Coorg partizans, escaped from Periyapattana with his family, for whom he found a refuge at Kurchi, a sequestered spot in Kiggadnad, near the sources of the Lakshmanatirtha river. He now sallied forth, at the head of his Coorgs, to fight

the Mussulmans. In a short time he had cleared the country of the usurpers, from Bislighat to Manantwady. Successful plundering expeditions into the Mysore were carried on at the same time, and large supplies of cattle and grain carried away into Coorg, where they were divided among the adherents of the Rajah. During this season full of daring and successful exploits, the gallant Virarajah once, on his return from an expedition into the Mysore, found the residence of his family at Kurchi a heap of ruins and ashes. Every soul of his family had been destroyed, and all the old family treasures carried off. The runaway Malmaldar had shewn the way to a troop of Nair banditti despatched upon this errand of treachery and blood, by the fiendish foe of the Coorg Rajahs, the Kote Arasu. Tippoo now ordered a large force into Coorg under the command of Golam Ali, who carried fire and sword all over the country. Virarajah must soon have succumbed to the superiority in numbers and discipline of the Mysoreans, had not a revolt of the Maleyalam Rajahs compelled Tippoo to order Golam Ali with his army to the Western coast. The latter was not, however, permitted to leave Coorg unmolested. On his march he was fiercely attacked at the Kodantur-pass, and suffered severe losses. Thereupon Tippoo despatched a considerable reinforcement to Golam Ali's assistance under four Captains. Virarajah lay in wait for them at the Heggala pass. The Mysoreans left 800 men dead on the ground, and 400 wounded. Their baggage and stores fell into the hands of the hill men; the whole force might have been destroyed, had not the Coorgs preferred plundering to fighting. Virarajah sent his prisoners back into Mysore. Tippoo was alarmed, and despatched Buran-uddin, his own brother-in-law, with a strong army and large supplies to secure Coorg. Buran-uddin was attacked and beaten on his way from Kushalanagara (Fraserpet.) He escaped into the fort of Mercara, with the loss of one-half of his military stores. Thus Virarajah sustained a successful contest against his mighty neighbour, in whose eye Coorg had acquired great importance, as a decisive struggle with the rising power of the East India Company was impending, when the possession of Coorg by the enemy might seal the fate of Seringapatam. The Company's Government, on the other hand, was equally aware of the strategical value of Coorg. They had, with difficulty, maintained their ground at Tellicherry against the Mussulman forces under Pajal Khan, aided by the treachery of the Bibi; and Abercromby, the Governor of Bombay, who was preparing for an attack on Mysore from the Westward, knew that the shortest way for his army from Cannanore or Tellicherry lay through the passes of Coorg, which, by an enemy, might be closed against him with ease. Virarajah

dreaded and hated Tippoo, from whom he could expect no mercy, and whose assurances and promises he knew he could never trust. His hopes depended on his success in gaining the support of a powerful ally. His eyes were directed towards the rising star of the Company. The union of Tippoo's enemies was effected without difficulty. Muttu Bhatta, an agent of Viraraja, arrived at Tellicherry, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing a superior horse and other articles. Robert Taylor, the English chief at Tellicherry, had an interview with the Coorgman, who gave him an account of the long feud between his master and Tippoo. Robert Taylor said : Tippoo is the common enemy both of the Rajah of Coorg and of the Government of the Company. The two latter parties ought to be good friends and allies. Muttu Bhatta carried a letter back to Coorg, containing a proposal for a cordial alliance. Viraraja cheerfully responded to this offer of friendship between the Company and himself. He agreed to procure draught cattle for the Bombay army, and immediately commenced forays into the Mysore, for Tippoo's cattle was superior to that of Coorg. In a short time he despatched upwards of 500 heads to Tellicherry. Soon after, the Rajah was informed that despatches had arrived from Bombay with orders to conclude, in the name of the English Government, an offensive and defensive alliance with the Rajah of Coorg. Viraraja repaired to Tellicherry in the beginning of October 1790, accompanied by Captain Brown who had been sent to conduct him to the then head-quarters of the Company on the Western coast.

A formal treaty was concluded with the following stipulations :

1. While the sun and moon endure, the faith of the contracting parties shall be kept inviolate.
2. Tippoo and his allies are to be treated as common enemies. The Rajah will do all in his power to assist the English to injure Tippoo.
3. The Rajah will furnish, for fair payment, all the supplies his country affords, and have no connection with other "topiwalahs."
4. The Company guarantee the independence of Coorg, and the maintenance of the Rajah's interests in the case of a peace with Tippoo.
5. An asylum and every hospitality is offered to the Rajah and his family at Tellicherry until the establishment of peace.

God, sun, moon and earth be witnesses !

Signed : Robert Taylor, Esq., on behalf of the Governments of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal.—Virarajendra Vodeya, Rajah of Coorg. When Sir R. Abercromby arrived on the coast, the

Rajah was invited to an interview, and was escorted by an officer and a company of Sepoys.*

A passage was prepared through Coorg for the Bombay army. The route of the Heggala pass was chosen. Viraraja provided again, in his old fashion, a supply of upwards of a thousand draught cattle from Mysore. When Sir R. Abercromby had ascended the Heggala pass, Viraraja came from Nalkanad to wait upon him. He had collected a great quantity of grain, which was made over to English officers. Viraraja accompanied Sir Robert before Seringapatam. When the monsoon of 1791 suspended active military operations, and Lord Cornwallis and Sir Robert retired, the former to Bangalore, the latter to Bombay, the artillery, stores, and ammunition belonging to the Bombay army, were left in the charge of the Rajah, who during the rainy season, was engaged in purchasing all the grain he could from his own people, and from the Pindari contractors of Tippoo. The latter now condescended to send a confidential officer, Kadar Khan Kesagi, a friend of Viraraja with an autograph of Tippoo—and letters from Mir Saduk, the Prime Minister, and Purnayah, the Minister of Finance, soliciting Viraraja's forgiveness and friendship. Viraraja shewed these letters to Sir Robert, and replied to Tippoo: "By similar fair speeches and promises, you have formerly deceived and ruined Coorg. God has given me one tongue, with which I have pledged fidelity to the Company. I have not two tongues like you." Mussulman violence and treachery had now their reward. Viraraja remained faithful to the Company and the Bombay army had a safe road through a friendly territory into the heart of Mysore. Lord Cornwallis made peace with Tippoo under the walls of Seringapatam, on severe, but still too easy conditions. Tippoo had to pay three crores of Rupees, and to cede one-half of his dominions to the Company and to its allies, the Nizam and Peishwa, "from the countries adjacent, according to their situation." Coorg was in danger of being overlooked and sacrificed. It required the zealous intercession of Sir Robert Abercromby to induce the Governor General to make an after demand for the cession of Coorg, though not adjacent to the Company's territory, in order to keep faith with Viraraja, and to save him from the fangs of Tippoo, whose first move after the peace,

* He on this occasion, interceded with his new friend, Sir Robert Abercromby for the poor Bibi and her son. She had made an attempt at decoying to Cannanore, and betray into the hands of the Mussulman army, the English detachment at Tellicherry; and Sir R. Abercromby had resolved on deposing her, and sending her with her son prisoner to Bombay. Virarajendra effected a reconciliation, and thus required the service, which the Bibi's ancestor, Ali, had rendered to his ancestor, Dodda Virappa with the harelip, by delivering his Captain from the hands of the Charakal Rajah.

would, no doubt, have been to wreak his vengeance upon his former vassal. The rage of Tippoo was unbounded. "To which of the English possessions, he cried, is Coorg adjacent? Why do they not ask for the key of Seringapatam?" The treaty was in danger of being broken off; but Lord Cornwallis remained firm. English guns, which had already been sent away, were ordered back, and Tippoo began to prepare for defence. At the last moment he gave in, and peace was concluded.

Viraraja was now asked to give back the districts which he had lately wrested from the Sultan, and informed, that he was expected in future to pay his tribute to the English Government. He was indignant at both these propositions, for he had expected some better reward for his important service. Sir Robert Abercromby did all in his power to pacify the brave ally who had served him so well, but, of course, the Mysore territory had to be restored, and the dream of an "independent principality of Coorg" could not be realized. Sir Robert humoured, however, Viraraja by the drawing up of a document, at his last meeting with the Rajah, in March 1793, when, proceeding from Bombay to Calcutta, he touched at Cannanore. In this paper, the Rajah was permitted to assert, that he had been an independent prince, and had never paid tribute to Mysore, while, at the same time, he declared his willingness "to pay, of his own free will, the sum of 8,000 Pagodas to the Company every year, for their friendship and protection." The Company, on the other hand, engaged to give no molestation to the Rajah, and in no wise to interfere with the Government of Coorg, as the Rajah was quite competent to take care of his own affairs; the tribute of 8,000 Pagodas was to be paid at Tellicherry.

From this time to the end of his life, Viraraja remained the trusty friend of the Company, and his affairs prospered. In 1795 the Rajah communicated to the English Government the intelligence he had obtained through some spies, that Tippoo Sultan was concerting plans with the Mahrattas. He himself had to guard against assassins, secretly despatched into Coorg by his mortal enemy. In 1793 Viraraja took up his residence in a new palace built at Natkanadu, and in the following year celebrated there his second marriage in the presence of a deputy from the Commissioner of Malabar.

In the beginning of 1809, the Rajah was again actively employed in assisting the Bombay troops marching towards Seringapatam, with coolies, draught of cattle and elephants, grain and sheep. An hospital was erected for the sick of the Bombay army, whom General Stuart left in Coorg, when he marched against Seringapatam. Viraraja offered to accompany the English force into Mysore; but was politely requested to stay behind with his Coorgs to protect his own country and secure the

rear. The Coorgs were rather troublesome auxiliaries to a regular army, as bad as the Mahrattas, if not worse. Captain Mahoney, who had been appointed Resident to Viraraja a short time previous to the commencement of the last war with Tippoo, communicated to the Rajah, the Earl of Mornington's proclamation of war, dated Fort St. George, 22nd February 1799, and asked him, in the name of the Company's Government, to exert himself to the utmost of his power, as he would necessarily share the fate of the English, if Tippoo were victorious. In the early part of March, Tippoo moved with a large force towards the frontier of Coorg, to oppose the Bombay army. He encamped near Periapattana. The battle of Siddapur ensued, when two battalions under Colonel Montresor and Major Disney held their ground from morning until 2 o'clock in the afternoon against the whole army of Tippoo, and two European regiments, led by General Stuart to their assistance, broke Tippoo's line, and obtained a complete victory, after a hard fight of three hours and a half, over the Mysoreans. On the 11th of March, Tippoo retreated towards Seringapatam. Viraraja was present at the battle of Siddishvara. While Seringapatam was besieged, Viraraja sent an expedition of Coorgs, under Subaya and Bopu, into the Tulu country, the greater part of which was wrested from the Mussulmans and plundered in Coorg style. On the 4th of May, Seringapatam was stormed, and Tippoo himself killed in the fray. On the 23rd of May, General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, sent a letter of thanks to Viraraja, accompanied by a present of one of Tippoo's own horses, one of his palkis, and one of his howdas. The promise was also given, that the country of Coorg would be restored to the Rajah. The annual tribute was remitted as an acknowledgment of the services of the Rajah to the Company in their wars with Tippoo, instead of which Viraraja was requested to send a yearly present of an elephant. Purnaya, the Brahman Minister of Finance under Tippoo, was placed at the head of the Government of Mysore, which the Company restored to a descendant, then a child of six years, of the ancient Rajahs. Viraraja had to restore to Mysore the districts he had occupied during the season of hostilities, and Karanika Subaya had to evacuate the Tulu country. Viraraja did not consider himself well treated, and was mortified by the withdrawal of the Resident, and the request addressed to him that he should for the future put himself in correspondence with Colonel Close, the Resident at Seringapatam. Yet he never wavered in his faithful allegiance to, and his perfect confidence in, the friendship of the Company. In 1801, Rajapumoji, a daughter of Viraraja, by his first Rane, was espoused to Basaralinga, the Rajah of Sode. Viraraja wrote to the Governor-General to apprize him of the intended marriage, and of his wish to settle one lakh of Rupees of

the property held by him in Bombay Government paper, upon the Sode Rajah, as Rajaminaji's portion. In 1804, Captain Mahoney arrived at Mercara with a letter from the Governor-General, informing Viraraja, that six Maganes of the province of Canara would be transferred to him by Mr. Ravenshaw, the Collector of Mangalore, in return for the supplies he had furnished, and the services he had rendered to the British Government during the late wars. The districts thus added to Coorg on its western frontier, yielded 24,897 Pagodas. In the same year, the boundary between Coorg and Mysore on the Subrah Manya side, was finally adjusted. Before the end of 1805, Rajaminaji, the Rane of Sode, was delivered of a son, who received the name of Sada-shivaraja.

Viraraja was now left in the free and full possession of his principality; he lived on the most friendly terms with the Mysore Residents, the Madras Governors, Sir George Barlow, and Lord W. Bentinck, and of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Wellesley, from whom he received a splendid sword of honor. About the time his first grandson was born to him at Sode; he was fondly attached to his new wife, Mahadevaranee, who had borne him two daughters, and might have lived and died a happy man, if he had had a son and heir, if he had not distrusted his nearest relatives, and if his violent temper had not often carried him beyond the bounds of humanity. He lived in constant dread of poison, and it is difficult to say, if the frenzy which seemed at times to seize him, was not caused by drugs administered to him in spite of all his caution. In 1807 he caused a history of his house to be written, which is still extant. An English translation of this work was completed by a "Robert Abercromby,"* probably an officer in the service of the Company, perhaps a relative of Sir Robert Abercromby, on the 10th of August 1808, at Mangalore. The Rajendraname, in its conclusion, affords a glimpse of the alternations of hope and fear, which agitated the poor Rajah's heart. His last words are—"On the 7th of the Pushya month, Ractaxi year, (1805) Captain Mahoney brought the sword, sent by Marquis Wellesley from Bengal, and fastened it round the Rajah's waist. In the Magha month (February 1806), Viraraja told Captain Mahoney for the information of the Governor-General, that on the day of his second marriage, when he sat on the throne with his Rane, he had determined, that any son of his by this wife should be his successor; that his wife had borne him two daughters. If any son be hereafter born of her, he would be the heir; but if it was the

* Both the Rajendraname of Virarajendra Vodeya, and the translation of Robert Abercromby, are in course of publication by orders and at the expense of the Government of Madras.

will of God, that she should bear no son, then the three sons of his concubine, called Rajashekarappa, Shishushekarappa, and Chandrashekarappa, should succeed to the throne. Since the above date, two more daughters, in all four, have been borne by Mahadeva Rancee, who died at 3 o'clock on Sunday, the 7th day of the month Jeshta, 4909, Prabhava year. As by her death the Rajah's hopes of having a son by her were blasted, and he was afraid, lest, if the succession devolved on the sons of another mother, they would create trouble to the four daughters of his lawful Queen, the Rajah determined, that of the four daughters, who are named Devammaji, Muddanmai, Rajammaji, and Mahjadevammaji, the eldest should be married, and whatever son she might have, he should be named Virarajendra, receive the Rajah's seal, and the sword which was presented to him by Marquis Wellesley, and be the successor to the throne. If she should, however, have no son, the son of either of her younger sisters, according to seniority, should be the successor, and so long as the line of any of his four above-mentioned daughters continued, none of the heirs of the other mother should succeed to the throne; but, upon the family of his four daughters being extinct, the fittest of the above three sons, or their posterity, should succeed. The Rajah, sensible of the instability of human life and all other things, has thought proper now to determine and record this matter in order that no wrong may hereafter occur; and he requests, that the English Sarkar will be the guardian of his family, and see the execution of the above written will attended to.

In order that the Rajah's heirs may be acquainted with his resolution, he has written a copy thereof, to which he has affixed his seal and signature, and which is lodged in the Palace treasury.

This passage shews distinctly enough the Rajah's fondness for the four daughters of his beloved Rancee, his morbid anxiety for being succeeded by a grandson at least, of his own name, his fears regarding the safety of his beloved daughters in case of one of his other relatives (brothers) succeeding him, and his absolute confidence in the English Sarkar.

In May 1807, Mahadeva Rancee died; and now commenced the last act, full of blood and horrors, of the drama of poor Virarajendra's life. His beloved wife had, he suspected, been destroyed by sorceries; he dreaded a similar fate. The spirits of the many victims he had sacrificed in fits of passion, or in whims of suspicion, began to trouble him. A conspiracy, in which all his Coorg guards were implicated, nearly succeeded. He extinguished it in a flood of blood; 3,000 Coorgs were massacred by his band of Africans, in the palace yard. The Rajah himself shot

dead 25 of the conspirators, from a balcony window. Many of their families also appear to have been destroyed on that occasion. The shades of death thickened around him. From the settled gloom of his melancholy, he was roused now and then only to deeds of cruelty. The only object for which he yet cared to live, was to obtain the sanction of the Supreme Government for his settlement of the succession, upon which, he thought, the future happiness, yea the safety of his beloved daughter and her sisters depended. His requests were never distinctly granted, but he thought they were. His daughters, however, were solemnly taken under the protection of the Company by Mr. Cole, the Resident of Mysore. The Madras Government took charge of 186,000 star pagodas, in behalf of his favorite daughter Devammaji. His wishes were thus, in a great measure, accomplished. Yet he had no rest. He suspected his two brothers Appaji and Lingaraja. One morning he sent executioners to fetch their heads. His repentance came too late for saving Appaji's life: Lingaraja escaped. Another day, in a fit of rage, he ordered four of his principal officers to be destroyed, and was overwhelmed with remorse, when, on calling for them, after the cooling of his frenzy, he was informed that they had been executed by his orders. These deeds, he feared, would be reported to the Supreme Government. He dreaded their displeasure. Twice he attempted his own life, perhaps *pretended* to do so; once he cut his throat with a razor; once he swallowed poison. On both occasions he was restored by Dr. Ingledew. The Supreme Government, in answer to the reports sent to them, pitied, pardoned, and comforted by kind assurances the poor distracted Rajah. All was of no avail. When the gloom of the monsoon 1809 set in, he sunk by degrees. His violence diminished; he felt more kindly towards the Sode Rajah, his son-in-law, and appointed him Dewan during Devammaji's minority. But his mind never fully recovered its tone. On the 9th of June, he sent for his favorite daughter, gave his seal into her hand, and expired. He lies buried in one of the mausoleums which grace the hill overlooking the town of Mercara.

His brother, Lingaraja, a man of consummate hypocrisy, and of a depth of cunning extraordinary even among Coorgs, stealthily crept into power. The Sode Rajah, Dewan and guardian of Devammaji, was frightened away. He was paid off with a lakh of Rupees. Lingaraja contrived to obtain the sanction, or at least, acquiescence of the Supreme Government, as he proceeded, slowly but surely, to the fulfilment of his schemes. He first made himself Regent of Coorg, and guardian of his niece, the Ranee, (as such Devammaji was acknowledged in a letter of the Marquis of Hastings, dated 2nd April 1809) before the

end of 1810. In 1811, he announced to the Government of Fort St. George, that he had assumed the Government of Coorg in his own name. Mr. Cole, the Resident of Mysore, was ordered to make enquiry in Coorg as to the lawfulness of Lingaraja's claim to the throne. The enquiry was not made; it would have been futile. The Resident's own opinion was, that female succession in Coorg was contrary to the Shastras, (Query—what Shastras? the Coorgs have none) and the usages of the country. (But Ranees have reigned in Kokeri, of which Coorg, in ancient times, probably was a dependency, and elsewhere.) The Supreme Government put off the decision of the somewhat intricate question until the Ranees would obtain her majority, when she might prove her claims. There was no protest against Lingaraja's assumption of power. He now tried to obtain possession of three lakhs of Rupees in the Bombay funds, left to Devammaji, by selling the bonds to Messrs. Forbes and Co. But the Government refused the payment of the money, until Lingaraja proved, in a Court of law, that the property was his own. The attempt was not made. He succeeded better at Madras. There he obtained permission to draw the interest of five and a half lakhs, in behalf of Devammaji, through Messrs. Binny and Co. Before the end of 1812, Lingaraja had substantially succeeded in his schemes. He continued, however, to feel uneasy. He dreaded enquiry, and a change in the measures of the Supreme Government. He prevented, as far as lay in his power, all communication between Coorg and the surrounding territory of the Company. The frontiers were guarded, and, nobody was allowed to pass out or in without the Rajah's leave. European visitors were treated with profuse hospitality, and overwhelmed with civilities, but all communication between them and the natives of the country was carefully prevented. During his first years, the Dewan Kshoury Karyappa, to whom he owed his first successes, was a check upon him; but, when he found himself safely established, he charged one day his parton and advocate with treacherous designs, and tormented him to death with several of his friends, nailing them to large trees in a forest not far from Mercara. A great slaughter of relatives and friends of the so-called traitors accompanied the cruel destruction of the principals. In 1820, Lingaraja died, after having held possession of Coorg for eleven long years, at the age of 45. His elder brother had died at about the same time of life. Like him, he suspected that he died a victim to magic arts, employed by enemies among his own people. No doubt, many hated him in secret, and poison may have been administered to him; for poison was as freely used in Coorg (perhaps still is) as sorcery. A little tank at the foot of the hill on which the fort of Mercara stands, the water of which the Ra-

jahs used to drink, was once poisoned in the time of old Viraraja, and he suffered long from the effects of an unsuspected draught of water. Lingaraja's Ranee swallowed diamond powder in order to escape from the hatred of the young Rajah, and was buried with her husband in one of the above-mentioned tombs.

The present ex-Rajah succeeded. He was acknowledged by the British Government without any difficulty, it appears. Devammaji's claims, and the promises of the Supreme Government given to her father were overlooked. The resolution of the Marquis of Hastings, that the Coorg question should be investigated when Virarajendra's daughter would reach majority, seems to have been forgotten. The new Rajah was under twenty when he became his own master. His education, in the European sense of the word, had been entirely neglected. He was a proficient, however, in all Coorg accomplishments, good and bad. An excellent rider, a good shot, dexterous gymnastic, a deep philosopher, deadened by the pantheistic Guana, on which he prided himself, to the feelings and scruples of common humanity, surrounded by trembling and flattering slaves, and possessed, he fancied, of absolute power within his own territory, he commenced life, the life of a Hindu Rajah. No wonder that he followed the example of his father, and that being destitute of Lingarajah's caution, and aided, if not led, by an infamous upstart, a creature of his father's, the Dewan Kunta Basava, he rendered himself an object of hatred and contempt to his chiefs, provoked at the same time the just displeasure and resentment of the British Government, and thus forfeited his fief and his liberty in 1834. He is generally represented by the natives as more licentious, but less cruel than his father and his uncle Virarajendra. On his accession to power those who had, in the life time of his father, incurred his displeasure, or thwarted his wishes, were sacrificed to his vengeance. Several of his male relatives, also, seem to have fallen at this season. The idea seems to have established itself in the Rajah's mind, that he would be more secure in the possession of Coorg, if no other male member of his family existed, by whom the British Government could displace him; for, on an occasion, when a Mysore Resident enquired after the members of his family, he replied with evident satisfaction, that he had none but female relatives; I am quite alone, he said—the only male of the family. Chaunavira, a relative of the Rajah, fled into the Mysore territory with his family in 1825. Viraraja immediately applied to Mr. Cole, the then Resident, for the seizure and extradition of the fugitives, describing Chaunavira as a Coorg farmer, who had fled from justice. Mr. Cole complied with the false request. Chaunavira was seized in the neighbourhood of Periapatna and delivered to the Coorg peons.

The Resident contented himself with a letter in which he requested to be informed of the man's guilt, and the punishment awarded to him. The whole family, consisting of 22 souls, was destroyed on one day at Kantamuranadu; and, when Mr. Casamajor, Mr. Cole's successor, in 1826, enquired through Captain Monk, after the fate of Chaunavira, the Rajah told the Captain, that Chaunavira and his whole family had been carried off by cholera. In spite of the strict frontier watch, rumours of frequent executions by the Coorg Rajah spread in the Mysore, and came to the notice of Government. The Resident was instructed by the Supreme Government to demand of the Rajah a regular report of every case of capital punishment inflicted by him. Viraraja protested against this assumption of authority; but the Supreme Government insisted upon his obedience; its orders, however, were never complied with. In the beginning of 1832, Mr. Casamajor heard, that the Coorg Rajah had raised a troop of female cavalry, and had shot in effigy a Coorg Nagah, who had fled the country. The Resident thought the young man had gone mad. In the month of September of the same year, Devammaji, a sister of the Rajah, and Chaunasava, her husband, suddenly appeared at Yelwal, as fugitives from Coorg, and implored the protection of the Company. Chaunasava told Mr. Casamajor, that they had fled for their lives. The story found full credit, and great interest has taken in the two Coorg refugees. Viraraja immediately demanded the surrender of his relatives. Mr. Casamajor demurred, and wrote for instructions; the Supreme Government ordered Chaunasava and his wife to be kept under protection. Now the real state of Coorg affairs gradually came to light, and the Rajah was detested by all who heard of his misdeeds. Aware of the consequences of Chaunasava's and Devannunaji's escape, the Rajah was irritated beyond measure and was excited to mad schemes. Mr. Casamajor, who resided at Yelwal, was to be seized at night, and carried off to Mercara by a party of Coorgmen. Chaunasava and Devammaji, who had been removed to Bangalore, were there to be assassinated by some emissaries of the Rajahs. He went headlong into treasonable intrigues; harboured Suryappa, a rebellious Polygar of Nuggur, plotted with the Rajah of Mysore, yea, sent an Agent to Ranjeet Sing. Messrs. Binny and Co. were now prohibited from continuing to draw, in behalf of the Rajah, the interest of Virarajendra's legacy to his daughter; still the British Government was reluctant to resort to violent measures. In January 1833, Sir Frederic Adam, Governor of Madras, addressed a long letter to Viraraja, full of sound lessons on good government, and positively demanded compliance, in future, with the

order of 1827, that all capital punishments, which took place in Coorg, should be regularly reported and explained. Mr. Casamajor carried the letter to Mercara in person, and had several conferences with the Rajah. The latter at first talked, as if he were an independent prince; the Resident reminded him of the tribute formerly paid by the Coorg Rajahs to the rulers of Mysore, and of the elephant Viraraja himself had annually to present to the Company in lieu. When Mr. Casamajor proceeded to hint that strong measures were in contemplation, the Rajah declared, that he was an ill used and much calumniated man, and made great professions of most dutiful allegiance to the British Government. The Resident returned from his bootless visit. The accounts from Coorg continued as bad as ever. Mr. Casamajor recommended the quartering of a native Regiment in the neighbourhood of Mercara, to act as a check upon the Rajah, but Government were still loath to proceed to extremities. Mr. Graeme was despatched from Madras to Coorg, and charged to make a last attempt at an amicable settlement. The Rajah seized and kept in durance a native deputy of Mr. Graeme, would not see the British envoy, and refused to set Kalpavaty Karyakara Menou, at liberty, until the Rajah's relatives were given up to him by the Government. He addressed, moreover, insolent letters to Sir Frederic Adam, and Lord W. Bentinck, and resolved on going to war with the Company. Troops were collected, (this was a very farce; the blind, and the halt, and the maimed were swept together and assembled for drill on the open space in front of the Mercara fort) and the Coorgs were ordered to prepare for the fight. The Maharajah of Coorg issued proclamations to the people in the Company's territories, calling upon Hindoos and Mussulmans to rise against the foreign despots, who aimed at the spoiling of castes, and the destruction of the religions of Hindusthan, under the banners of the Haleri dynasty, etc. In order, however, to keep his own person out harm's way, the Rajah removed twenty miles to the westward of Mercara, to the palace built by his uncle, at Nalkanadu, a place almost inaccessible to an army. He took with him his women, his band, his treasures,* and what remained of the members of the Coorg Rajah's families. The Company's

* The Coorg Rajahs were possessed of great wealth. Old Viraraja's lamentation that he had lost every thing he had at Kurchi, is probably far from correct. The ex-Rajah, before his retirement to Nalkanadu, buried at Mercara one night, 40 pare (one pare is equal to ten seers) of Rupees. A still greater amount of treasure he buried in the jungle behind the Nalkanad Palace, which has never been detected. The prize money distributed to the Company's troops, amounted to sixteen lakhs of Rupees; yet the ex-Rajah has carried away with him great wealth in jewels. Devammaji's treasure, worth a lakh of Pagodas, a person might have put into his pocket; it filled but half of a small brass vessel (lota.)

troops advanced from East and West towards Coorg. * Affairs began to look serious. The leaders of the Coorgs, who, in their ignorance, had boasted before the Rajah,* that they would sally forth and exterminate the English, were true enough to their words, and took up their posts at the different passes, where they might have defended themselves most effectually, and would, perhaps, have repulsed the Company's troops, had not the Rajah, incited partly by the hope (founded probably on him unaccountable and really accessive of the British Government,) that a reconciliation was yet possible, partly by the fear, that he might lose all, if matters went to extremities, sent orders prohibiting the Coorgs from encountering the troops of the Company. To this vacillation of the Rajah, the several divisions of the British expedition, then marching into Coorg, were more indebted for their success and even safety, than to the skill and talents of their commanders. Colonel Lindsay, especially, who marched from Fraserpet towards Mercara in his approved style, guns foremost, through the narrow passes blocked up by trees, that had been felled and thrown across—with the greatest difficulty, might have been destroyed, and his ammunition blown up, simply by setting fire to the high jungle grass, which, dry as tinder in April, abounded on his road. When Viraraja had gone to Nalkanad, the Dewans, Bopu and Ponappa, who were left at Mercara, considered matters for themselves, and with

* Not all the advisers, however, of the Rajah bragged like Kuntabasava, who may have wished to ruin his master, and eventually to betray him to the British Government. Nor is it unlikely, that the Rajah at last suspected his intentions. After he had surrendered to Colonel Fraser, and returned to the Mercara palace, Kuntabasava, for whose apprehension a reward of 1,000 Rs. had been offered, was brought in from the Nalkanadu jungle; but, as the story goes, strangled in the Cutcherry at the foot of the Mercara hill, by orders of the Rajah, before he could divulge secrets and compromise his master. One moonlight night, a short time before the commencement of hostilities, the Rajah walked with Kuntabasava, and the Parsi, Darashetty, (Daraset) on the Maidan before the Fort of Mercara, accompanied by two torch-bearers, and one of the lads of his band. Viraraja talked of the war; Darashetty ventured to give hints of caution. Call Ponappa, exclaimed the Rajah suddenly; let us hear his opinion. He appeared forthwith (he was one of the Dewans, a member of an old and wealthy Coorg family of Kiggatnadu; he has a good name in Coorg as an honest man who took no bribes, even under the Company's Government.) He stood before the Rajah in the position required by the slave etiquette of Coorg. The palms of his hands shut upon his breast, the head bowed down almost to the knees. His master asked: what do you think of our war with the Company? they refuse to surrender Channabasava, what can I do? Honest Ponappa answered: "It is impossible for us to fight with the Company; they are like the sea; we like a ditch; they are our protectors; the old treaties ought to be remembered." Before he had well finished his short reply, Kuntabasava, with his balled iron fist, gave him a blow on the temple, which sent him to the ground for dead. The torch-bearers wanted to lift him up, but the Rajah cried: "let him alone!" From that moment he was in disgrace. After the Company had taken possession of Coorg, Ponappa became the principal man in the country; he was made first Dewan, and was much respected, both by his superiors and the people.

their friends, and came to the resolution of surrendering to the Company, and of exchanging, if possible, a master, from whom they had every thing to fear, the life of no man and the honor of no family being safe under his rule, for the just and peaceable dominion of the Company. Accordingly Dewan Bopu with a party of 400 Coorgs, went to meet Colonel Fraser, the Agent of the Governor-General, surrendered to him and offered to conduct the Company's troops to the capital. On the 10th of April 1834, the English flag was hoisted at Mercara. Viraraja in the mean time, had at Nalkanadu, buried part of his treasures, and murdered the remainder of his relatives, with the exception of some aged females.* Life and honorable treatment being offered

* There was a rumour in Coorg, during the ex-Rajahs time, that one of the Haleri princes was still alive, but wandered about in other parts of India. The Rajah himself seems to have given some credit to the rumour. When the palace at Virarajandrapet was built, under Lingaraja, the people said, that the residence was intended for the Haleri Prince; no man, however, in Coorg had seen him for many years. In 1833, the news spread in Coorg, and reached the Rajah, that a Sanyasi, an extraordinary man, went about in the Munjerahad district, (North of Coorg) that he had a number of followers, performed miracles, and composed extempore songs like Dasapadas. Some of his verses were brought to Mercara, and sung in the palace. The Rajah became curious to see the man. At last a report came from the Northern frontier gate, that Abhrambara wished to enter Coorg. He was desired to come to Mercara. On his arrival, he was brought into the palace, and introduced to the Rajah. He was a tall powerful man; his hands reached almost down to his knees; he was dressed very sparingly, and wore a large beard, looking more like a Mussulman Fakir than a Hindu Sanyasi. The Rajah asked him: "Who are you?" "A man," was his answer. R. "Where is your home?" S. "Here." R. "Who was your mother?" S. "The womb." R. "Who is your father?" The Sanyasi continued to give the Rajah short, contemptuous, and more and more indecent answers, so that he was greatly annoyed, and though afraid of maltreating him, (for the man had an imposing appearance,) he sent him abruptly away, and ordered him to live near the Rajah's tank, which was carefully guarded, where he should receive, whatever he required for food. The Sanyasi, however, wanted very little; he used to eat one or two small brinjals, and a few tender shoots of rushes every day, without touching any thing else. The tank guards were ordered to have a sharp eye upon him; but on the third morning, about 10 o'clock, after he had performed his ablutions, while the guards were walking about, he suddenly disappeared. Report was made to the Rajah, who caused strict search to be made, and immediately despatched messengers to the different frontier gates. All in vain. Abhrambara was no more seen in Coorg till after the establishment of the Company's government, when he appeared again in the North of Coorg with a retinue of about 100 people, Sanyasis, Brahmins, Janganiyas, &c. It is said, that he visited Haleri in order to see his wife, one of the women, who live in the old palace on a pension from the Company; that he there held a kind of Durbar, which was attended by a number of Coorgs and others, who however, entreated him to leave the country again for fear of the new Sarkar, that his followers gradually increased to 500, whom he fed every day out of one dish of rice, which never failed. Abhrambara's story moves altogether on the confines of reality and myth. Captain Le Hardey, the then Superintendent, heard of the man, and wished to apprehend him; but he was not to be caught. Two of his followers, Kalyanabasava, and Puttubasava were seized at Baitur, in the Malayalam, and brought to Mercara. Lakshmanarayana, one of the Dewans, began to meddle in these matters, and eventually was sent prisoner to Bangalore. His brother at Sulya was at the head of the so-called Coorg insurrection of 1837.

to the Rajah by Col. Fraser, if he would surrender ; he was not slow to avail himself of so favorable terms. On the 12th April he came to Mercara, and had an interview with the Agent of the Governor-General. The new aspect of things boded him no good, he had yet pleased himself with the hope of being allowed to remain in Coorg, though, it might be, under sharp control ; but he found out, that his deposition and removal were determined upon ; he felt uneasy also at the thought, that Kuntabasava, the accomplice of all his acts, was likely to be delivered, or to give himself up to Colonel Fraser. Only after he had succeeded in delivering himself from the wretch, he breathed a little more freely, and commenced to represent himself as a misguided young man, led astray by a wicked minister. Some fighting had taken place at Somavarpet, where a stockade had been incautiously attacked by Colonel Miller, and well defended by Appachanna, afterwards Subadar of Beppanad, and Kengala Nayaka, a reckless fellow of the Bedar caste, who shot the silver-haired Colonel whilst sitting on the ground at the foot of the Hegala-pass, which leads from Cannanore into Coorg, where also one or two officers lost their lives. With these exceptions, Coorg was peaceably taken possession of, and the expedition earned their rich prize-money very easily.

The representative of the Governor-General now entered into negotiations with the remaining Dewans and other principal men, which must have puzzled them not a little, but which they turned to pretty good account, after having comprehended their novel position. They, no doubt, had expected that the principality would, without much ado, be converted into a Company's talook. They were surprised to find themselves treated almost as an independent body. Not being quite sure whether the Rajah would not, in the end, be allowed to remain in Coorg, and, wishing to be on the safe side, they made a proposal to Colonel Fraser to permit the Rajah to stay among them. When they were informed most positively, that he *must* leave the country, they were greatly relieved, and readily acquiesced in the orders of the Sarkar. They were induced, however, to express anxiety for the maintenance of their religion, and especially begged of Colonel Fraser to stop the pollution of their country by the killing of beef for the use of the European troops. Their petition was at once granted ; the butchers were ordered down to Fraserpet, a distance of twenty miles from Mercara, and to this day the beef consumed by soldiers and other European residents at that station is carried up from Fraserpet ! In other respects also, the Coorgs were treated as if they were the masters of the country, and were greatly pleased with the sudden change from abject servitude to a kind of consequential independence. The upshot was, that Colonel

Fraser issued a proclamation, which declared that Coorg was annexed, because it was the wish of the people to be ruled by the British Government! It ran thus :—

“Whereas it is the unanimous wish of the inhabitants of Coorg to be taken under the protection of the British Government, His Excellency, the Right Honorable the Governor-General has been pleased to resolve, that the territory heretofore governed by Virarajendra Vodeya shall be transferred to the Honorable Company. The inhabitants are hereby assured that they shall not again be subjected to native rule, that their civil and religious usages will be respected, and that the greatest desire will invariably be shown by the British Government, to augment their security, comfort, and happiness.

(Signed) J. S. FRASER,

Lieut.-Col. and Political Agent.”

Camp at Mercara, 7th May 1834.

After a short stay at Mercara, the Rajah had to leave under an escort. He rode away through the town of Mercara, ordering the band to strike up—“The British Grenadier.” A number of his wives accompanied him. In their palkis and his own he concealed vast sums of money in gold. On the road from Mercara to the low country, the bearers, who had to carry the women’s dhoolies, which were filled with bags of gold, stumbled and fell in difficult places, and refused to carry such heavy loads. In the confusion, bearers and other attendants helped themselves freely to part of the spoil, which was secretly carried away by orders of the Rajah. The latter soon became aware that it was not safe to carry with him such an amount of treasure, for he had been permitted to take away only ten thousand Rupees. On the first halting place, therefore, near the frontiers of Coorg, he had a pit dug in the kitchen tent, by those of his attendants, in whom he placed the greatest confidence. Bag after bag, filled with large gold coins, was piled up in the pit, all the men present swore a great oath to the Rajah, that they would faithfully keep the secret. The ground was levelled again, and kitchen fires lighted upon it. When the escort moved again, the Rajah’s palkis were lighter. After a short time, Mandria Uttaya of Nalkanadu, a Karyakara of the Rajahs, returned home; in a few days he set out again with bullocks, and accompanied by a brother-in-law, to fetch Ragi from the Eastern country. The bullocks and men, however, found their way to Sirlekote, to the place of the Rajah’s encampment. There the bags of the bullocks, were filled with something heavier than Ragi. In the night, the treasure was carried to a safe place in the neighbourhood of a relative’s house at Hudikerinadu, on the Eastern side of the Coorg hills, and

thence leisurely transferred to Nalkanad in the west. Before, however, the whole had been brought into safety, the secret oozed out, and Uttaya found it necessary to inform Captain Le Hardey, that he knew of treasure secreted by the Rajah, both in the Hudikerinad, and at Mercara. An elephant was despatched to the Eastward under the guidance of Uttaya, who faithfully delivered to the Company all he had left there. He shewed also the place, where the Rajah had buried the abovementioned 400 seers of Rupees, and received a reward of 1,000 Rs. for his loyal honesty! But the treasure he thought he had secured in his home at Nalkanad, got wings; he had taken the precaution of burying the gold bags in different parts of the garden behind his house. His frequent visits in that direction excited the suspicions of other inmates of the house. One after the other had the luck of finding a bag; gold coins were handed about rather freely at Nalkanad. The Pales (a lower caste, generally servants,) got the scent, and came in for their share, so that in the end poor Uttaya had gained little beyond incessant quarrels among the members of his family, who had secretly divided the spoil. Behold the famed honesty of Coorg! The Rajah proceeded first to Bangalore, then to Vellore, and finally to Benares. Channabasava and his wife continued for some time in the Mysore; afterwards, when they thought themselves safe, they returned to Apagalla, their farm, in the neighbourhood of Mercara, where they still live, upon a liberal pension. Viraraja contrived to keep up a secret correspondence with Coorg, and to revive from time to time rumours of his return to the principality. Few men, if any, wished to see him come back, and to exchange the mild and unoppressive rule of the Company for the excitement and the terrors of the old regime. But whenever Coorgmen are sound-
ed by officers of Government, they are sure to put on a face, and to throw out hints, as if the return of the Rajah was likely to cause great embarrassment to the present Government; when, of course, their services and fidelity would be of great value.

By the deposition of the Rajah, the Coorgs have lost nothing and gained every thing. Under the former rulers, the life and property of men, and the honor of women were equally insecure. Several hundred Coorgmen, sometimes a thousand, had to attend upon the Rajah at Mercara, and to absent from home for months. They were all fed out of one common kitchen, filthy to a degree, disgusting even to Coorgs. Forced labor was the order of the day. A Parpatigara's pay was one Rupee per mensem; the allowances of a Subadar amounted to 30 Rs. per annum. The favourite Dewan, Kuntobasava, was a Badaga (a Canarese man of lowest extraction, who had risen from a dogboy to the Dewan-ship under Lingarajah), who hated the Coorgs, as he was hated

in return, and maltreated them whenever he had an opportunity. The Rajah, also, perhaps under the influence of Kuntabasava, had no affection for the Coorgs ; he mistrusted, perhaps feared them. No one dared to speak a free word, no one even dared to appear in good clothes. A fine coat, if seen by the Rajah, was pretty sure to draw a sound flogging upon the back which had sported it. The new Government did all they could to please them, and though the liberation of the Rajah's slaves (Panyada Holcyam) was rather obnoxious to them, yet the new masters paid their public servants splendidly, giving them as much per mensem as they formerly had received per annum. The common people were free from forced labor ; every body's person and property were safe, and the Coorgs were now the pet race of the country. When, therefore, three years after the annexation of Coorg, the mis-called Coorg insurrection broke out, the Coorgs proved themselves the most loyal subjects, for which again they were most abundantly praised and rewarded with enam lands to a great extent, gold and silver medals, guns, swords and knives, according to their merits, or perhaps to the different degrees of relationship and friendship in which they stood to the Dewans.

The causes of the abortive outbreak in 1837 have not fully come to light. One of the Dewans, the above named Lakshminarayana, a Brahman, who was ill-pleased with the ascendancy of his Coorg brother Dewans, was deeply implicated. A brother of his at Sulya, in the low country, to the west of the Coorg Hills, which had been ceded by the Company to old Virarajendra as a reward for his services during the Mysore wars, was in league with some rich and influential Gandas, a tribe on the Western slope of the ghats, who resemble the Coorgs in many of their habits and sometimes intermarry with them. These were disaffected to the Company's government. After the annexation of Coorg, the districts of Amara Sulya, Puttin and Bantwala, the latter adjoining that of Mangalore, had been re-transferred to the province of Canara, from which they had been taken. Under the Rajahs, the assessment had been paid in kind. The Collector of Mangalore, now demanded cash payment : this was considered a grievance, as the farmers were laid under tribute by the money-changers. The insurgents assembled at Sulya. They were a mere rabble, but they made a successful attack at Puttur on the Collector of Mangalore, and two companies of sepoys. A party of the rebels, whose courage and numbers increased after their unexpected success, advanced to Mangalore, opened the jail, and, with the assistance of the prison fraternity, burnt and looted the Cutcherry and some civilians' houses, situated on the hills overlooking the town. All the world was seized with a panic. The civilians, who fled on board a ship, which carried them to Cana-

nore, were spectators of the conflagration of their houses behind them, and thought the whole country was in arms. The commanding officer held a council of war, usually a very unwarlike thing; and, had boats been procurable, the garrison consisting of a Regiment, much weakened it is true, by the detachment of several companies, would have embarked and run away before a few hundred Gandas, if so many, and the rabble of the jail. Troops were immediately sent from Cannanore and Bombay; but, when they arrived, they found nobody to fight with. The Mangalore garrison recovered their presence of mind, and had no difficulty in maintaining their ground, and restoring order. This was altogether a Ganda affair. However, from the centre of the movement at Sulya, two other trains were fired, one across Nalkanad and Beppunad, the centre of the Coorg world, to Virarajendrapet, the second town in Coorg, and the principal place of trade;—the other across the districts of Panje and Ballari and Subrahmanya to the northern parts of Coorg, inhabited by Badagas, who had been trusted and favored by the ex-Rajah above the Coorgs. The Dewan, Kantabasava, had his relatives, connections, and his ever ready tools there. Formal proclamations were issued, in the name of that mysterious personage, Abhrambara, who seemed to be everywhere and nowhere. The Coorgs and other inhabitants of the country were summoned to the service of the great prince of the Haleri house, who was about to take possession of his inheritance. A number of Coorgs about Talekaveri and Nalkanadu believed the Nirupas, to which a Rajah's seal was attached, and the assurances of the messengers who carried them. They took up arms, and went down to the head-quarters at Sulya, Abhrambara's letters patent were carried to Beppunad. The Coorgs there, officials and others, were taken by surprise, not knowing what to believe, and unable to discern the safer side, they hesitated. After a day or two, a deputation from Virarajendrapet went to Mercara to see the Dewans, to report to them and ask for their directions. Captain Le Hardey, the Superintendent, was on the alert. After consultation with the Dewans, he left Ponappa at Mercara, and marched with Bopu and a body of troops in the direction of Sulya as far as Sampaji, whether Bopu had received intelligence that the insurgents were moving from Sulya. When Captain Le Hardey, after a long and tedious march, had reached Sampaji at the foot of the Ghats, no rebels were to be seen, and he learnt that they had moved towards the Bislighat and the North Coorg. It was impossible to follow the insurgents through a tract of forest hills, difficult of passage even for travellers. He returned, therefore, to Mercara, and marched to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels, through the upper districts of Coorg. When he arrived there, still accompani-

ed by Bopu, no insurgents were to be seen, and intelligence now reached his camp, that the enemy was at Sampaji. He forthwith marched to Sampaji by way of Kadamakall. Again no rebels. The Superintendent began to doubt the fidelity of his Dewan companion. On his return to Mercara, he was told by Bonappa, the Coorg nobleman, who seems to have borne the poor parvenu Bopu a grudge, that information had been received in the meantime of several of Bopu's relatives having joined the insurgents. Captain Le Hardey's suspicions were thus confirmed. He called Bopu, and charged him straight with treachery. Go down to your friends, the rebels; be an open enemy; go, and I will come after you, and if I catch you, you shall be hung. Bopu, who was as faithful a servant of the Company as his friend Bonappa, was terribly alarmed. Appearances, certainly, were against him; yet he was innocent. But how was he to regain the confidence of the chief, which he had evidently lost? The man broke out into tears, and protested his fidelity with the eloquence of despair. Do you stay at Mercara, Captain Le Hardey, he said, and let me quell this miserable rebellion. If you give me liberty to act according to circumstances, and take all responsibility upon yourself, I will set out immediately, and bring you the ringleaders alive or dead. Captain Le Hardey felt the man was true, and permitted him to do as he pleased. The Coorgs from Beppunad and other districts had in the meantime collected at Mercara. A party of some sixty men was despatched to the North under Subadar Appachanna. Bopu, with another troop, marched straight down to Sampaji. Two Lictors of his own fashion preceded the Coorg Consul, *viz.*, two coolies, each of them carrying a load of fresh cut sticks. The Dewan evidently intended to give the rebels a licking in the literal sense of the word. His best Nalkanadu friends gathered around him; three of them marched a little in advance of the Dewan to scour the way before him; for Chetty Kudiya, who had been the late Rajah's shooting master and great favorite, a man of the Malekudiya caste, one of the jungle tribes, who could hit if he chose they said, the eye of a flying bird, had sworn to shoot Bopu dead the moment he saw him. The party had not proceeded farther than a quarter of a mile from Mercara, and were just descending the Ghat, when they met two unlucky wights, a former Subadar, Muddaya, and a late Parpatigara, Appaya. They were well known to Bopu. They had failed to give information of the insurrection; they must have known things, and had they sent him a message in due time, it would have saved him the danger of utter disgrace and ruin, from which he had barely escaped. He, therefore, ordered some of his followers to seize the fellows, and others to take out a fresh stick for each and give them a good blow up. The two unfortunates, at once seized by rude hands and

stripped of their coats, demanded explanation ; they were answered by blows. They protested their innocence, though no charge had been brought against them. Bopu did not stop to expostulate. Blows was the answer. They cried for mercy ; fresh blows followed. After a while they were left half dead on the ground, and Bopu marched on. Half way down the Sampaji pass, he met with a party of Nalkanadu Coorgs, men of his own acquaintance ; they were armed, but dared not to fight the Dewan ; he at once ordered them all to be seized by his men, who were much more numerous, and administered a severe castigation to all except one, who escaped by telling all he knew about the movements of the insurgents. Bopu went on gloriously. He did redeem the promise given to Capt. Le Hardey. The Subadar of Nalkanadu had been drawn into this foolish affair. Bopu sent him word, and then had a meeting with him, when he prevailed on him without difficulty to withdraw from the rebels and to return to the allegiance he had sworn to the Company. The loss of so influential a man was a great blow and discouragement to the petty insurrection. It was put down with little shedding of blood beyond that which was drawn, and from that day Coorg has been at peace.

ACCEPTED TRAVELLERS.

BY H. G. KEENE, ESQ., C. S.

1. *Voyages and Travels to India, &c.* BY GEORGE, VISCOUNT VALENTIA. 3 vols. 4to. London, 1809.
2. BISHOP HEBER'S *Journal in India*.
3. MURRAY'S *Home and Colonial Library*. Nos. 3—6. London 1846.

MONTESQUIEU, in a fit of self-dissatisfaction which circumstances neither justified nor required, once recorded—"I'ai la maladie de faire des livres, et d'en être honteux quand je les ai faits. We could desire no more appropriate, and perhaps no heavier punishment for some of our modern book-makers, than the shame which, a calm reconsideration of their own handiwork would be certain to inflict. Time was, when the composition of a book was on all hands admitted to be an undertaking by no means rashly to be commenced. In the first place, there was the subject, the thing to be said ; for the theory was that no one would propose to appear in print unless he had something to communicate to the public ; and it was considered, moreover, essential that this same thing to be communicated should be very clearly and completely understood by its professed expounder. Then there was the style, the manner of saying ; for in those rude times, it was held generally that writing was an art, and that like other arts, it had its rudiments and rules which required patience and labour for their mastery by the common race of people, and were not disregarded, but rather instinctively acquired, even by genius itself. But now-a-days, as we all know, audacity, writing materials, and a liberal bookseller are the only qualifications the least necessary, and equipped with these the aspiring *litterateur* may make his débüt with every chance of success.

It is rather curious that the branch of literature most readily chosen by complete ignorance as least likely to involve failure or provoke contempt, should be the writing of Travels: for surely, if we come to consider it, a good deal more should be required in a book of Travels than "gentle dulness" could by any species of conjuring be able to provide. And yet, is it not the case that no shallow-pate shall be found existing, who having from sheer ennui, or, perhaps, so recommended for change of beer, transferred his perfectly useless person, let us say, to the Holy Land, but shall desire on his return to communicate the result to the public; and shall not only so desire, but *shall* communicate it in two volumes octavo, bound in red cloth and lettered handsomely in gilt—"Montagu Square to Mount Sion." There is one thing certainly to be said, that the subject-matter of travels, in accordance with those modern views of convenience which suggest the sub-division of labor, has been distributed, and one branch alone generally falls to the lot of an individual traveller. Thus one gentleman takes up the *cuisine*, and we are informed, in considerable detail, what to "eat, drink and avoid" at the different hotels on the Rhine or in Italy. Another assumes the cab, omnibus, and railway department, and the different rates of travelling fares charged, and amounts of luggage permitted are discussed, always with spirit, and sometimes not without acrimony. Then we have comic tourists, flippant young gentlemen full of the slang of "Punch," who think it smart to carry an atmosphere of London magazines, London theatres, and their London "set" into the august and silent scenes of history. And have we not Protestant travellers who come home dreadfully shocked at the paganism of Rome, detail the singular acumen by which they discovered their courier to be a Jesuit in disguise, and declare, with astonishing gusto, that every educated catholic they conversed with—was an infidel?

In this fashion do these poor creatures, some perhaps, driven to it for bread, huckster their pennyworths of travellers' lore: and no class of literature, it is certain, though puffed through paying its expenses, affords so full and constant a supply of waste paper to the trunk-maker and the butterman as this,—which may be designated, from the only subject it adequately illustrates—the literature of locomotion.

How different from the reality of those paltry book-makers, the ideal of the true traveller!

Rarely gifted by nature with a body to withstand fatigue and endure climate,—with a courage to act promptly in danger and a tact to avoid needlessly seeking it,—with an eye quick to discern the form and color and distinctive character of all that falls under observation,—with a tongue facile in adapting itself to foreign and

unfamiliar form of speech, and a temper engaging, generous and conciliatory :—and all these precious gifts again finely disciplined and fully developed by education :—the mind deeply instructed in the history and customs of ancient times,—minutely acquainted, with the social, political and religious features of its own country—and nicely taught by a study of human nature to detect in the casual stranger a trustworthy informant or the contrary, and regulated in its inquiries by a delicate tact that puts the right question, and a sensitive judgment that recognises the true answer ;—expression, too, not neglected, its rules examined, its principles artistically ascertained and mastered : and then the body fitted by long training and acquired skill for the arduous tasks it has chosen as its own ;—the untamed horse to be backed,—the burning desert to be trodden,—the eddying river to be swum across,—often, for subsistence, the fishing-rod or the fowling-piece to be deftly handled,—and sometimes, in defence of life itself, the sword to be drawn, at once with determination and with science.

Nor endowed with such gifts and embellished with such acquirements in vain, for impressed with a belief that the removal of the ignorance which hides the life and thoughts and hopes of man from his fellow-man, is the most important step in advancing that great federation, which, according as we look upon it from the point of view of the philosopher, the poet or the pictist, may assume different aspects,—but is still dimly expected by all :—impressed with such a belief, he will view his wanderings as a lofty mission, and will, from first to last, keep the great end in view.

This is, of course, an imaginary ideal, but to show that it is not entirely extravagant in its requirements, take but one name,—a name which Anglo-India may justly rejoice to be able to call her own. With more moral earnestness, with somewhat loftier aims in view, with greater self-respect, with less Zingaresque admiration of the lawless and the vagabond in itself, how nearly to the specified standard would come our eminent compatriot—Richard Burton.

England has had great travellers ; Bruce and Mungo Park on the one hand, and Sir Robert Porter and Dr. Edward Clarke on the other, are fair specimens of two classes of which any country might well be proud ; but she has been capricious in the treatment of her sons who have distinguished themselves in this respect.

Some of the most trustworthy she has laughed at as incredible, some of the most learned she has set aside, and unjustly censured as heavy and unreadable ;—others, again, she has unaccountably neglected. Nor is this all: the English reading public have always liked to have a favorite authority for each part of the world, and when any one writer has attained this position, it is

astonishing how long he may preserve it, without fear of overthrow by a rival. There would not be much harm done by this, if the favorite was always the best authority, but unfortunately this is very seldom the case, and the system of accepted travellers has done real injury to the claims of superior persons. If the view of a country given by a traveller be substantially correct, whatever new light may be thrown by more recent research will only serve to further illustrate what was previously delineated : a really good book of travels may therefore without injury to knowledge remain the standard, though its details may no longer be adequate or satisfactory : but if a book embodying a false representation of a country come improperly to be considered a standard work, any later writer of truth or merit, if he gain the public ear, must displace the usurper, and failing to do this, will himself pass into oblivion. Every one must remember some of the old accepted travellers. There was a certain Mr. Russell who was a great authority on Germany, and whose travels in that country were greatly in vogue at one time. He may still be come across in Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography, discoursing *ore rotundo* of the morals of Vienna, but in no other place of common resort that we know of, will he be likely to be found. Yet so predominant was he at one time, that we recollect another gentleman publishing a book on Germany, and apologizing in the preface for intruding upon a domain so ably administered by Russell. Much later than this now-forgotten author, came Trollope, and Marryatt, who acceded jointly, by the *coup d' état* of an impudent book apiece, to the Presidentship of the United States. Now that we know America so much better, now that her literature is in our hands, that we have read her own portraiture of life and society ; now that Prescott and Bancroft have shown us how Americans can treat the political questions of history, and men like Everett and Buchanan and Dallas have in person demonstrated the fact that no mean political education is the common accomplishment of her best men,—it seems incredible that we should ever have taken our notions of American manners and American feeling from the caricatures of a thoroughly vulgar-minded woman, or been misled into a low appreciation of their political standard by the boisterous misapprehensions of a humorous sea-captain. But of all unquestioned authorities no one has held so supreme or so lasting a sway as Bishop Heber. To him India has been made over, as one might suppose, in perpetual possession, and with what is called the general reader, he is as unimpeachable a dictator on all Indian subjects, as Sir David Brewster is about stereoscopes, or Dr. Cumming about the end of the world. If you look out an Indian topic in any Encyclopædia, you will find at the end of the article—"Bishop Heber's Journal."

When Mr. Youatt discourses of the temper of Arab horses, he refers to a description of the behaviour of a certain Arab—in Bishop Heber's Journal. When the Editor of the "Press" wishes to damage Lord Dalhousie's political reputation, and show that an Indian province under native rule is a kind of New Atlantis,—he quotes, or misquotes if a little pushed,—Bishop Heber's Journal. In fact there is no sort of purpose useful or unworthy, to which this notable journal has not been put. The pre-eminence it holds, however, as any candid enquirer will be obliged to admit, has been bestowed upon it without due consideration, and, indeed, in a large measure by mere caprice. It is true, indeed, that at the time the book appeared India had not many specimens (as she has not now) of the traveller proper to represent her: to a certain extent Heber's Journal supplied a desideratum and filled a vacancy: but of another class of works closely allied to travels, half travels, indeed, and half reports,—such works, we mean, as Buchanan's Mysore, Kirkpatrick's Nepal, &c., &c.,—India had always abundance, and to these the general reader (a sad dilettante, we fear,) might have had easy access, if the love of truth had been in him. But even if the pre-eminence had been just thirty years ago, it might naturally be supposed that in these days of Indian newspapers, reports, statistics, maps, gazetteers, and the thousand other sources from which ascertained facts well out, like water from a hill-side, the public might require something newer and fresher than they would be likely to find in the Bishop's pages. But the prestige of Heber still prevails with unabated vitality.

We propose in the present article examining into the merits of this celebrated work; not in a very elaborate manner, but testing its qualifications rather by general principles, and trying to form an opinion as to the degree of authority it was ever entitled to carry with it, as well as what authority, if any, it has claims to retain at the present day. We have associated with it another book, exceedingly celebrated in its time also, the travels of Lord Valentia, and one which will be found largely quoted in reference to Indian matters, in all writings of some years back: it will not be, we hope, without profit to apply the same tests and criticisms to it as to the later work, and as Lord Valentia's book was always an expensive one, and is not now very common,—the extracts we shall transcribe may be new to some of our readers, and not without interest, if it be only that communicated by the circumstance that they refer to the India of half a century ago.

We shall commence with the elder traveller. There is an edition in three volumes octavo, but the one at present before us we find to comprise three large quarto volumes, printed on thick paper and in a handsome type, and illustrated with numerous steel engravings, from drawings by a Mr. Salt, presenting that

hard, stiff, distinct, appearance which will be familiar to those who recollect the engravings from Stothard's Designs. The title of the book in full is "Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt in the years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805 and 1806." The author, George Annesley, Viscount Valentia, was the eldest son of the 1st Earl of Mount Norris, and was at the time he started on his travels a married man of about two and thirty, an amateur botanist of considerable acquirements, and, as we shall hereafter see, a man of considerable judgment, and quite capable of forming his own opinions on subjects which interested his mind. He was accompanied by Mr. Henry Salt, an artist, who acted also as Secretary, and by an English servant, and they left the Downs in June 1802, on board the Indiaman, *Minerva*. The treaty of Amiens had been signed in the preceding March : there was peace, therefore, on the high seas, and no necessity for a convoy, but their course was much impeded by an order directing them to keep company with the *Lord Eldon*, another Indiaman which, like the statesman from whom it derived its name, was opposed to progress, and could not be persuaded, under any circumstances, to go ahead.

At Madeira we find our botanical Lord in raptures with the bananas and fig-trees, oranges and pomegranates, all of which growing in their natural luxuriance were of course novelties to him. He is intelligent, too, about the wine, making inquiries about the exportation, which he is informed is about 16,000 pipes annually, and adds "the London particular is £40 per pipe ; but very good may be purchased at £35 per pipe, which is the usual price paid for the India market."

On the voyage from Madeira to St. Helena we find a circumstance noted, which incidentally gives us a glimpse of the difficulties navigation had to contend with in those days. A south-west wind allowed them to keep close to the coast of Africa : there is this entry for the 19th July.

"The same wind, with little variation, enabled us yesterday to pass Cape Palmas, which we found laid down falsely in all the maps ; it is in longitude 8° west. Laurie and Whittle have published a chart of the whole coast said to be on the authority of five Captains in the Liverpool trade. This is grossly erroneous ; many lives may be lost by a deception which ought to be publicly noticed."

He remarks, too, on a future day, "we sailed over the spot where Messrs. Laurie and Whittle have been pleased to place the island of Annabore. The manner in which charts are published in England is a disgrace to a mercantile nation."

There is a good deal of interesting information about St. Helena, which we might extract, had we not other objects in view ;

but we must pass on, merely remarking how strange it is to have Longwood spoken of calmly as the country residence of the Governor, and noting also one little incident which as illustrative of a trait in Lord Valentia's character by no means unimportant should not be omitted. Let him mention it himself, "September 23rd. The Governor invited us to an early dinner; after which, accompanied by his Aide-de-camp, he attended me to the water-side. As I embarked, the fort on Ladder Hill saluted me with fifteen guns, a compliment which Captain Weltden also paid me on my arrival on board the *Minerva*."

We shall see hereafter what importance his Lordship attached to these little matters, and how jealous he was of their omission. The treaty of Amiens had stipulated that England should give up all her conquests during the war, to the powers to whom they had formerly belonged, with the exception of Trinidad which had been taken from Spain, and the part of Ceylon which had been possessed by the Dutch. When, therefore, Lord Valentia arrived at the Cape, he found the authorities there preparing to give the settlement back into the hands of the Dutch: a measure which caused him deep regret; and it is much to the credit of his sagacity that he clearly discerned the great importance of the Cape not only in a political point of view, but also as possessing resources which skill and care might extend to a remarkable degree. "I have observed with astonishment," he writes, "the systematic plan of the East India Directors to depreciate the value of this settlement; and to the credit which Ministers gave to their assertions, I, in a great degree, attribute the facility with which it was abandoned at the peace."

The settlement, however, as we all know, *was* given back, and it did not come finally into our possession till the year 1806.

We cannot pause to take a delightful trip with our traveller into the interior, but must again embark on board the *Minerva*, which, delivered at last of the conservative *Lord Eldon*, is at liberty to go a little faster. The decks of the vessel, which is but a small one, only some 540 tons,—are crowded now with the stalwart forms of English troopers, for we have got with us a division of the 8th Light Dragoons, and their commanding officer, Vandeleure, sailing now, unconsciously, to his appointed end,—for in one short year from this time, nearly to a day, he is to fall on the fiery field of Laswaree. Shortly after embarking we fall in with a storm and our lord, after it has somewhat subsided, notes down with great *naïveté*.—"The scene was magnificent, but too awful to be agreeable. I am glad I have seen it once, but hope I never shall again."

Of course we have albatrosses and Cape geese and pintados, and we cross the line a month hence on Christmas day, and as the

evening is perfectly calm, place lanterns in the rigging, and with soldiers' wives for partners join in a merry dance. Finally, we touch at Car Nicobar and are astonished with the nakedness and ugliness of the savages, and delighted with their plantains and shaddocks, and thence, sighting on the 17th January, the black Pagoda, we on the 20th reach the pilot ground of the Hooghly river, having accomplished our voyage in seven months and a half.

✓The very day Lord Valentia landed in Calcutta, there happened to be a grand party at Government House in honor of the Peace, which, by the way, in four months from that date had ceased to exist. It was the first occasion of a public entertainment being given in the new Government House, which had only lately been completed, and on this score as well as for its illustration of the times, we will extract Lord Valentia's account of it.

"The State rooms were for the first time lighted up. At the upper end of the largest was placed a very rich Persian carpet, and in the centre of that, a musnud of crimson and gold, formerly composing part of the ornaments of Tippoo Sultan's throne. On this was a rich chair and stool of State, for Lord Wellesley; on each side, three chairs for the Members of Council and Judges. Down to the door on both sides of the room, were seats for the ladies, in which they were placed according to the strict rules of precedence, which is here regulated by the seniority of the husband in the Company's service. About ten, Lord Wellesley arrived, attended by a large body of Aide-de-camps, &c., and after receiving, in the Northern verandah, the compliments of some of the native princes, and the vakeels of the others, took his seat. The dancing then commenced, and continued till supper. The room was not sufficiently lighted up, yet still the effect was beautiful. The row of chunam pillars, which supported each side, together with the rest of the room, were a shining white, that gave a contrast to the different dresses of the company. Lord Wellesley wore the orders of St. Patrick and the Crescent in diamond. Many of the European ladies were also richly ornamented with jewels. The black dress of the male Armenians was pleasing from the variety; and the costly, though unbecoming habits of their females, together with the appearance of officers, nabobs, Persians, and natives, resembled a masquerade. It excelled it in one respect: the characters were well supported, and the costume violated by no one. About 800 people were present, who found sufficient room at supper, in the marble hall below, thence they were summoned about one o'clock to the different verandahs to see the fireworks and illuminations. The side of the citadel facing the palace was covered with a blaze of light, and all the approaches were lined with lamps suspended from bamboos. The populace stole much of the oil; and, as it was impossible to light so great a range at one time, the effect was inferior to what it ought to have been. The fireworks were indifferent, except the rockets, which were superior to

any I ever beheld. They were discharged from mortars on the ramparts of the citadel. The colors, also, of several of the pieces were excellent; and the merit of singularity, at least, might be attributed to a battle between two elephants of fire, which by rollers were driven against each other."

This description serves, we think, to bring out one characteristic which is peculiarly marked in Lord Valentia: the facility with which he throws himself into the spirit of a new scene. This is positively his first evening on Indian ground, yet he at once seizes the character of the entertainment, and understands, without difficulty, the position of the guests.

The subject of rank being one upon which Lord Valentia was particularly touchy, he was much gratified at a private audience by Lord Wellesley assigning him precedence of every body, except the immediate Members of Council.

✓ Only a month was devoted to Calcutta, as his lordship was very anxious to travel up-country before the heat set in. During this period he only notes as objects of interest the Botanical Garden and Barrackpore. His tastes naturally led him to appreciate the first very highly, though he complains that "Utility seems more to have been attended to than science," and thinks "it is a pity a small compartment is not allotted to a scientific arrangement." One remark is curious: he writes "it is by far too hot for European vegetables, and of course many even of our pot herbs are in the list of their desiderata." The present generation may say with allowable pride "*nous avons changé tout cela.*"

Barrackpore had passed during the incumbency of Sir John Shore into the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, who gave £500 a year to the Governor-General to hire a residence for himself; Lord Wellesley, however, had taken the house back again and gave the £500 a year to the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Wellesley appears to have improved it very much; "several of the bungalows," we are told, "belonging to the lines have been taken into the park and are fitted up for the reception of the secretaries, aides-de-camp, and visitors." The view on the river, too, was striking:—"the water itself," it is said, "is much clearer than at Calcutta, and covered with the State barges and cutters of the Governor-General. These, painted green, and ornamented with gold, contrasted with the scarlet dresses of the rowers, were a great addition to the scene." By the 21st of February, our traveller had started for the North-West. There were two roads by which he might have travelled to Benares. "One new, carried over the mountainous and wild part of Behar, not two hundred miles nearer than the old, through the populous cities of Bengal." But as dawk bungalows had not yet been built on it, only three halts would have been possible on this road, and therefore the old

one through Moorshedabad, Rajmahal, etc., was preferred. Lord Valentia was rather pleased with his first, night in a palkee. "The motion," he says, "though incessant, was by no means violent. I soon composed myself to rest, but was awakened by my bearers at the first changing place asking for buxys, or presents; I gave them, as is now pretty customary, a rupee for each palanquin; and finding myself cold, though every window was shut, added a shawl to my covering. I was soon so perfectly reconciled to my lodging, that nothing but the application for buxys awakened me." The application for this dreadful "buxys" remains to this present day the nightmare that murders a dawk traveller's sleep, but he would meet it, we suspect, in these times of reduced emoluments, with a four-anna piece in preference to the customary rupee of 1802. The expression, "though every window was shut," seems to show that palkees usually had windows or venetians in the side-panels, as is still frequently the case with those used by native gentlemen. We may remark another point about the palkees of these days, too; they seem to have been larger and heavier than those in use now,—for Lord Valentia several times remarks on the bearers falling down with him, an occurrence which very seldom, if ever, happens to modern travellers by the same conveyance.

We shall only remark generally on the journey to Benares, that in every place he passed through Lord Valentia appeared conversant with its history and associations, and exhibited his usual talent for at once apprehending the nature and spirit of what he saw.

Mistakes he made, it is true, and what traveller does not? but they were the errors of misinformation, not misapprehension. Thus at Rajmahal, he mentions that no vestiges of the ancient palace remain, which is incorrect, but clearly only so in consequence of some one who should have known better having told a falsehood. He gives a very clear and interesting account of the silk manufactory at Jungpore, and the following remarks on roads, when we consider the time they were written, and the then state of public opinion on the subject, are very creditable to his sagacity.

"The roads hitherto (as far as the province of Behar) have been very indifferent; in many places not sufficiently wide to let my palanquin pass without difficulty, and in most parts the inequality of surface was such as to render the motion unpleasant, and to cause considerable delay. This in a great degree is owing to the force of the torrents during the rains, which tear up all the bridges, and carry devastation through the whole country: a large allowance is made the Zemindar, for the re-erection of the bridges (made of wood covered with reeds) and the repair of the roads; but as no one appoint-

ed to see that these are properly executed, or indeed executed at all, he generally pockets the money, and most of the high-ways remain impassable. During the full power of the house of Timour, they made magnificent causeways from one end of their dominions to the other, and planted trees on the sides to shelter travellers from the sun; a most useful plan, in a country where men are the chief instruments of conveyance. Surely we ought to follow so good an example now that we are in tranquil possession of the same empire. But alas! its sovereigns are too apt to confine their views to a large investment, and an increase of dividend, and have usually opposed every plan for the improvement of the country, which has been brought forward by the different Governors-General."

There is some little exaggeration in this as to what the house of Timour did for the country, and we could surely scarcely be said to be in "tranquil possession" of the Mogul empire, before the battle of Assaye and the campaigns of Lord Lake, but still the thinking is all in the right direction, and considerably above the tone of the day.

By the 7th of March, Lord Valentia had arrived at Secrole where apartments had been provided for him by General Dearn. Here, on the next day, he was waited upon by the Judge, Mr. Neave, who appears to have suggested that his Lordship should call upon the principal residents. His Lordship, however, who had an exceedingly good opinion of his own position, would not consent to do so. "I found from Mr. Neave," he writes—

"That according to the custom of India, the stranger should pay the first visit. As his Excellency had arranged otherwise at Calcutta, I conceived myself bound to decline complying with it, but expressed my wish to be introduced to the different gentlemen resident here, and I would certainly return their visits. I agreed to dine with him, where I met a very large party."

There were living at Benares at that time certain princes, grandsons of Shah Allum, whom the English Government had agreed to pension by the Lucknow treaty of 1798, which Sir John Shore had concluded with Saadut Ali. As Shah Allum was still, nominally, the paramount power in Northern India, although in reality he had been wholly stripped of authority by the Mahrattas, these princes were treated with great respect.

Lord Valentia seems to have taken extraordinary delight in all the etiquettes and formalities connected with calling upon these distinguished stipendiaries. He relates that he at once applied to Mr. Neave for a proper suwarry, and details it, when it arrived, as consisting of "four chobdars and two soutaburdars with ten hurcarras."

He describes at full length all the circumstances of his visits to these princes, and of the Durbar which he held, to admit of their

returning him the same compliment. Want of space forbids our extracting from these accounts, but it is really remarkable how completely he enters into the sort of thing, how clearly he understands the exact position of the princes, and how graphically, though in quite plain language, he describes the details of the different scenes. Mr. Davis's house at Benares was naturally at that time an object of great curiosity, as only four years previously it had been the arena of that dreadful conflict which the affection of a son has preserved to us in all its striking incidents, in the charming little volume entitled "*Vizier Ali ; or the massacre of Benares.*" Lord Valentia writes :—

"Mr. Hawkins resides in the house that was occupied by Mr. Davis, during the ephemeral insurrection of Vizier Ali. I examined the stair-case that leads to the top of the house, and which he defended with a spear for upwards of an hour and a half, till the troops came to his relief. It is of singular construction, in the corner of a room, built entirely of wood, on a base of about four feet : the ascent is consequently so winding and rapid, that with difficulty one person can get up at a time. Fortunately, also, the last turn by which you reach the terrace faces the wall. It was impossible, therefore, for the people below to take aim at him whilst he defended the ascent with a spear ; they, however, fired several times, and the marks of the balls are visible in the ceiling. A man had at one time hold of his spear, but by a violent exertion he dragged it through his hand, and wounded him severely."

The writer then enters at some length into the circumstances of the outbreak, and appears clearly to show that Mr. Cherry's confidence that no mischief would occur, was little short of infatuation.

Before Lord Valentia left Benares, he had given him a piece of meteoric stone, said to have fallen in the province in the year 1799. He has taken the trouble to give copies of the actual depositions of the peasants, by whom it and similar pieces had been found. It is curious that the fellow-pieces of this actual stone had been transmitted to Sir Joseph Banks, and were considered important evidence on a subject to which scientific attention had only recently been called : and in 1802, the analysis of this Benares *ærolite* published by Howard in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" was held to have established the credibility of the phenomenon. We cannot stop for a good account of the city, or for the details of a visit to the Rajah, the grand nephew of the celebrated Cheyt Singh, but must hurry on towards Lucknow, merely noticing one remark, entered in the diary at Juanpore : "Mr. Hodge's view of the bridge seems to have been done from memory." This refers to "*Hodge's Views*," a now quite forgotten set of pictures, by the Hodges who accompanied Captain Cook on his

second voyage to the South Seas, and who afterwards realized a large fortune in this country. Reaching the frontier, our traveller records :—

“In the night I passed the boundaries of the East India Company’s territory and entered that of his Excellency the Nawab Vizier. On awaking in the morning, I should have known the change by the face of the country. The heavy hand of oppression had evidently diminished the quantity of land in cultivation. The crops were more scanty, but the mango topes increased in number, and were now more beautiful from the vicinity of the jungle where the Butea shone resplendent.”

He remarks at Sultanpore :—

“The cantonment is built to contain an entire brigade ; but at this time the greater part are on duty with General Lake, and several of the rest are absent assisting the Aumils in collecting the Nawab’s rents from the Zemindars who frequently refuse to pay without compulsion.”

We do not increase the emphasis of these passages by italics, but they are surely not without their significance.

Lucknow was just the sort of place that Lord Valentia thoroughly enjoyed. The pomp and parade of an Eastern Court excited his imagination, and he was particularly flattered at being treated by these gingerbread princes as a chieftain of equal rank. Saadut Ali was more of a nominal potentate than his successors were, of later times. Owing his elevation wholly to the English, and supported in his position by the large masses of troops it was then considered politically advisable to concentrate in Oude, although he was paid higher respect and seemed to wield a far more potent sceptre, his independent action was scarcely perhaps so great as that of the ill-starred descendant who laid his turban so recently on the knees of Sir James Outram. His delight in English society and his affectation of English habits, and, we must unfortunately add, English vices, are well known. Lord Metcalfe, who, as quite a young man in the beginning of 1802, had accompanied Lord Wellesley to Lucknow, says of him :—

“The Nabob’s horses are remarkably fine. His pleasures are all in the English way ; he is fond of horses, dogs, hunting, etc., etc. His breakfasts, dinners, houses, are completely English. It struck me very forcibly as worthy of remark, that a Moosulman prince should sit after dinner merely for the purpose of handing about the bottle, though, of course, *he* did not drink. He has a French cook and a military band of English instruments.”

We may remark about the Nawab’s “of course not drinking,” that it was a matter of notoriety that he did, but in a stealthy way, —and always at night.

A day or two after his arrival, Lord Valentia went to breakfast

with the Nawab, was embraced as his equal, and complimented with a salute of seventeen guns. "We were led," he writes, "to a breakfast table in a room furnished with chairs, and every other article in the European style."

The greatest part of the Nawab's family were present, but he introduced only his second son, who is his General and Prime Minister. Two courtiers, who are more particularly under the protection of the English, and who have been dignified by them with the titles of Lord Noodle, and Lord Doodle, were also there; but the person I observed with the most curiosity, was Almas Ali Khan, the eunuch so celebrated by Mr. Burke's pathetic account of the distresses which his wives and children suffered from the barbarity of that "Captain General in iniquity," Mr. Hastings. He is a venerable, old-woman-like being, upwards of eighty, full six feet high, and stout in proportion. After all the cruel plunderings which he is stated as having undergone, he is supposed to be worth half a million of money; and no wonder, when it is considered, that for a considerable time he was Aumil, or renter, of nearly half the province of Oude. The Nawab watches for his succession, which by the Eastern custom belongs to him. With all his affluence, Almas is but a slave now nearly in his dotage, though formerly an active and intriguing courtier. Lieut. Colonel Marshall and several of his officers were of the party. The breakfast partook of every country; tea, coffee, ices, jellies, sweetmeats, French pies, and other made dishes, both hot and cold. The Nawab himself laughed, and said that his French cook had provided rather a dinner than a breakfast."

The Nawab returned this visit and came to breakfast with Lord Valentia, who expresses himself agreeably surprised, after his departure, to find only a few silver spoons missing, "for," says he, "the plunder of his Excellency's followers is often to a much greater amount." Besides the Nawab, there were then residing in Lucknow, Prince Suliman Shekoo, son of the King of Delhi, and the Begums of Sujah-ud-Dowlah and Asoph-ud-Dowlah; there were therefore plenty of ceremonial visits in store for our traveller. *Sujah*

The Begum of ~~Soraj~~ *Sujah*-ud-Dowlah was the mother of the reigning Nawab: she was the younger of the two "Princesses of Oude," for whom so much sympathy was expressed in England, when the fashionable crowds in Westminster Hall thrilled at the brilliant periods of Sheridan. Lord Valentia found her "enshrined rather than immured" in a handsome Zenana with melancholy wooden lattice-work on the outside of the windows, being comfortably enough with her virgin daughters, some of whom were upwards of forty years old, and their establishment of slaves quite unconscious how many beautiful eyes had wept over her dis-

tresses ; and as thirteen years afterwards she left the Company fifty-six lakhs of Rupees, it may reasonably be supposed, not in that state of destitution to which the eloquence of the "English Hyperides" would have led the world to suppose she had been reduced.

Prince Sooliman Shekoo relying upon his royal descent, and supposing probably the English lord to be ignorant of oriental customs, attempted to take a liberty with his visitor. He had, however, entirely mistaken his man, for the journal records as the conclusion of a morning call—"The prince did not think proper to rise from his chair, in consequence of which I gave him no salaam on departure." Lord Valentia was clearly not altogether pleased with the European character of the Nawab's entertainments : they were so unlike the "Arabian Nights," and an imagination which would fain have conjured up all the associations of oriental romance, was chilled and checked in painting its gorgeous pictures, when the central figure insisted on appearing in "boots and nankeen breeches with a long riding coat of velvet." His ideal was, however, nearly realized one evening, shortly before leaving Lucknow, by a party given him in a building, which by a trifling incorrectness he calls the "Sungi Dalam." "It is," he writes,—

"In my opinion a very elegant building, perfectly in the eastern style, open on all sides, and supported by pillars. It is, as the name designates, built of stone, but the whole is painted of a deep red color, except the domes that cover the towers at the corner. These are gilt all over ; the effect is extremely rich. The centre room is large ; two, narrower on each side, make the shape of the whole building a square, with circular towers at the four corners. It is raised one storey from the ground, and a large terrace connects it with a smaller but similar building. A most magnificent musnud of gold, covered with brocade and embroidered wreaths of roses, was placed at one end of the large apartment. We dined in the smaller, on one side, whence we had a view of the baron of water, which extends to the hummaum attached to the place, where I used to bathe. The sides of the baron were covered with colored lamps ; and a complete trellis work of the same extended on each side of the walk. The overhanging trees were perfectly lightened by the glare, which was much increased by the reflection from the water. It was the splendor of the Caliph Haroun-al-Rashid as described in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," completely realized, and by no means inferior to the idea my fancy had formed of it."

The only thing was the band which would play European tunes, and of course to a certain extent interfered with the beautiful dream.

Lord Valentia stayed four months in Lucknow, during which period he had ample opportunities of seeing all that that city had to show, its elephant fights, etc., etc., with which most

people are familiar ; but we must hurry over the descriptions of these, as well as a most violent attack on the character of General Martin, then not three years deceased, and must follow our traveller to Futtoghur which was as far as Lord Wellesley would permit him to go.

"As the total want of police," he writes, "in the Nawab's territories renders an escort necessary, his Excellency kindly sent orders that a company of sepoys and twenty horse should attend me on my journey."

And here, as Lord Valentia is just re-entering the Company's dominions, we may appropriately quote some remarks of his on the subject of Oude in general, which show, we think, clear discernment and are much to the purpose.

"The dissatisfaction the Nawab might have experienced at the cession of a moiety of his territory is absorbed in the discovery, that he has more real revenue, and can add more to his treasure, than he did when he paid the East India Company one hundred and twenty lakhs of Rupees per annum. It is said that he actually accumulates from one to two lakhs per week, and the treasures he received by inheritance cannot be less than two crores. If His Highness is satisfied with the arrangement, most certainly all the other parties must be so.

"The British have obtained an additional revenue, and a secure payment; the ryots have obtained security from the oppressive plunderings of the aunnils, and the protection of the British laws, instead of being at the mercy of every robber. So conscious are they of these advantages, that the land which was rated to the Nawab at a crore and thirty-five lakhs, has been let at a crore and eighty lakhs. An intermediate personage, the Zemindar, who, from a tenant, has been promoted by the fanciful generosity of the British into a landowner, may indeed be dissatisfied at being deprived of the power of doing harm: he cannot now rob the traveller, or oppress the ryot under him; nay, he is obliged to pay his rent, or submit to have his mud fortress levelled with the ground. But if these are evils to him, they are blessings to the large mass of the population, which, indeed, has ever been the consequence of the British Government in India, and I sincerely hope will ever continue so."

When Lord Valentia arrived at Futtoghur, the treaty had only been signed a year, by which the Nawab of Furruckabad had agreed that the Company should obtain his territories on consideration of a pension of 9,000 Rupees a month. The disorganization of the district had been terrible. "The state of the country was then most wretched: murders were so frequent at Furruckabad, that people dared not venture there after sunset; and the workmen who came out to the cantonments, always retired to their own houses during day-light." When Mr. Grant first arrived there as Magistrate, about a hundred Pathans waited on him to know whe-

ther he really meant to have a police. On being assured that he was quite in earnest, and did most assuredly mean to have a stringent one, they remarked that that sort of thing did not at all suit them, but they could go elsewhere ; which accordingly they did, making off at once and returning to that part of the country no more.

There were seventy persons in jail for murder, when Lord Valentia was there, but not one case he declares, of that sort, had been committed since the police had been established. "The idea of security also," he adds, "under our Government, operated in raising the value of lands, so that on letting them for those years, we have a profit of nearly three lakhs, instead of a loss of one" which had been previously expected.

The plan of one per cent. on the revenue for the repairs of roads is highly approved, and it had just been introduced into this district with great success. It was originated, in the first instance, by the well-known William Augustus Brook, and wherever it had been substituted for the old *corvée*, had been found to succeed far better.

At this time, General Lake had taken the field, notwithstanding the season was that of the rains, and had already advanced within twenty miles of Futtyghur, whither Lord Valentia goes out to meet him at a place called ~~Gosiah~~ ^{Gosain} Gunj. "My reception," he says—

"Was perfectly polite and cordial. The General had paid me the compliment of pitching my tent in a line with his, and close to him : my escort was behind. The scene was very pleasing : the camp covered a very large extent of ground, was frequently divided by mango-topes, and in the back-ground, here and there, appeared a few houses. The white tents, covering the plains in every direction, formed a pleasing contrast with the dark trees that backed them ; and the colours in the front added greatly to the effect. The elephants were strolling about ; the soldiers were retired to their tents ; the numerous army followers were collecting forage in every direction."

This picture must have often recurred to the writer's memory, and as each distinguished victory reached his ears, which glorified the future campaign, he cannot but have reflected how thinned the numbers must have been becoming of those he had seen thus quietly encamped at Gosiah Gunj.

From Futtyghur Lord Valentia made for Mukhunpore where the great fair was going on in honour of the holy Syud Muddar, to which thousands still annually resort in what is called the procession of the Black Flag. Here with his characteristic versatility he enters at once into the spirit of the scene, has the conjurors before his tent to exhibit on the tight and slack ropes, visits the shrine of the saint, and appoints one of the faqueers his vakeel there, and then makes a tour of the fair, where he is much amused

by a mungoose fighting with some snakes. The next morning on leaving the place he is astonished by the thousands that are crowding in from the neighbourhood, he says:—

“The crowd we met going to the fair astonished me: for the first ten miles it was as great as in London streets; and afterwards, some party or other was always in sight. The scene amused me much; Hindoos and Mussulmans equally hastening to the religious festivity. The females with their infants in hackerys, when they could afford the expense: the males on horseback; the poorer women on foot, with their husbands frequently carrying two children in the bangys slung across their shoulders. The faqueers with their flags, and beastly appearance, added to the crowd and stunned us with their tom-toms. Mounted on our elephants we got on without difficulty, and were greeted with a blessing and chorus as we passed them.”

There is something to us very touching in a passing glimpse, like this, of the poor, nameless herds, who appear but little in histories of any kind, and least of all in those of India. Here, for a brief moment, we see them, on a September morning, fifty-four years ago, performing a part of their troublous journey towards the grass! Fifty-four years ago! where are they now? A few, perhaps, still lingering in age and decrepitude, but the mass, of course, departed finally, and to be traced no more on the surface of earth now or ever.

From Mukhunpore our traveller makes for Allahabad whence he embarks to proceed by boat down-country. At Benares he hears with delight of the taking of Allighur, and hears also, which seems so strange to us in these days, that he has been lucky in escaping from Major de Fleury, for that officer at the head of six thousand Mahratta horse had made a sudden sweep into our provinces, plundered Etawah, captured a detachment under Mr. Cunningham at Shekoabad, and driven Colonel Vandeleure back on Furruckabad. Thence down the Ganges, past Patna, and so by the Bhagerutty to Moorshedabad, where we stop to pay our respects to the Nawab, and to the celebrated Munny Begum. We must make room for a short extract about the latter personage, it is said:—

“She lives in a small garden of about an acre and a half, which, out of respect to Meer Jaffier’s memory, she has not quitted since his death, which is now forty years ago. She conversed from behind a scarlet silk purdah, that was stretched across a handsome open room, supported by pillars. The whole had an appearance of opulence, and the boys (her adopted sons) were handsomely dressed. Her voice is loud and coarse, but occasionally tremulous. She owns to sixty-eight years of age. Mrs. Pattle, who has seen her, informs me that she is very short and fat, with vulgar, large, harsh features, and altogether one of the ugliest women she ever beheld. In this description, who would trace the celebrated nautch-girl of Mr. Burke? * * * During the whole of our stay two minahs were talking most incessantly, to the

great delight of the old lady, who often laughed at what they said and praised their talents. Her *hookah* filled up the intervals."

These last little details are very graphic and clever, and remind us of similar artistic touches in the diary of Haydon, the painter.

By the 7th of October, Lord Valentia had reached Calcutta, and in two months started again for Ceylon, and although from thence he visited Madras, and after an intermediate voyage to the Red Sea, travelled for three months on the Bombay side, and in the accounts of both Presidencies the Indian reader will find much to amuse him, still as our object is only to follow the traveller as far as is necessary to obtain a fair view of his qualifications, we shall here take leave of him, extracting only further a few illustrations of Calcutta life in 1803, before we give a summary of what appear to us his merits and what his deficiencies.

Of the salubrity of Calcutta, Lord Valentia writes :—

"The place is certainly less unhealthily than formerly, which advantage is attributed to the filling up of the tanks in the streets, and the clearing more and more of the jungle; but in my opinion it is much more owing to an improved knowledge of the diseases of the country, and of the precautions to be taken against them; and likewise to greater temperance in the use of spirituous liquors, and a superior construction of the houses. Consumptions are very frequent among the ladies, which I attribute in great measure to their incessant dancing, even during the hottest weather. After such violent exercise they go into the verandahs, and expose themselves to a cool breeze and damp atmosphere."

He was much pleased with the society of Calcutta; fetes and receptions were numerous and well arranged: he objects to the dinner parties, that they are too large, and is sorry to find the Subscription Assembly a failure from the number of parties into which the fashionable world is divided, but the convivial hospitality which prevails generally, meets with his warm approval. Habits appear to have been nearly the same as now, except that *tiffin* was much earlier, he says :—

"It is usual in Calcutta to rise early, in order to enjoy the cool air of the morning, which is particularly pleasant, before sun-rise. At twelve they take a hot meal, which they call *tiffin*, and then generally to bed for two or three hours. The dinner hour is commonly between seven and eight, which is certainly too late in this hot climate, as it prevents an evening ride at the proper time, and keeps them up till midnight, or later."

He approves of the *cuisine* and informs us "the wines chiefly drank are Madeira and Claret; the former which is excellent, during the meal; the latter, afterwards. The Claret being medicated for the voyage, too strong, and has little flavour."

Palanquins were of course more in general use than in our days, but we hear "most gentlemen have carriages adapted to the climate the horses, of which the breed is much improved of late years." Free and easy costume was, it appears, going out of fashion, for, we are told, though white jackets had been formerly worn on all occasions, they were thought too much undress for public occasions, and were being laid aside for English cloth.

There were no races in those times at Calcutta itself, Lord Wellesley setting his face very decidedly against them, but the lovers of sport managed to evade viceregal objections, for we learn "at the end of November 1803, there were three days' races at a small distance from Calcutta. Very large sums were betted, and, of course," it is added duly enough "were lost by the inexperienced."

We shall now, we think, have no great difficulty in forming a correct opinion of the value of Lord Valentia's book.

In some respects, it cannot be denied, he possessed qualifications eminently fitting him for a successful traveller. He was a close and correct observer, he had a singular facility of catching the point and appreciating the spirit of what he saw, and considering the short time he was in the country, it is astonishing how at home he appears to be on most of the current Indian subjects of the day. He records, comparatively speaking, but little of what he heard, but he exhibits, when he does do so, a talent for distinguishing between what is valuable information and what the reverse. And he has another talent, which is of the greatest service to the traveller; a faculty of discerning the person most likely to give correct information on any particular point. He buys a zodiac mohur at Benares, one of a class erroneously supposed by Tavernier and others to have been coined in one day by the Begum Nur Jehan. Doubtless there were plenty of people ready to read him the inscription on the medal, and offer their opinions as to the origin of its distinctive signs, but Lord Valentia keeps it quietly by him, till he meets Major Gore Ouseley, and then rightly judging him to be a person likely to know, records his description of it at full length.

Add to the qualifications we have mentioned, that he seems to have possessed lively manners, great curiosity, and a *bonhomme* that relished amusement of every sort, and, in a literary point of view, that he wrote plainly indeed, but always easily, and sometimes with considerable graphic power, and we have clearly a traveller considerably above the average of the herd that deluge the reading public of our days with their meagre diaries, and their chronicles of wanderings at once without interest or purpose.

The deficiencies of the traveller are those of the mass, and therefore, though in our opinion grievous and damnatory, not such as

any previous preparation would have been likely to supply. The fault of the book is, that it is written by a nobleman with the stereotyped views of social philosophy and politics common to his class in George the Third's reign. What shall we think of a traveller who goes to a country and tells us hardly anything of the people, appears to have made but few inquiries about their ways and habits, never to have entered their villages or dwellings, or felt any curiosity as to how the myriads around him were pulling through the different crises of the "fever called living."

If the people form picturesque groups, he notices them: if they industriously till the ground, he is glad to see the *country* so prosperous. As for the masses being aggregated units, that does not occur to him, or enter in any way into his philosophy. Not that he shirks questions connected with the people; on the subject of missions, for instance, he is very earnest, thinks they should be put down as likely to shock prejudices and do no sort of good: does not, however, object to the circulation of the scriptures, but thinks keeping up the established church on a grander scale would have a good effect on the imaginations of the populace. And the Established Church being in his view one of the great institutions, like the British nobility, and so on, he is of course favourable to its full introduction into the dependencies. Indeed, he would like the whole Government to be carried on in a more impressive way, as likely to have a melodramatic influence on the subjects; "I wish," he says, "India to be ruled from a palace, not from a counting house: with the ideas of a prince, not with those of a retail dealer in muslins and indigo." Here then is the rub: sound opinions on many public measures, intelligent insight into what may be called physical politics, general common-sense and clean-handedness we can obtain from this man, but further than this we must not seek. As far as a British nobleman of the period was likely to be a valuable traveller, he was one: but unfortunately what we consider the higher qualifications will be sought for in vain, because they neither exist in the man nor is he conscious of their existence anywhere. We are no enemies of the aristocracy: we do not think their days are numbered, or wish such to be the case: on the contrary, we believe a new and noble career of usefulness to be but just opening before them. But several times, as we have been perusing this book of travels, we delighted to think that the aristocratical notions of those days have been exploded, and shall trouble our times no more. That old *ab extra* way of treating the people, that old notion that Government was strong and prosperous if you did not *hear* of the masses; that cheerful old political philosophy that considered the governing classes the State, and the governed clas-

ses only just—the country !* Gone, gone—all of this—to the “tomb of the Capulets !”—Poor Lord Valentia and his British nobility ! We note, far more in sadness than with any other feeling, that he outlived his two sons, that the Mount-Norris peerage to which he succeeded in 1816 became extinct on his death in 1844, and that the title of Valentia has passed to quite a distant branch of the family. No mark left of him, but the “unwelcome cypress !”

It is now time we should turn to Bishop Heber : and with his journal we shall adopt a different method of criticism, both on account of its great length, and also that the public are now far more familiar with its contents than with those of the older work. . We shall first state the opinion which a familiarity with his character and writings, and a recent careful perusal of the journal itself, have enabled us to form of Bishop Heber as a traveller, and we shall then endeavour to justify and corroborate our estimate by illustrative extracts. It may first, however, be desirable to recall to the mind of the reader, in briefest outline, the chief events in Heber's career as well as the circumstances which produced the book under notice.

Reginald Heber was the son of a Cheshire clergyman,—per-
cocious in infancy as is testified by his having translated “Phæ-
drus” when he was seven years old, and distinguished in youth
at Oxford by his “Palestine,” a prize-poem of which it is surely
high praise to say that it is still extant :—for a fossil prize-poem
is, we believe, unique. After leaving the University, he entered the
Church, but not before he had performed a tour in Germany, Rus-
sia and the Crimea, which the readers of his *Indian Journal* have
constant reason to regret, for it supplied him with certainly
the strangest stock of geographical analogies that were ever com-
mitted to paper. Upon settling as a married man, at his family
living of Hodnet, he commingled the duties of a parish minister
with those of an industrious man of letters. His contributions to
the “Quarterly Review” were very frequent ;—both on literary
and political topics. Those on the latter were emaculated by
the candour and gentleness of his nature ; for Toryism, in those
days, without violence and irrationality, was considered a very
rose-water kind of creed, and such portions of his articles on
literature as still exist, will be found in the notes to Byron's
Works, where the immortality they sought to stifle still lends
them a precarious tenure of life. Poems and Hymns, too, are
yet extant, published by him in his Hodnet days, all of them

* “Gone—not, we think, for India.” Mr. George Campbell may say,—the
advocate of a healthy despotism—whatever that may be. But a wiser than he,
the present Governor of Bengal, has recorded, in his evidence before the House
of Commons, that the best of Indian Legislators have agreed that “self-legislation”
is the End to be aimed at in modern Indian measures, come what may.

evinced considerable powers of versification, exquisite taste and gentle, fervid piety. Nor were "Bampton Lectures" wanting, which may still, perhaps, be found in Theological Museums; and finally appeared an edition of Jeremy Taylor's Works, which for many years was, we believe, esteemed the standard one. In 1822, he was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and shortly afterwards, through the influence of his friend Mr. Wynn, then President of the Board of Control, was offered the Bishopric of Calcutta which, after two refusals, he finally accepted, and started for India in June 1823. In the same month of the next year, he left Calcutta for the North-Western Provinces, on a Visitation Tour. This extended from Dacca to Almora, to Delhi, to Agra, to Ajmere, to Bombay, to Ceylon, and so home. Early in 1826 a second tour was commenced in the Madras Presidency, but this was cut short on the 3rd of April, at Trichinopoly, where, after holding a confirmation in the morning, the Bishop retired to a cold bath, in which he was found dead about half-an-hour afterwards. It was known that he had kept journals, the whole time of his residence in India, and it was also known that he had intended either to publish them, or a book founded upon their materials; on the occurrence of his death, therefore, his widow thought she was justified in giving them to the public, and their subsequent popularity has shown that she did not over-estimate the interest they were calculated to excite.

The fact, however, that the work was posthumous, that statements might have been modified, and inaccuracies corrected, had the author lived to publish it himself, cannot be received as any legitimate depreciation of criticism. We can only judge of books as we find them: they form their influence on public opinion solely by what they are, and in no sort of way by what they might have been: rightly, therefore, should they, in the same manner, be weighed and estimated. In proceeding, however, to examine calmly, and we trust quite fairly, what qualifications Bishop Heber possessed as a traveller, we feel and are glad to express, that he deserves every respect which is compatible with candour.

Perhaps a more humble character never existed: gentle, graceful, holy—it would indeed be difficult to conceive a nature more calculated to command esteem. In the tender atmosphere he breathed around him, zeal lost its coarse, polemical features: dogmatism relaxed into firm but considerate principle, and religion herself became only more attractive and influential from her genial association with social and literary graces. Few men ever died more regretted: few men ever led a life more calculated to rob death of its terrors: he left an unsullied name, and his actions still smell sweet and blossom from the

dust. And with this tribute to his memory we will proceed to our task.

There is certainly no want of human sympathy in Bishop Heber: the deficiencies we remarked in this respect in Lord Valentia, cannot, with any shew of justice, be charged against him. The delicate sensitiveness to human joy and human suffering, the warm fellow-feeling he always entertained towards the roughest sketch of man, the interest with which he viewed the rudest and frailest human cockle-boat battling with the driving winds and grey waves of life, knowing that in common with the trimmest and noblest bark, it, too, was formed for eternity and freighted with a deathless soul: these traits of character constantly exhibited, form to our minds the great charm of the journal. As the subject, too, which chiefly attract a man's attention are those which he has generally the most facility in describing, we find that all the little sketches of character are admirably done, and though the colors are soft and the hues tender, still there is a vitality in the portraiture which stamps the master hand. And although his natural disposition prompted him to throw a *couleur de rose* over people's conduct and motives, still his eye for human subjects was too correct to allow of his missing the frailties and foibles which constantly presented themselves, and he accordingly reproduces them, with a certain quaint simplicity, which, however it may indicate a perception of the darker side of our nature, seemed quite unable to preserve him from becoming the dupe of imposture and design. But correct as his eye was in the perception of traits of character, and ready as was his pen in seizing the tangible points which would give life and reality to the human figures he introduced in his pages, both eye and pen seemed to fail when he came to describe natural scenery, the physical features of a country, or to bring up before the mind's eye the streets and shrines of cities, or the ruins of the magnificence of other days. In the first place, he was a loose and inaccurate observer of these matters, and in the second, he made the fatal mistake of supposing that he could adequately describe them, by putting down the vague and unconnected associations they awoke in his own mind. The consequence is, that his journal is not only disfigured by gross inaccuracies in local description, but rendered in places absolutely farcical and ridiculous by imagined resemblances between scenes, upon which both nature and art have set the seal of absolute dissimilarity. Almost every river, hill and town in India is declared to remind the author of some other river, hill and town in either Sweden, Cheshire or the Crimea: in many instances no sort of reason being given for the association, so that as far as description goes, we are as wise as before, and in others, the points of resemblance

specified being such as the most moderate knowledge of geography enables the reader to reject as untrustworthy. Another gross defect he has as a describer, and this applies to institutions as well as physical scenes, is, a habit of constantly using technical terms in a strained and unallowable sense, in the attempt to avoid the difficulties of detail. For instance, in mentioning the ruins of an old bridge near Dacca he says, "it is a very beautiful specimen of the richest Tudor Gothic." Surely such a description as this, far from really assisting the reader, can only serve to indicate in the writer a most superficial knowledge of both Eastern and Western architecture. But two far graver deficiencies remain. Least of any traveller whose work we ever perused does he possess the talent of discerning between sound and worthless information, and between trustworthy informants and the opposite, and this failing, added to a very remarkable thirst for information, and a habit of constantly recording what he heard, has introduced into his pages a mass of statements, the value of which is perfectly unequal: some being sound and sensible and worth retaining, others again, precisely the contrary, unsound, deficient in sense, and to be retained only as calculated to refresh the judicious reader, at intervals, with an allowable laugh. The other remarkable deficiency is, his incapacity for understanding anything in the Indian social or political system for which he cannot find a counterpart in the English system: there is really hardly a public question, measure or institution which he does not either hopelessly misunderstand, or if he does get a glimpse of its nature, it is through the aid of some English matter, to which it bears only a forced and incomplete analogy. We shall now illustrate what we have said of Bishop Heber, by extracts from his journal. And as it will be pleasanter to dwell on his best points last, we will corroborate our statement of qualifications and deficiencies in the reverse order to that in which we have mentioned them. First, then, for his general misapprehension of public matters. Let us hear him on the judicial system as it exists in Calcutta.

"The Mahratta Ditch is the boundary of the liberties of Calcutta, and of English law. All offences committed within this line are tried by the "Sudder Adawlut" or Supreme Court of Justice; those beyond fall, in the first instance, within the cognizance of the local magistracy, and in case of appeal are determined by the "Sudder Dewanee," or Court of the people in Chowringhee, whose proceedings are guided by the Koran and the laws of Menu."

We need not point out, surely, to the reader that there is here a confusion between the Supreme Court and the Nizamut, a confusion between Criminal and Civil Courts, an utter mis-state-

ment about the limits of the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and an utter mis-statement about the nature of the law of the Sudder Dewanec. And this is not noticing the perfectly unmeaning expression of the "Court of the people."

Now we will try the permanent settlement. A great deal has been written about this matter, and much discussion has from time to time been raised as to the merits and demerits of the measure, inclining of later years more exclusively to the side of condemnation. It might, however, in Bishop Heber's time have had the difficulties of a *vexata quæstio*, and erroneous conclusions would have been excusable. But how can we excuse an entire incapability of understanding what the settlement was, what sort of people it was concluded with, or how its being a permanent one made it differ from any other. "The free or copy holders," he writes, "have been decidedly sufferers under Lord Cornwallis's settlement, as have also been a very useful description of people, the "Thannadars" or native agents of police, whose "jaghires" or rent-free lands, which were their ancient and legal provision all over India, were forgotten and therefore seized by the zemindars, while the people themselves became dependent on the charity of the magistrate."

This passage is really a choice *morceau*, and would, uncommented upon, afford appropriate amusement to the initiated reader, but should any one not conversant with Indian matters peruse these pages, we may as well mention that it is a tissue of absurdities. It so happens that every description of Jageerdar was most unjustly benefited in an indirect way by the permanent settlement, in a direct way, of course, having nothing to do with it. For though no settlement could obviously, be made with Jageerdars, yet the principles enunciated at the time of the permanent settlement, caused them to be considered absolute proprietors, free from payment of revenue, though in many cases they had previously only been assignees of the Government demand. More than this, Lord Cornwallis positively exempted them from the necessity of showing that their tenures were valid. With regard to the destitute Thanadars, it will be enough to say that the entire management of the police passed into the hands of Government in 1792, and that the permanent settlement took place in 1793; at the time, therefore, of its promulgation the Thanadars had just begun to receive fixed salaries from the Government, and had they ever received landed stipends, it would of course have been expected that they should relinquish them: but the circumstance is wholly imaginary. Revenue always led the good Bishop into immediate confusion: he mentions in the part of his journal kept in Oude, that one of the most desirable measures for the benefit of the people, which

had been attempted was "a regular system of Zemindaree Collectors for the taxes," which is just one of those expressions which indicate that he had been correctly informed, and had made a note in his common-place book, without understanding what he had heard. At Patna, the sight of an absurd old tower which had been built years before for holding rice, to save the people from possible famine, and which Lord Valentia had ridiculed in 1803, leads the Bishop into a dissertation on the advantages of preventing scarcity by such sensible means. These ideas, even at the time he wrote, must have been some thirty or forty years behind the political economy of the day. But it is unnecessary multiplying instances to prove, what must be obvious to every candid reader, that the turn of Heber's mind was not the least in the direction of "affairs," and that, however it may suit the views of unprincipled political writers to claim the sanction of his name for their own crude and ill-considered diatribes, his journal, as an authority on public questions, is absolutely valueless. We will just mention one circumstance to our mind, conclusively illustrative of how foreign to the natural tendencies of his mind public matters of any kind were. The Bishop landed in Calcutta in October 1823. Shortly after his arrival, great alarm was felt throughout Bengal at the hostile attitude of the Burmese. In January 1824 they marched into Sylhet, and in May of the same year our armament, under Sir Archibald Campbell, occupied Rangoon. During the whole of this period, although the Journal chronicles the most trifling personal details, there is not one single allusion to these events. This circumstance, surely, speaks for itself.

But we must proceed to notice his want of judgment in testing the truth of information, and the trustworthiness of his informers.

Returning on one occasion from Tittyghur, the Bishop gives his sircar a seat in the carriage, and as he considers him a shrewd fellow and well-informed, an interesting conversation ensues. They pass one of the common village cars of Juggernath. "That," said the sircar smiling, "is our god's carriage, we keep it on the main road, because it is too heavy for the lances of the neighbouring village. It is a fine sight to see the people from all the neighbourhood come together to draw it, when the statue is put in on solemn days." I asked what god it belonged to, and was answered "Brahma."

Now it is easy to see why the shrewd sircar gave this answer; he thought it rationalistic and advanced to mention a god whom he knew the English associated rather more with the Supreme Being, than any of his other gods, but surely it is strange the Bishop should believe him, when Juggernath's car

is a household word in every European language. The shrewd sircar afterwards told him a large house they passed was the residence of the "Nawab of Chitpore." "Of this potentate" Heber adds with charming simplicity "I had not heard before." The title is an equivalent to that of the "Mayor of Garrett," and it is plain our sircar was in his quiet way a humourist.

On another occasion the Bishop fell in with a horde of "Kunjurs" who were encamped, as their wont is, in little dirty tents, with their goats and ponies. Their appearance attracted his notice, and a native Christian presnt, named Abdullah, who had travelled a good deal, observing his curiosity, proceeded to romance in a very distressing fashion about Gypsies in general. Abdullah declared that these "Kunjurs" were exactly the Gypsies of England, that he had seen the same people in Persia and Russia, and that in Persia they spoke Hindoostance the same as in India. He further added a theory of his own, that before Peter the Great's time all Russians were much like Gypsies. Taking this information for a sound and satisfactory basis, the Bishop proceeds with the stately march of historical philosophy. "It therefore follows that these tribes, whose existence in Persia seems to be traced down from before the time of Cyrus, &c., &c., &c." We are much afraid this same Abdullah had something to do with the celebrated "turtle soup." It is better known in India that Bishop Heber once eat a "Kuchooa" than that he edited Jeremy Taylor. Abdullah was on board the boat at the time, and as it was evidently a favorite pastime of his to impose upon his master's credulity, we fear the circumstantial evidence is strong, that he either suggested, or at least was consenting to the preparation of the tortoise. As we believe there is no other account extant of the flavor of the "Kuchooa," we must make room for the following extract: "There was not much green fat, but what there was, was extremely sweet and good, without the least fishy taste, and the lean very juicy, well flavored meat, not unlike veal."

The habit of putting everything down, without reference to its value, leads, as might be expected, to very contradictory entries. On the authority of one gentleman, it is stated, "as there is among India cottagers no seclusion of women, both sexes sit together round their evening lamps in very cheerful conversation, and employ themselves either in weaving, spinning, cookery or in playing at a kind of dominos." On the authority of another informant it is remarked that one of the worst contingencies of Suttee was, that as it was not necessary for the wife to burn with the *body* of her husband, any ill conditioned son might murder his mother under pretence that his father was dead, and that, as not the slightest notice was taken of a female's death, no troublesome

questions would be asked. Now, whether the evening conversations around the social lamp of families where such very serious domestic events were in the habit of occurring, would be likely to be cheerful, we may reasonably pause to doubt. But if Heber was a careless inquirer, so also it must be admitted, he was on occasions a careless describer and a clumsy observer. We have remarked on his use of technical terms in an inaccurate sense, to save the trouble of definition. Thus a tehsildar is called a "tacksman": a maascedar a "copyholder," aumils are "fermiers publics," old buildings are all "Gothic," and modern ones all "Grecian," a sowar is a "janissary" and his chupkun a "caftan." Now the worst of these forced synonyms is by no means their slovenliness, though that is bad enough; in many instances they are positively incorrect, and in the rest they mislead by introducing associations which are entirely out of place. The history of all archæologies is full of warnings against these careless adaptations. It is impossible to say how long Niebuhr's discovery of the true character of "plebs" and "populus" may not have been retarded by the slipshod nomenclature that rendered them both "the people."

But the strongest peculiarity in Heber's descriptions is the alleged perception of similarity between Indian places and places he had seen in former journeys or had read about in books. These resemblances are introduced so frequently that at last they become quite humorous, and produce a laugh as readily as those iterations in old comedies, "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" and the like, which prove in the end, irresistible from simple recurrence. We will give merely a specimen of them. The Hooghly is said to be like the Don, and Kedgerce like "Oxai, the residence of the Hetman Platoff," Chowringhee from Kidderpore was thought to resemble Connaught Place from Hyde Park. The Botanical Garden brought up Milton's Paradise more than any place the Bishop could remember. A pagoda near Barrackpore is stated to resemble Chester Castle. A house at Chandernagore called to mind Moreton Corbet in Shropshire. Some old ruins on the bank of one of the branches of the Ganges, Heber thought like the upper part of the city of Coffer, but a gentleman who was with him declared *he* was reminded of the baths of Caracalla. Most rivers are said to be more or less like the Dee, and the towns have a curious virtue in common, of calling up Chester, except Dacca, which is said to be exactly like Moscow.

But let us conclude the list with a climax. The Bishop lands at Bogwangola and takes a stroll: he is in a sentimental mood and writes some very pretty verses commencing, "If thou wert by my side, my love!" altogether enjoys himself exceedingly, and feels called upon to record on returning, that the whole scene

was more like a "Fiatookah" in "Tongataboo" than anything he could think of.

We give the page of this: it is p. 113, vol. 1. of the edition named at the head of our article: let those who disbelieve that a man of education, not intending to be comic, could write such nonsense, satisfy themselves by a reference. It is hardly necessary to remark that these supposed resemblances are the idlest whims, apparently, felt by the author, on occasions, to be merely such,—for at Lucknow, for instance, he writes that the Imambara reminded him of the Earl of Grosvenor's seat in Cheshire, *but perhaps more of the Kremlin*. One might really suppose that Dickens had this idiosyncrasy of the Bishop's in mind, when he drew the character of Mr. Nickleby.

Nor can we allow Heber to have been at all a good observer of nature or art. In going carefully over his descriptions of places familiar to ourselves, we do not find them vividly recalled to us. Those artistic little touches of outline and color which give truth and vitality, and produce real resemblance appear to us to be wanting. We will cite a few examples from scenes, which will be likely to be best known to our readers, and have been rendered familiar by repeated descriptions even to fire-side travellers,—we mean those in the neighbourhood of Delhi and Agra. Take the Bishop's picture of the Jumma Musjid at the former city.

"In front it has a large square court surrounded by a cloister open on both sides, and commanding a view of the whole city, which is entered by these gates with a fine flight of steps to each. In the centre is a great marble reservoir of water, with some small fountains, supplied by machinery from the canal. The whole court is paved with granite inlaid with marble. On its west side, and rising up another flight of steps is the mosque itself, which is entered by three noble Gothic arches, surmounted by three domes of white marble. It has at each end a very tall minaret. The ornaments are less florid, and the building less picturesque, than the splendid group of the Imambara and its accompaniments at Lucknow; but the situation is far more commanding, and the size, the solidity and rich materials of this building, impressed me more than anything of the sort which I have seen in India."

Now, not to mention minor mistakes, there is to our mind in this description a great deficiency. Nineteen people out of twenty, if the recollection of the Delhi Jumma Musjid were even just fading from their minds, would be able to recal that it was a *red* and *white* one. And yet this striking feature in its appearance, the contrast of the sandstone and the marble, is not noticed at all, and there would be no real verisimilitude in the idea formed in the reader's mind, had he only this description to guide him.

A great number of subsequent travellers have been misled by

the following passage in reference to the inlaid work in one of the palace rooms at Delhi. "It was entirely lined with white marble, inlaid with flowers and leaves of green serpentine, lapis-lazuli, and blue and red porphyry; the flowers were of the best Italian style of workmanship, and evidently the labor of an artist of that country." From this sentence a verdict hath gone forth that the inlaid work at Agra and Delhi was executed by Italian artists. Bishop Heber has said so, and it is so. Now whether Italians did or did not execute the exquisite work in question is a point to be decided—like other points of antiquarian interest—by evidence. But that the *flowers* evidence the Italian origin of the work we entirely deny: the flowers are almost exclusively *imaginary* flowers, and unless similar forms can be found in any pieces of Italian workmanship, which no one has yet shown, the flowers, as far as their evidence is worth anything, testify to the native origin of the work. But the Bishop's inaccurate eye only saw flowers, and as he recollected that Italian artists *did* execute flowers, and here were also flowers,—why, that was of course proof irrefragable that the Delhi work was by Italians. Of the Kootub Minar it is remarked that there is a very tolerable description of it in "Hamilton's Gazetteer." There are said to be near it granite pillars, which have no existence in reality, there being no remains whatever in granite near the spot: altogether the account is wholly unsatisfactory. Not a suspicion should we glean from it of those traces of Jain architecture, which serve to complicate the history of the whole place, and are the especial delight of the local archæologists. Nor shall we fare much better at Agra.

The account of the Taj is incorrect and quite deficient in warmth and feeling. "The building itself is raised on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble, and having at its angles four tall minarets of the same material." This is not the least the case: the terrace of white and yellow marble is *not* the one on which the building itself stands, and the "four tall minarets at its angles" would give the idea that the Taj was a four-cornered building, which any one who has seen a wood-cut of it will remember is not the fact. The tomb again is by no means, as stated, that of Noor Jehan, nor was Noor Jehan, as is also stated with equal confidence and inaccuracy, the wife of Shah Jehan. The lady buried there was named the Begum Moomtaz Mahul, and Noor Jehan, we have always thought, was the mistress of Jehan Geer. The *inscriptions* on the Taj are stated to be executed in "beautiful Mosaic of cornelians, lapis-lazuli and jasper": which is not in a single instance the case.

Lastly, a *coq-à-l'âne* story is told about a bridge to have been built across the Jumna, for which there is no sort of foundation, historical, antiquarian, physical or other, and which has been co-

pied into every traveller's note-book since, generally with the addition that the ruins on the opposite bank are the incomplete remains of Shah Jehan's tomb. We can only forgive all this romance, on the score that it produced the pretty saying of a recent American traveller that "what Fate had permitted to Love, it denied to Vanity."

If we proceed to Futtehpore Sikri, alas! we shall find our guide but little more trustworthy. There we meet with the gateway of the Tomb described as "a fine arch surmounted by a lofty tower," but the tower is an "airy nothing" which has only obtained a "local habitation" from the munificence of the Bishop's imagination, and will not be found there by the most exploring stranger. Next the "simple character" of the interior of the mosque is remarked upon. But Bayard Taylor, who was recently from Spain, where he visited it, declares that its extreme elaboration reminded him more of the Alhambra—than anything he had seen in India. And how can we explain the absence of any notice of the screen-windows in the tomb itself, without exception the most lovely works of art, of their kind, now existing?

Shall we confess that we fear the traveller who thought the minarets one of the great blemishes of the Taj, was a little deficient in taste. But we have said more than enough, perhaps, of censure, and we gladly turn to what has a just claim on our admiration, concluding the harsher part of our criticism with noticing that the editing of the book is sadly slovenly, and that to correct all the misprints of even the latest edition would be, as Coleridge said of a similar task, "a hecatomb to Jupiter Augæus."

And now before making a few extracts that we much admire, we would say generally that the style of the whole book is everything that could be desired: the English is always easy, flowing and interesting:—the English of the scholar and a gentleman, flashing occasionally into epigram, and rising softly, at other times, into fervor and poetry.

Even before reaching Calcutta, and whilst yet on the river, the great interest Bishop Heber felt in the doings of humanity, led him to visit a village on the bank. "As we approached" he writes:—

"A number of men and boys came out to meet us, all naked except the *cummerbund*, with very graceful figures, and distinguished by a mildness of countenance almost approaching to effeminacy. They regarded us with curiosity, and the children crowded round with great familiarity. The objects which surrounded us were of more than common beauty and interest; the village, a collection of mud-walled cottages, thatched, and many of them covered with a creeping plant bearing a beautiful broad leaf, of the gourd species, stood irregularly

scattered in the midst of a wood of cocoa-palms, fruit and other trees, among which the banyan was very conspicuous and beautiful; we were cautioned against attempting to enter the houses, as such a measure gives much offence. Some of the natives, however, came up and offered to show us the way to the pagoda, "the Temple," they said, "of Mahadev." We followed them through the beautiful grove which overshadowed their dwellings, by a winding and narrow path; the way was longer than we expected, and it was growing dusk; we persevered, however, and arrived in front of a small building with three apertures in front, resembling lancet windows of the age of Henry the Second. A flight of steps led up to it, in which the Brahmin of the place was waiting to receive us,—an elderly man, naked like his flock, but distinguished by a narrow band of cotton twist thrown two or three times doubled across his right shoulder and breast, which is a mark of distinction, worn, I understand, by all Brahmins; a fine boy with a similar badge, stood near him, and another man, with the addition of a white turban, came up and said he was a "police-walla." The occurrence of this European word in a scene so purely oriental had a whimsical effect. It was not, however, the only one which we heard, for the Brahmin announced himself to us as the "Padre" of the village, a name which they have originally learnt from the Portuguese, but which is now applied to religious persons of all descriptions all over India, even in the most remote situations, and where no European penetrates once in a century. The village we were now in, I was told, had probably been very seldom visited by Europeans, since few persons stop on the shore of the Ganges between Diamond Harbour and Fulta. Few of the inhabitants spoke Hindoostanee. Mr. Mill tried the Brahmin in Sanscrit, but found him very ignorant; he, indeed, owned it himself, and said in excuse, they were poor people. I greatly regretted I had no means of drawing a scene so beautiful and interesting. I never recollect having more powerfully felt the beauty of similar objects. The green-house like smell and temperature of the atmosphere which surrounded us, the exotic appearance of the plants and of the people, the verdure of the fields, the dark shadows of the trees, and the exuberant and neglected vigor of the soil, teeming with life and food, neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance, would have been striking under any circumstances; they were still more so to persons just landed from a three months' voyage; and to me, when associated with the recollection of the objects which have brought me out to India, the amiable manners and countenances of the people, contrasted with the symbols of their foolish and polluted idolatry now first before me, impressed me with a very solemn and earnest wish that I might in some degree, however small, be enabled to conduce to the spiritual advantage of creatures, so goodly, so gentle, and now so misled and blinded. 'Angeli forent si essent Christiani.'

The following little anecdote related by the Bishop of himself pleases us exceedingly: it must be premised that the good prelate was mounted on "a hot and obstinate Java poney" which we

have no doubt gave him a good deal of trouble when the little *gamin* of Benares would insist upon his stopping :—

“Nothing remarkable occurred during my ride in Benares this morning, excepting the conduct of a little boy, a student in the *Vidalaya*, who ran after me in the street, and, with hands joined, said that I “had not heard him his lesson yesterday, but he could say it very well to-day if I would let him.” I accordingly stopped my horse, and sate with great patience while he chanted a long stave of Sanscrit. I repeated at proper pauses, “good,” “good,” which satisfied him so much that when he had finished, he called out “again,” and was beginning a second stave, when I dismissed him with a present, on which he fumbled in his mouth for some red flowers, which he gave me, and ran by my side, still talking on till the crowd separated us. While he was speaking or singing, for I hardly know which to call it, the people round applauded him very much, and from the way in which they seemed to apply the verses to me, I suspect that it was a complimentary address which he had been instructed to deliver the day before, but had missed his opportunity. If so, I am glad he did not lose his labour; but the few words which, from their occurrence in Hindoostanee, I understood, did not at all help me to his meaning.”

If we possessed an Indian Frith, would he not almost select this scene—the mild and benevolent pastor—the impudent little urchin spouting his task—the gaping crowd surrounding them both—as a fitting subject for his genial canvas.

Here is an exquisite passage recorded at Chunar. The writer is speaking of the invalids stationed at that place :—

“Some of the Europeans are very old; there is one who fought with Clive, and has still no infirmity, but deafness and dim sight. The majority, however, are men still hardly advanced beyond youth, early victims of a devouring climate, assisted, perhaps, by carelessness and intemperance; and it was a pitiable spectacle to see the white emaciated hands thrust out under a soldier’s sleeve to receive the sacrament, and the pale cheeks, and tall languid figures of men, who, if they had remained in Europe, would have been still overflowing with youthful vigour and vivacity, the best ploughmen, the strongest wrestlers, and the merriest dancers of the village.”

We must make room for two portraits before we conclude our extracts. The first is of an Indian pilgrim, one whom Wordsworth, had he seen him, would have delighted to depict. The scene was near a small bungalow, one stage from Almorah :—

“During the afternoon and soon after I had finished my early dinner, a very fine, cheerful old man, with staff and wallet, walked up and took his place by one of the fires. He announced himself as a pilgrim to Bhadrinath, and said he had previously visited a holy place in Lahore, whose name I could not make out, and was last returned from Juggernath and Calcutta, whence he had intended to visit the

Burman territories, but was prevented by the war. He was a native of Oude, but hoped, he said, before he fixed himself again at home to see Bombay and Poona. I asked him what made him undertake such long journeys? He said he had had a good and affectionate son, a Havildar in the Company's service, who always sent him money, and had once or twice come to see him. Two years back he died, and left him sixteen gold mohurs, but since that time, he said, he could settle to nothing, and at length he had determined to go to all the most holy spots he had heard of, and travel over the world till his melancholy legacy was exhausted. I told him I would pay the Goomashta for his dinner that day, on which he thanked me and said, 'so many great men had shown him the same kindness, that he was not yet in want, and had never been obliged to ask for anything.' He was very curious to know who I was, with so many guards and servants in such a place; and the name of "Lord Padre" was as usual, a great puzzle to him. He gave a very copious account of his travels, the greater part of which I understood pretty well, and he was much pleased by the interest which I took in his adventures. He remarked that Hindustan was the finest country and the most plentiful he had seen. Next to that he spoke well of Sind, where he said things were still cheaper, but the water not so good. Lahore, Bengal and Orissa, none of them were favourites, nor did he speak well of Kemaon. It might for all he knew, he said, be healthy, but what was that to him, who was never ill anywhere, so he could get bread and water? There was something flighty in his manner, but, on the whole, he was a fine old pilgrim, and one well suited to

"Repay with many a tale the nightly bed."

A nightly bed, indeed, I had not to offer him, but he had as comfortable a berth by the fire as the sepoys could make him, and I heard his loud cheerful voice telling stories after his mess of rice and ghee, till I myself dropped asleep."

The other portrait is of a Ghorka boy who brought the Bishop some fish, when he was in the hills:—

"The history of the poor lad who brought the fish was not without interest: he was the son of an officer of the Ghorkas, who, during their occupation of the country, had been Jemahdar of Havelbagh, and had been killed fighting against the English. This boy had been since maintained, as he himself said, chiefly by snaring birds, catching fish, and gathering berries, being indebted for his clothes only, which were decent though coarse, to his mother, and the charity of different neighbours who had pity on him as a sort of gentleman in distress. He had his forehead marked with chalk and vermilion to prove his high caste, had a little Ghorka knife, a silver clasp and chain, and a silver bracelet on his arm, with a resolute and independent though grave demeanour, not ill-suited to his character. His tools of trade and livelihood were a bow and a fishing-rod, both of the rudest kind. He seemed about sixteen, but was broad set, and short of his age. His ambition was now to be a Sepoy, and he was very earnest with Sir R. Colquhoun to admit him into his corps. He said he should like much to do it, but doubted his height. He, how-

ever, told him to meet him at Havelbagh on his return, and he would see what could be done for him. Meantime we paid him liberally for his fish, and encouraged him to bring us another basket next day at Dikkalee. He said, at first, he feared the fishermen of that place would beat him, but after a moment's recollection, added, 'let them do it if they dare; if I have your orders I will tell them so!' He was no uninteresting specimen of a forester born and bred—one who from his tenderest years had depended on his 'wood craft' for a dinner, and had been used to hear the stags bray and the tigers growl round the fires of his bivouac."

With these extracts, which, in our judgment, exhibit his best powers, and display the most pleasing features of his style, we must close our notice of Heber.

It is not difficult, we think, rightly to estimate the value of the Bishop's Journal. As a companion for the fireside at home, or the sofa out here, it will always be found an entertaining narrative, charmingly written, full of human interest and human sympathy, and in every sense of the word eminently readable. The general panoramic view of India, conveyed in its pages, may be considered as tolerably correct, but in details it is grossly erroneous, and any separate portion viewed by itself will be found deficient in verisimilitude and local coloring. To lower the work into a chatty, cheerful, anecdotal diary is really only to place it in the category where its real merits will be most discussed: to attempt to sustain it as a grave authority on social, political or antiquarian topics is to call attention to its most prominent defects, and to subjects its author to the severe castigation he would justly have deserved had he intended his journal to be received as a book of such a description. We know that the journal was written, as we now possess it, chiefly for the eye of the Bishop's own family, and though this fact, as we have already said, cannot be received as an excuse for its inaccuracies, it does acquit the writer wholly of the charge of offering himself as an authority on many subjects with which he was only partially acquainted, and on some of which he was radically ignorant. To the foolish admiration of his readers and critics alone does Bishop Heber owe the elevated rank he is so unfitted to fill: we would desire to brighten his reputation and to increase his chance of becoming a standard writer, by placing him in that more appropriate, albeit lower sphere, in which he really is calculated to shine. No book ultimately survives on a false reputation, (for time is the true critic), and this journal has, at present, to fear the danger of disappearing altogether when discovered not to be, what it has pretended, or to speak more justly, *been* pretended to be. We wish for it a better fate.

The increased facilities of reaching India, as well as of moving about in India when it is reached, have brought us many

visitors, but they have not brought us yet any one very capable of describing the visit. We have remarked that India is not rich in travels, and those she has recently added to her catalogue are not much calculated to embellish her scanty store. The earnestness of Von Orlich and the vivacity of Bayard Taylor claim exemption for them from the general censure. The former, we understand, still retains a deep interest in this country, and has recently drawn up a paper on the Punjab, embodying an account of all the "latest improvements." Bayard Taylor has a quick and correct eye, and though he has given publicity to some gross mis-statements, where he trusts to himself, and describes from his own impressions, there is great truth and life in his touch; still his book, as a whole, cannot rank very high, and has about it something of a newspaper tone; indeed, its several chapters appeared, we believe, originally as letters in the *New York Tribune*. There is color and movement, however, in his pictures, it cannot be denied; you rise from the perusal of the scenes described with distinct images in your mind. In this respect, his book reminds us of a little volume published some thirty years ago, called "Sketches of India" and known to be from the pen of Major Moyle Sherer. There too, the accuracy of outline and truth of coloring serves to impress the descriptions on the memory, and though the book is quite unpretending and aims in no way at offering a social or political view of India, yet the perusal of its brief pages leaves the imagery of the places visited fresh and bright in the mind.

But what can we say of such books as old Madame Pfeiffer's or that of Baron Cromberg or that of Captain Egerton? Really it is scarcely possible to conceive less profitable reading. Their value is inappreciably small. They are no use to the student of history or geography or to the antiquarian, and utterly fail to instruct or interest the politicians: they harrow the feelings of the reader of taste, and fatigue and aggravate the mere seeker of pleasure. And why it is so? Simply because they are devoid of knowledge and truth and beauty: and are mere vamped up farragos of dull detail, inaccurate anecdote, misunderstood information, and lifeless description. We have had no traveller to go fully, laboriously and conscientiously into the subject of the country as Dr. Edward Clarke would have done: we have had no brilliant and dashing pictures of India brought before the public eye, such as those which startled and delighted in the pages of Eöthen; scarcely could we name any Indian tourist who would bear comparison with the gentle and graceful Elliot Warburton. A good traveller is, clearly, one of our "crying wants."

WELLINGTON IN INDIA.

By—GORDON, ESQ.

The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G., during his various campaigns in India: compiled from official and authentic documents. By Lieutenant-Colonel GURWOOD, Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath.

THE interest attaching to Sir Arthur Wellesley's Indian career is of course much increased by the subsequent achievements of the Duke of Wellington on a more conspicuous theatre. But even if he had never conducted the arduous Peninsular contest to a successful conclusion, or completed the destruction of Napoleon's power on the field of Waterloo, his early campaigns and political services in India would have been sufficient to stamp him as a soldier and statesman of a high order. In the discharge of his various duties—military, civil and diplomatic—during the campaign in which he broke the strength of the Mahrattas in the Deccan, he displayed the same high qualities,—the same energy, sagacity, foresight, patience, and resource—the same union of promptness and of comprehensiveness of view—the same noble equanimity and stern determination to overcome all obstacles and difficulties—and the same animating public spirit,—that afterwards enabled him to give the first great check to the torrent of French invasion which threatened to overwhelm Europe. In reality, no extraneous considerations are necessary to invest the Indian career of the Duke of Wellington with interest. The transactions, in which he bore a principal part in this country, took place at what may be styled the turning point of British dominion in the East; and he was one of the most eminent of those eminent men who decided the question—whether the British Government was merely to be one of many Indian powers, or to be that one to whose pre-eminence all the others must bend or before which they must be broken. Sir Arthur Wellesley, therefore, in his capacity of a distinguished Indian soldier and politician, well deserves to be illustrated in a periodical devoted to Indian subjects.

A gale of wind may be literally said to have changed Wellington's destination from the West to the East Indies. In the spring of 1795 he had returned to England from Holland with the Duke of York's beaten army, after having shown spirit and intelligence as commanding officer of a brigade in the rear-guard during the retreat before the victorious French. In the autumn of the same year Colonel Wellesley embarked with his regiment, the 33rd, at Southampton, for the West Indies. For six weeks the fleet was tossed about by contrary winds, and then returned to port with the loss of many ships. The 33rd regiment was landed, and before it could be re-embarked,

its destination was changed to India. The change was undoubtedly fortunate for its gallant commander. In the West Indies, it is probable that no opportunity of distinction would have been afforded him beyond the inglorious capture of a sugar-island or two. In the East Indies he soon had armies to command and to encounter, and the fortunes of nations to deal with. His regiment sailed for the East in April; illness prevented him from accompanying it, but he joined it at the Cape of Good Hope; and in February 1797, arrived with it at Calcutta.

Colonel Wesley (for such was the form of the name then used) was at this time in his twenty-eighth year. His appearance in the prime of manhood is described* as indicating both strength and activity. In height he was nearly five feet, ten inches: his shoulders were broad, his chest expansive, his arms long; with large but well formed hands and unusually bony wrists: the whole frame-work evincing a capability of great exertion and endurance of fatigue. His gray eyes were keen and brilliant, and his sight was remarkably acute. His countenance, as it appeared in later years, is familiar to all. Some one has remarked that the Duke of Wellington owes half his fame to his victories, and the other half to his nose. But in his earlier years the nasal organ did not stand out so prominently from the other features as advancing age made it afterwards appear to do. It was merely, a high aquiline; and his features generally were striking and expressive: the face was long, the brow open and developed; and the lower portion of the countenance presented a marked contrast to the stern expression of all above the mouth. The general expression of his face was, however, calm and cheerful; and in his demeanor and conversation he was described by Lord Teignmouth, who knew him well in Calcutta, as exhibiting a union of strong sense and boyish playfulness such as he had never seen exemplified in any other individual. Lord Teignmouth, indeed, with the almost intuitive perception of character which he is said to have shown on many occasions, seems to have perceived the remarkable character of his young friend from the first. His Lordship, then Sir John Shore, was Governor-General at the time of the Colonel's arrival in Calcutta, and the first interview between them was at a levee. As the young soldier retired, Sir John, turning round to his aides-de-camp, exclaimed "If Col. Wesley should ever have the opportunity of distinguishing himself, he will do it—and greatly."† Many years afterwards, when the Duke of Wellington was astonishing all Europe with his victories in the Peninsula, Lord Teignmouth reminded one of those whom he had thus addressed and who had

*Maxwell's Life of Wellington.

† Life of Lord Teignmouth.

not until then returned to Europe how completely his prediction had been fulfilled. Col. Wellesley had carried to the Governor-General the following brief note of introduction from a former Governor-General, the Marquis Cornwallis, who happened to be Colonel of the 33rd Regiment: "Dear Sir, I beg leave to introduce to you Col. Wesley, who is Lieut. Col. of my Regiment: he is a sensible man and a good officer, and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation." Col. Wellesley was received with much attention by Sir John Shore. He was a frequent guest at the Governor-General's table: and nearly forty years afterwards, in writing to the son of his distinguished host, he expressed his sense of the great kindness and condescension with which Lord Teignmouth had always treated him.

After a few months of ordinary military duty at Calcutta, Col. Wellesley was called to take part in an expedition fitted out for the attack of the Spanish island of Manilla. On this occasion he addressed a Memorandum to the Governor-General, suggesting that, prior to the attack on Manilla, the island of Java should be attacked and the Dutch settlements upon it destroyed. This document, although not included in the Wellington Despatches, was the first of that remarkable series of writings which have given the Duke of Wellington a place among the authors of England; and it is marked by the public spirit, the business-like method, the clear, concise, straightforwardness, and the fulness of provision for all contingencies, which in so large a measure distinguish his subsequent despatches. The troops embarked in August. Col. Wellesley having received an order that in case of coming to action while on shipboard, the troops were to be under the command of the captains of the ships, fired at the supposed indignity. From on board the Company's ship *Heroine* he addressed an indignant remonstrance to the Governor-General, declaring that had he known that field officers were to be put under the orders of captains of Indiamen and were to have the command of their own soldiers taken from them, he would have quitted the military service sooner than have embarked on such terms. "However, Sir," he characteristically adds, "uncomfortable as I feel it embarking under such circumstances, I shall do everything in my power, and shall make those under me do everything in their power, to forward the service." Sir John Shore, who had evidently never dreamt that his instructions were interfering with military etiquette, at once expressed regret for the inadvertence which he had committed, and with many compliments to the zeal, alacrity and spirit of Col. Wellesley and his regiment, revoked the obnoxious order. The Bengal portion of the expedition proceeded to

Penang where they were to be joined by a detachment from Madras—the whole to be under the command of Genl. St. Leger. Lord Hobart, who was at that time Governor of Madras, and who was in a position to watch closely the suspicious movements of Tippoo Sultan, had been entrusted with a discretionary power of recalling the expedition ; and he arrested its further progress at Penang, under the apprehension that Tippoo might be induced by the absence of the troops to invade the Carnatic. Col. Wellesley accordingly returned with his regiment to Bengal. He soon afterwards visited Madras to meet Lord Hobart who was about to depart for Europe, and after spending two months in an examination of the military establishments of that Presidency with which his name was destined to be so honorably associated, returned to Calcutta. Here, on the 17th of May 1798, he had the pleasure of welcoming his brother, the Earl of Mornington, to India as Governor-General in succession to Sir John Shore.

The Earl of Mornington devoted his first attention to the proceedings of Tippoo Saheb, and the result was a determination to reduce that great enemy of the British power. In his own time, and for many years afterwards, the Governor-General was severely censured by many for thus promptly engaging in war with Tippoo. But we presume that in the present day none will be found to deny that the destruction of Tippoo was necessary, probably to the safety, certainly to the domination of the English in India. Lieut.-General Harris, Commander-in-Chief at Madras, and who had taken part in Lord Cornwallis' campaign against Tippoo, was directed to enter the Mysore territory with the army under his command. The 33rd Regiment was at the same time transferred to the Madras establishment ; and in November (1798) the greater portion of the troops were assembled at Wallajahbad under the command of Colonel Wellesley, who retained the superintendence of them until General Harris' arrival in February. Colonel Wellesley's arrangements and management during his temporary command were highly commended in a general order by the Commander-in-Chief. The Mahrattas and the Nizam, both of whom had felt the weight of Tippoo's arm, co-operated in the war. The force contributed by the Nizam consisted of the British detachment serving in his dominions, above 6,000 strong, under Col. Dalrymple ; about an equal number of the Nizam's own infantry under Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, who had also the political superintendence of the whole contingent ; and a large body of the Nizam's cavalry under Captain Walker. This force was under the general superintendence of the Nizam's minister, Meer Allum, who requested that the Governor-General's

brother might be appointed to command it. As Genl. Harris had determined that a British regiment should be added to the Nizam's force and the whole formed into a division, in order to increase its respectability and efficiency, and as it was necessary that the commander of the new division should possess not only his own confidence but Meer Allum's, he at once complied with the request made by the latter in favor of an officer who had so recently called forth his commendation. The 33rd Regiment was accordingly attached to the Nizam's force, and Colonel Wellesley was appointed commander of the new division, now amounting to about 14,000 men. At this time Major General Baird, who had served in the former war against Tippoo and had languished for above three years in the prison of Seringapatam, commanded the first European Brigade consisting of four regiments. It was natural that a brave, high spirited and experienced officer like Baird should feel hurt at a junior officer being appointed to a more important command than he himself held in the army. He addressed Genl. Harris, remarking on the extraordinary fact that a Major-General, sent out expressly to serve on the staff in India, should command only three battalions, while a Lieut.-Colonel should be placed at the head of thirteen corps. He added that he was privately acquainted with a good reason for such an arrangement in the circumstance of Meer Allum's request in favour of the Governor-General's brother ; but as this was not known to the army at large, he requested that it might be made public, to save him from appearing degraded in the eyes of his brother officers. The appeal was, as we have said, a natural one ; but Genl. Harris did not choose to soothe Genl. Baird's wounded pride by making it appear to the army as if Col. Wellesley had no other qualification for the command of a division than that of being Lord Mornington's brother. As this was not the first occasion of a collision between Baird and Wellesley, so it was not the last. During the projected expedition to Manilla, two years previously, Col. Baird had been grievously disappointed at his regiment, the 71st, having been passed over at the formation of the expeditionary corps in favour of the 33rd ; and it will be seen that the rival commanders again jostled each other at Seringapatam, in a projected expedition to Java, in the expedition to Egypt, and finally in the Deccan. With another of the officers whom we have mentioned, Captain Malcolm, Colonel Wellesley appears to have now met for the first time ; and a warm and lasting friendship, afterwards cemented by a community of military and diplomatic service, was formed between these distinguished men. Thanks to the French officers recently in the Nizam's service, the force sent

from Hyderabad to join the British army on this occasion presented a marked and favourable contrast to the motley horde which—undisciplined, unofficered, and displaying the most grotesque arms and armour of every variety from the Scythian club and the Parthian bow and arrow, to coats of chain mail and spears eighteen feet long—had assisted or rather encumbered Lord Cornwallis in 1791 and 1792.* Col. Wellesley with his division joined the army, which had already commenced its march towards Mysore, on the 18th February. In the progress onwards he usually marched parallel to the main army, for the protection of the heavy artillery, baggage, and commissariat, which occupied the intermediate space. The army now entering Mysore was the most splendidly equipped and disciplined force that had ever assembled in India, and numbered considerably upwards of 30,000 fighting men. Of this fine army General Harris was not only in unrestricted military command, but was empowered to exert all the civil authority which would have belonged to the Governor-General in his situation. He was provided with a political and diplomatic commission, composed of Col. Wellesley, Col. Barry Close, Col. Agnew and Capt. Malcolm. These "Political Agents" were altogether subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief, and their duty was not to control but to advise. It would have been happy if a similar arrangement had been observed in some of our later Indian campaigns.

On the 27th March, General Harris, slowly advancing, reached Malavelly and discovered the army of Tippoo drawn up on a height a few miles distant. Tippoo at first retired and took post on a second rising ground, whence he opened a fire upon the advanced picquets of the British. The whole army then moved towards the enemy, the right wing under General Harris, and the left wing under Col. Wellesley. The Sultan, perceiving an opening between two brigades, charged with his cavalry, one body of which rushed forward with such impetuous gallantry as to penetrate through some intervals in the British line, and passing beyond it exchanged pistol shots with General Harris' staff. None of these daring men returned alive. Meanwhile Tippoo's extreme right was strongly posted on the elevated crest of a rocky ridge; and Col. Wellesley, whose division was formed nearly opposite, proposed to attack it. General Harris consented; and Wellesley advanced *en echelon* of battalions, supported by three regiments of cavalry under General Floyd. A corps of two thousand of the Sultan's infantry came forward to meet them, and moved down upon the 33rd. That regiment received the fire of the enemy at a distance of sixty yards, and returning it rapidly advanced upon the enemy's column which gave way.

* Wilks' Sketches of Mysore.

This was the decisive moment. Floyd charged with his cavalry and destroyed the retreating column almost to a man. Tippoo then fell back with his army, and the British troops pursued him until he was beyond the reach of their guns. In this brilliant affair the enemy left behind him about a thousand killed and wounded: the British loss was extremely slight. Col. Wellesley and General Floyd bore the brunt of the action, and undoubtedly its success was owing to their judgment and spirit. In the battle of Malavelly, Col. Wellesley first came in contact with an Indian enemy.

On the 5th April, the British army had approached within a few miles of Seringapatam, the capital and chief stronghold of the proud, vain-glorious, self-willed sovereign who had once more dared British power and once more brought a British army in sight of his palace. The army at once took up their ground nearly for the siege. A tope or grove of betul-nut trees and some ruined villages in front afforded cover to the enemy, and it was necessary to dislodge them. Two detachments under Col. Shawe and Col. Wellesley proceeded upon this duty soon after sunset. Shawe seized the ruined village which was the object of his attack without having occasion to fire a shot. Wellesley was not so fortunate in his share of the enterprize. On entering the tope he was assailed by a hot fire of musketry and rockets. The darkness of the night, the badness of the ground, and the uncertainty of the enemy's position threw the 33rd into disorder, and they fell back, leaving several killed and prisoners behind. Meanwhile General Harris was sitting up in his tent in great anxiety as to the result of all this firing; when, towards midnight, Col. Wellesley entered in some agitation to report the disaster which had occurred. Indeed, he had experienced great difficulty in finding his way back to camp, and it is believed was for some time separated from his men with only a single companion. Next morning, a stronger detachment, accompanied by five guns, was put under his command to make another attack on the tope and to drive the enemy from their whole line of outposts extending from the tope to the river Cauvery. In narrating the circumstances attendant upon this little affair, it is impossible to avoid remarking on the difficulty of ascertaining the exact truth of all the particulars of an occurrence, even where we have before us the testimony of men of undoubted honor, well acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Mr. Theodore Hook, in his life of General Baird, states on the authority of that gallant officer that the latter found General Harris on the parade-ground at the appointed hour, waiting for the appearance of Col. Wellesley to take the command of the troops who were drawn up in readi.

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ness for the attack. An hour passed without Col. Wellesley's appearance, and Genl. Harris becoming impatient, ordered Genl. Baird himself to take the command. The General mounted his horse, but a moment afterwards paused and going back to Genl. Harris said : " Don't you think, Sir, it would be but fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last night ? " Genl. Harris listened to the considerate proposal, and shortly afterwards Col. Wellesley appeared and took command of the party. This statement is certainly circumstantial enough. On the other hand, Colonel Gurwood disbelieves the whole story, and asserts on the authority of the Duke of Wellington that his Grace never even heard of it until many years afterwards. The matter is in itself one of no consequence ; but it derives some interest and has excited some discussion from the subsequent career of the great soldier who, on this occasion, when it might be supposed that his whole soul was on the alert to make up for the previous night's disaster, is supposed to have failed in his usual punctuality of duty. We are inclined to believe that a statement given by Col. Shawe, on the authority of Sir David Baird, and which is to the same effect as Mr. Hook's, with the exception that the suggestion to wait for Col. Wellesley a little longer came from Genl. Harris and was cheerfully acceded to by Genl. Baird, is correct. A natural delicacy, on the part of even the best natured friend, may have kept the circumstance from Col. Wellesley's ears. Captain Mackenzie, who had taken part in the attack on the tope on the preceding evening, used to relate that Colonel Wellesley was so excessively fatigued on his return to camp that he threw himself on a table and at once fell asleep ; and it has been remarked that nothing can be more probable than that he overslept himself next morning. Mr. Lushington, however, in his life of Lord Harris, attributes Col. Wellesley's delay to his not having been warned in time for the duty. It is not easy to discover why Genl. Harris in place of waiting for an hour to see if Col. Wellesley would come up, did not at once send to him. But enough of this petty matter. At nine o'clock Col. Wellesley advanced with his force and speedily drove the enemy out of the tope ; and Colonels Shawe and Wallace, rushing upon the adjoining villages, carried them without difficulty. Col. Barry Close, the able Adjutant-General of the Army, who had accompanied Wellesley on this service, at once proceeded to Genl. Harris' tent with the pleasing announcement, " It has been done in high style and without loss. "

This is not the place for a detailed description of the storming of Seringapatam. On the 3rd of May (1799) the breach was reported practicable ; and the storming party, above four thousand in number, the majority of whom were Europeans, were

placed in the trenches before daybreak on the 4th. General Baird had volunteered to lead the assault. Col. Wellesley was to remain in the advanced trenches in command of the reserve to support the assaulting troops if necessary. At one o'clock in the afternoon the attacking column under General Baird rushed forward, forded the Cauvery in the teeth of a tremendous fire, and in less than ten minutes had planted the British colors on the summit of the breach. The troops then filed off to the right and left, and overpowering all opposition, were soon in possession of every part of the ramparts. Tippoo had fallen at one of the gateways, gallantly fighting to the last. Resistance ceased and Seringapatam was won. The killadar of the Palace conducted General Baird to the spot where Tippoo had fallen; and by the light of torches—for it was after dusk—the Sultan's body was discovered, to use General Baird's own words, "under a slaughtered heap of several hundreds." When it was dragged out from among the slain the eyes were open, and the body itself was so warm, that Col. Wellesley, who had by this time entered the fort, was doubtful whether the Sultan was not yet alive. But on feeling his heart and pulse that doubt was at once removed. He had received three wounds on the body and a ball had entered the temple. The fallen Sultan was placed in a palankeen and carried to the Palace. General Baird, having despatched parties in every direction to stop the plunder, and having posted guards at the palace, threw himself down on a carpet in the verandah to rest after the fatigues of this eventful day. His reflections must have been strange. He, now the master of Seringapatam, reposed but a few hundred yards from the spot where he had pined for three years a wretched captive, while the powerful sovereign who was then the arbiter of his fate now lay vanquished and dead within a few paces. Scarcely has the stage exhibited a more signal or more curious instance of the mutability of fortune. History does not record a more impressive situation than that of General Baird at this moment.

Early on the morning after the assault General Baird proceeded to take measures for restoring order. He was thus engaged when Colonel Wellesley arrived to relieve him. Baird was overwhelmed with astonishment at being thus deprived of the command of the Fort which he had so gallantly won. He returned to camp in a mood of the highest indignation. "Before the sweat was dry on my brow," he wrote to a friend, "I was superseded by an inferior officer." He immediately addressed Genl. Harris, bitterly complaining of the slight which had been put upon him. Genl. Harris vouchsafed no other explanation than that he would permit no subordinate officer to remonstrate with him on the propriety of his measures or on his selection of

officers for situations of public trust ; and he severely censured Genl. Baird for a total want of discretion and of respect towards him, his immediate superior. Colonel Wellesley's temporary command of the fort was in a few days made permanent. This permanent supercession of General Baird by Colonel Wellesley in the command of Seringapatam is a matter that deserves examination, not only as affecting the reputation of three of our most distinguished soldiers but on grounds of historic justice.

It is evident, that once the assault was over and the fort taken possession of, the tranquillization of the inhabitants, the restoration of good order, and the carrying out of such arrangements as would induce the people to return to their ordinary occupations, became the primary object of the commander of Seringapatam. Now, was Genl. Baird the officer best fitted for such a task ? His long and rigid imprisonment in that very place could not but be remembered by him with some bitterness—and he did remember it. Not only so, but recent cruelties on the part of Tippoo might well have exasperated and roused to vengeance a man of more self-control than Baird. In the trenches, previous to the assault, he had recognized among the soldiery several of his former fellow prisoners ; and he assured them that they would soon have an opportunity of paying off old scores. While breathing his men for a few minutes on the ramparts during the assault, he had been informed that Tippoo had cruelly put to death his European prisoners by having nails driven through their skulls ; * and while proceeding towards the palace, he vowed to a brother officer that if the story were true he would deliver over Tippoo, as soon as he laid hands upon him, to the men of the 33rd, to be tried by them for the cold blooded murder of their comrades. What fate the royal ruffian would meet at their hands could not be very doubtful. So justly incensed was he that, long after all resistance had ceased, he hesitated to accept the offer made by the princes to surrender the palace on a promise of protection, unless they would inform him where their father was. It is true, that General Harris was not aware of all these circumstances, but he doubtless anticipated the tone of feeling that led to them. He must have felt that a man in Baird's position who had just stormed the town, was not the fittest person to tranquillize its inhabitants. He also knew that Baird's temper was easily roused and not easily restrained. Indeed, the whole career of Sir David Baird shows that notwithstanding his many excellent and soldier-like qualities, he

* It was afterwards satisfactorily ascertained that the mode of death was the equally cruel one of twisting the neck. The unfortunate soldiers taken at the unsuccessful attack on the beetul-nut tope were put to death in this barbarous manner.

had an unhappy knack of getting into hot water with those around him. In his very first independent command—that at Tanjore—it had been necessary to remove him on account of his dissensions with the Resident. Every one knows the story of his mother, when informed that Tippoo's captives at Seringapatam were chained two and two, exclaiming, "God help the poor fellow that's chained to our Davie!" Whether this anecdote be authentic or not, the frequent collisions of Sir David Baird with his official brethren prove that its spirit was correct. Baird's immediate "supercession" in the command of Seringapatam is accounted for by the fact that, soon after the assault, he had requested that the storming party might be relieved on account of the fatigue they had undergone. Col. Gurwood merely says that, in consequence of this request, Col. Wellesley, being next on the roster, was ordered to take the relief. But this does not account for the permanent command (the necessity of which was pointed out by Col. Wellesley himself) being entrusted to him. Genl. Baird himself always regarded the matter as a deliberate supercession—a supercession that pointed him out to the world as one not fit for any command of importance. We think that the considerations which we have mentioned had their weight in bringing Genl. Harris to the conclusion, that Genl. Baird was not particularly well fitted for the command of Seringapatam. At the same time we must say that there does appear to have been an excessive desire on the part of Genl. Harris throughout the campaign to afford Colonel Wellesley every opportunity of distinguishing himself. But we attribute this, not to any scycophancy to the Governor-General, but partly to a natural feeling of gratitude, and partly to a conviction of Col. Wellesley's own eminent merits. For this particular kind of duty he expressed his opinion that Col. Wellesley was the fittest officer in the army. As to Lord Mornington, so convinced was he of his brother's pre-eminent qualifications for the envied post, that he announced to Genl. Harris that if the latter had not entrusted the command to Col. Wellesley, his Lordship himself would have done so. We certainly think that, of the two, Wellesley was, by temper and tact, fitter than Baird to have the command of Seringapatam. Col. Wellesley appears to have sympathized with the wounded feelings of Genl. Baird on the occasion; and, soon after taking command in the fort, he presented Tippoo's State sword to the General as being the man who had the best right to the trophy. Col. Wellesley in his new post speedily showed that Genl. Harris' choice had not been misplaced. He found the town crowded with European and Native soldiers from all the regiments in camp, and plundering and disorder prevailing on all sides. Safeguards were at once placed by himself personally over the

houses of the principal inhabitants ; protection flags were hoisted in different quarters ; and, after repeated warnings by beat of drum against plundering the houses or molesting the inhabitants, three men were executed for the former offence. Order and confidence were soon restored by these measures. The inhabitants, most of whom had left the town on the night after the assault and slept in the open fields, began to return to their houses ; and in three days after the storming, the main street of Seringapatam was so crowded with heaps of provisions and merchandize and with buyers and sellers as to exhibit the appearance of a fair.

The submission of the whole country of Mysore quickly followed upon the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo. The Governor-General appointed a Commission, consisting of Genl. Harris, Col. Wellesley, Mr. Henry Wellesley, Col. Kirkpatrick and Col. Clive, with Major Malesher and Capt. Munro as Secretaries, to conduct the arrangement of the conquest under his Lordship's orders. He determined to reconstitute, under British protection, a portion of the Mysore State under a descendant of the Hindoo Prince whom Hyder Ali had deposed, reserving the remaining portion for distribution among the allies. It was found that the Rajah's widow was still alive and that the representative of the family was a child only five years of age. The able Brahmin, Poorneah, the fallen Sultan's minister, who showed no disinclination to transfer his services from the late dynasty to one of his own race, was chosen to signify to the family the good fortune that was in store for them. Before, however, any step was taken publicly in the matter, the family and relatives of Tippoo Sultan were, out of delicacy, removed to Vellore which was to be their future residence, and which, some years afterwards, and partly in consequence of that residence, became the scene of a dreadful tragedy. The removal of the disinherited princes was entrusted by the Governor-General to Col. Wellesley as an officer likely to combine every duty of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion. This painful but indispensable measure being effected, the British Commissioners proceeded to visit the future Rajah. They found the fallen family in a state of poverty and humiliation which excited the strongest compassion. The ancient palace of Mysore had been utterly destroyed by Tippoo, who wished to extinguish all remembrance that such a place had ever existed. The Commissioners were received in a mean apartment in a small house in Seringapatam. The young Rajah was surrounded by the males of his family, and the females were secluded behind a curtain which ran across the room. Here a formal communication of the intentions of the British Govt. was made by the

Commissioners, and gratefully responded to by the Rance from behind her curtain. The ceremony of enthronement took place in what had once been the old town of Mysore. A temporary building was erected for the purpose, and the old throne of the Rajahs of Mysore, which had been found at Seringapatam, was used on the occasion. The British Commissioners and a British Regiment attended to do honor to the proceedings. The young Rajah was met at the entrance by General Harris and Meer Allum, each of whom took his hand and conducted him to the musnud, where he was hailed as Rajah of Mysore amid the acclamations of an immense multitude of Hindoos who had some reason to testify their delight at being emancipated from Tipoo's brutal tyranny. Nearly forty years had elapsed since Hyder Ali usurped the government, and now was made fully apparent the truth of the observation, which had become almost proverbial in Mysore, that "Hyder was born to create an empire, Tippoo to lose one." By treaty with the new State, a British subsidiary force was received by the Rajah; and the British Government were authorized to interfere in the affairs of Mysore, and even to assume the management of any part of the territory whenever they judged it necessary. These preliminaries being concluded, the executive administration was organized. Poorneah, who was a man not only of eminent ability, but of what is much rarer among native ministers—integrity, became the Rajah's Dewan or chief minister; Col. Close was selected as the Political Resident; and Col. Wellesley was appointed to the military command. The appointment of a Native to the highest civil office in Mysore, and indeed, of Natives to all the civil offices and most of the military offices in the country, was hailed with applause by the people in every part of India. Under the management of Poorneah, controlled by the British Resident, the experiment succeeded admirably. The Marquis Wellesley, at the close of his administration, declared that the success of the Mysore arrangements had fulfilled his most sanguine expectations. But Poorneah was a man in a million. He left the country at his death in a highly flourishing condition. The young Rajah, however, turned out to be of the common class of Eastern Princes—indolent, prodigal and oppressive; and the usual result followed. Mysore has been for many years wholly managed by British officers.

Col. Wellesley applied himself with great energy and discernment to his new duties. In organizing the military establishment, he replaced the most intelligent and experienced of Tippoo's officers in their former posts. He made it a primary object of his attention to open roads and communications throughout the province. In order to prevent Tippoo's disbanded soldiers from combining in marauding bands, he ordered that every

horse in Mysore should be registered and that no horseman should be allowed to travel through the country without a passport. He himself made a tour of inspection through the different districts. He guarded the authority of the Government of Mysore with what Major Wilks called a "parental description of care." The task of quieting the country was a difficult one, as may be inferred from the following passage of a letter (of May 1800) to his friend Munro: "I think that, upon the whole, we are not in the most thriving condition in this country. Polygars, Nairs and Moplas in arms on all sides of us; an army full of disaffection and discontent, amounting to Lord knows what, on the Northern frontier, which increases as it advances like a snow-ball in snow. If we go to war in earnest, however, (and if we take the field at all it ought to be in earnest,) I will collect everything that can be brought together from all sides, and we ought not to quit the field as long as there is a discontented or unsubdued polygar in the country." At this time he received an offer, from the Governor-General, of the military command of an expedition designed to be despatched against Batavia in conjunction with a naval squadron under Admiral Rainier. He wished to go, but left it to Lord Clive, Governor of Madras, to decide the matter according to his sense of the public convenience. Lord Clive at once requested him to remain in a situation, which, (to use his Lordship's words), "I have long felt, and still feel, that you fill with singular advantage to our own country as well as to Mysore; a situation, in which, for the prosperous settlements of our new acquisitions, integrity and vigilance of conduct are indispensable; and in which your acquired knowledge and experience, especially in the event of active operations, must give you the advantage over other men; and in which I should find it not only difficult but impossible to replace you to my satisfaction." Under these circumstances the Governor-General, in a private letter to his "Dear Arthur," expressed his opinion that his brother could not quit Mysore at that time, adding, with his usual fraternal regard, "your conduct there has secured your character and advancement for the remainder of your life, and you may trust me for making the best use of your merits in your future promotion." Affairs in Mysore were in a state that demanded instant attention. Banditti infested the country; many chiefs were disaffected; and Dhoondiah Waugh ravaged the frontier with an army of freebooters. This leader, although in himself, as described by Col. Wellesley, "a despicable enemy," might become formidable by leaguering with the disaffected, with whom he was already in communication; and his destruction was, therefore, necessary. Mr. Webbe, Secretary to the Madras Government announced to Col. Wellesley that he was to pursue the daring freebooter, and hang him on the first tree.

The name of Dhoondiah Waugh has become famous from his having been the object of the Duke of Wellington's first campaign as a commander. Dhoondiah's career had been an extraordinary one, and a full account of it would throw a strange light on Indian character and on the condition of Southern India before the English became dominant there. But we have space merely to mention that, though a Mahratta by birth, he had been forcibly made a Mahommedan by Tippoo, and that he commenced life as a private horseman in Hyder Ali's service. He was a bold, dexterous, unscrupulous and ambitious man, who aspired to erect a principality for himself out of the disordered provinces of the Southern Mahratta country. In this he might have succeeded if he had had only Mahrattas to deal with. His band had swelled to an army, and he had managed to become master of several Mahratta forts which he duly garrisoned. But, unfortunately for him, the British were at hand. Col. Wellesley, having, with some difficulty, obtained the Peshwa's consent to pursue the marauder into the Mahratta territories, marched against him in June (1800). He was joined by Bappoo Gokla (afterwards the Peshwa's famous commander in his last struggle with the British) and by some other Mahratta officers with their troops; but they proved of little service. Indeed, strong suspicions were entertained that the marauder was secretly encouraged by the treacherous Court of Poona. Col. Wellesley soon cleared the country between the Werda and the Toombuddra of Dhoondiah's adherents, and seized several of his forts, the freebooter himself moving rapidly from place to place. On the 19th of July Wellesley writes to his friend, Munro, that he had given Dhoondiah one run and had established an opinion of the superiority of the British force throughout the country. A few days later Col. Wellesley arrived at Dummul, a strong fort on the Mahratta frontier, garrisoned by about a thousand of Dhoondiah's men. The killadar, when summoned, refused to surrender, on which the fort was attacked and carried by escalade. The killadar, being regarded as only an officer of freebooters, was hanged. On the 30th the British force, after a march of twenty-six miles, surprised a detachment of the enemy, about five thousand strong, encamped on the banks of the Malpoorba in charge of Dhoondiah's baggage or rather plunder. Wellesley charged them with his cavalry, and with such determination, that they were almost to a man killed or driven into the river. An elephant, several camels, many bullocks, and innumerable horses were taken, as well as a number of women and children. The enemy's guns, six in number, were on the opposite side of the river, and Col. Wellesley being without the means of crossing, made some of his Europeans swim over next morning to seize a boat. The guns were thus got possession of,

and he presented them to his Mahratta allies. He continued hotly to pursue Dhoondiah with the corps under his personal command and with a detachment of the Nizam's subsidiary force under Col. Stevenson, coming sometimes so close to the freebooter as to capture some of his guns and supplies. All this time Dhoondiah was in communication with several of the officials of the country, by whom he was kept well informed of the movements of the British troops. One killadar endeavoured on some pretext or other to detain Col. Wellesley at his fort, in order that Dhoondiah, who was not far off, might have time to escape; but, as Wellesley wrote to his friend Munro, "I was not to be prevailed upon to stop, and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place." At length, on the 10th September, after many doublings and evasions, the King of the Two Worlds, as Dhoondiah styled himself, was run in upon by the British force. He drew up his army, consisting of five thousand horse, in a strong position at the village and rock of Conahgull and stood for some time with apparent firmness. Col. Wellesley, forming his four regiments of cavalry in one line in order to render it equal in length to that of the enemy, charged with such rapidity and spirit, that the whole line opposed to him gave way and fled. They were pursued for several miles, many were killed, and the remainder were dispersed in small parties over the face of the country. Dhoondiah was among the slain, and his body being recognized was brought into the British camp on a gun by the 19th Dragoons. Thus terminated the adventurous life and the ambitious schemes of Doondiah Waugh, who, if he had lived fifty years earlier, might have become a second Hyder Ali. Major Munro, writing to Col. Wellesley on hearing of the death of the king of the Two Worlds, as both of these officers were fond of styling the aspiring freebooter, remarks, "Had you and your regicide army been out of the way, Doondiah would undoubtedly have become an independent and powerful prince and the founder of a new dynasty of cruel and treacherous Sultans." An infant son of the fallen leader, named Salabut Khan, was found among the baggage and brought to Col. Wellesley, who kindly took charge of him. He had him educated in Mysore, and on his departure from India left several hundred pounds for the boy's use. Salabut Khan grew up a handsome and intelligent youth, and entered the Raja of Mysore's service. He died of cholera in 1822. The death of Dhoondiah put an end to the warfare against him; and Col. Wellesley received the thanks of the Governor-General for the professional knowledge, the skilful management of resources and supplies, and the enterprising and active spirit, which he had

displayed throughout the campaign. This eulogy was from a brother : but all who, from proximity to the scene of action, had an opportunity of forming a correct opinion, appear to have heartily coincided with it.

A few months after the termination of this warfare, Col. Wellesley was apprized that he had been appointed by the Governor-General to the command of a considerable force about to be assembled at Trincomalee, with the object either of proceeding up the Red Sea to co-operate with the British army engaged in Egypt against the French, or of attacking the Mauritius which had long been a nest of French privateers, according as circumstances might render advisable. The Mauritius was at length fixed upon as the object of attack, and the expedition against it was intended to be undertaken in conjunction with the squadron of Admiral Rainier, Commander-in-Chief in the Eastern seas. Col. Wellesley accordingly proceeded to Trincomalee, and occupied himself in making the necessary arrangements. In this he was much assisted by the gallant Captain Malcolm, brother of Sir John Malcolm and afterwards well known as Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was then in command of H. M.'s ship *Suffolk*. The Commissariat, as usual, occupied a principal share of Col. Wellesley's attention. To Mr. North, the Governor of Ceylon, who had proposed that the expedition should start without certain requisite stores in hopes of their being despatched afterwards, he wrote : "Articles of provision are not to be trifled with or left to chance ; and there is nothing more clear than that the subsistence of the troops must be certain upon the proposed service, or the service must be relinquished." The expedition, however, never took place. Admiral Rainier declined to take part in it, on the ground that such a distant and hazardous expedition could not be undertaken without the express command of the British Government signified in the usual official form. In vain did the Governor-General endeavour to convince the Admiral that, if no advantage was ever to be taken of the temporary or accidental weakness of the enemy's possessions in the East without express orders from England, many opportunities of reducing their power and resources would be lost. The gallant Admiral was a thorough disciple of the red-tape school, and remained immoveable. The Governor-General, thus thwarted, turned his attention to Batavia for the reduction of which he had express instructions from England,—so that Admiral Rainier had it not in his power to refuse the co-operation of the naval squadron. The forces at Trincomalee were therefore directed to proceed against Batavia. Here General Baird came once more into collision with Col. Wellesley. The General had been for above a year in command of the Dinapore division,—when, hearing of the proposed

expedition, he hurried down to Calcutta to seek the command of it. He warmly expostulated with the Governor-General against employing a junior Colonel to command such an important expedition while the services of a Major-General were available. The result of some very animated interviews with the Governor-General on the subject was that General Baird was appointed commander of the expedition, with Col. Wellesley as second in command. Minute instructions were drawn up, in accordance with which General Baird, after taking Java, was to remain there as Governor, while Colonel Wellesley was to proceed, with as many troops as could be spared, to attack the Mauritius, of which he was to assume the civil and military government. It is very evident that the Marquis Wellesley, throughout his viceroyalty, had a truly fraternal regard to the interests of his younger brother, and lost no opportunity of affording him the means of distinction and advancement. But this expedition met the fate of that previously projected for the Mauritius, and never took place. In February (1801) the Governor-General received instructions from England to despatch a force to Egypt to co-operate with Sir Ralph Abercrombie in expelling the French. The troops which were assembled at Trincomalee were appointed to this duty, General Baird retaining the chief command. Col. Wellesley was as deeply mortified at his supercession in command of the Trincomalee force as General Baird had been when superseded in the command of Seringapatam by Col. Wellesley. There was something like poetic justice in the manner in which the rival commanders thus alternately got the better of each other. Writing on the subject to his brother Henry (afterwards Lord Cowley) who had recently arrived in India, Colonel Wellesley thus lays bare his heart—"I was at the top of the tree in this country. The Governments of Fort St. George and Bombay, which I had served, placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received from both strong and repeated marks of their approbation. Before I quitted the Mysore country I arranged the plan for taking possession of the ceded districts, which was done without striking a blow ; and another plan for conquering Wynaad and reconquering Malabar, which I am informed has succeeded without loss on our side. But this supercession has ruined all my prospects, founded upon any service that I may have rendered. I ask you, has there been any change whatever of circumstances that was not expected when I was appointed to the command ? If there has not (and no one can say there has, without doing injustice to the Governor-General's foresight) my supercession must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct or by an alteration of the sentiments of the Governor-General. I have not

been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind ; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not fail to suspect that both or worse have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look and did not wish for the appointment which was given to me ; and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else ; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the Governments upon the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it. I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought and have had no weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by Government upon this occasion. " However," he concludes with manly sense, " I have lost neither my health, nor temper in consequence thereof—but it is useless to write any more upon a subject of which I wish to retain no remembrance whatever."

In February (1801) Colonel Wellesley sailed from Ceylon for Bombay with the Trincomalee troops. He had received no orders to take this step ; and his letters, public and private, show how apprehensive he was that he would incur Lord Wellesley's displeasure by it. But he felt it to be his duty not to delay anticipating what he believed to be the Governor-General's wish, and deeming it to be his duty, he acted upon his conviction at once. His special object in going to Bombay was to hasten the arrangements for the supply of provisions to the troops,—for in all his military undertakings, the Commissariat, on which the efficiency of an army so much depends, never seemed for an hour absent from his thoughts. Lord Wellesley, with his usual kindness and consideration in whatever concerned his brother expressed approval of his having gone to Bombay, although without orders, but privately alluded to the dangerous precedent which such a step might create. The Governor-General, at the same time, in a private letter to General Baird, who was then on boardship in Saugor Roads on the eve of starting for the Egyptian expedition, expressed his hope that the General would admit Col. Wellesley to his cordial confidence and give the public the full benefit of that officer's talents. General Baird heartily told the Governor-General in reply, that his brother's talents would have full scope. " Trust me, my Lord," he added, " I harbour no little jealousy—all in *my* breast is zeal for my king and country." General Baird, on arriving at Bombay, found that Governor Duncan and Col. Wellesley had been so active in laying in provisions and preparing transports, that the expedition was nearly ready to proceed to sea. All the arrangements for embarking

for Mocha had been completed when Col. Wellesley was seized with intermittent fever, of which he had had a previous attack at Trincomalee. Genl. Baird therefore sailed without him. So anxious was Col. Wellesley to follow, that it was with difficulty his medical adviser restrained him from going on boardship. His illness at length became of so serious a nature, that he was obliged to resort to a course of nitrous baths, and all thoughts of taking a part in the Egyptian expedition were abandoned. He was extremely solicitous that his friends and the public should not think that Genl. Baird's demeanor had anything to do with this; and in a letter to Baird himself, he frankly acknowledged that gallant officer's kind and handsome behaviour towards him, candidly adding that he had not expected such treatment. His illness continuing to render him incapable of proceeding on active service, he determined to return to his old command in Mysore, which he had quitted with regret and now rejoined with pleasure. He anticipated, however, all manner of evil consequences to his reputation and future views from abandoning the Egyptian expedition. "But," he philosophically remarks, "it cannot be helped; and to things of that nature I generally contrive to make up my mind." The most sagacious of us are but short-sighted mortals, where our interests or passions are concerned. There now appears something ludicrous in the Duke of Wellington having bewailed his supercession in the command of the barren expedition to Egypt as an almost irretrievable blow to his reputation and prospects. The Egyptian expedition, although barren as to practical results was highly creditable to Genl. Baird. That commander, by the exercise of great fortitude, skill and judgment, performed the difficult and perilous enterprize of marching his troops across the desert of Suez with perfect success. But the fate of the French army in Egypt had been decided previous to his arrival. Baird returned to India and was placed on the staff of the Madras establishment.

In April (1801) Col. Wellesley was formally directed by the Madras Govt. to resume the command of the forces in Mysore, and he accordingly proceeded from Bombay to Seringapatam. Here, for upwards of a year, he was occupied in concluding the organization of the military administration of Mysore, and completing the pacification of the country. At this time he was promoted to the rank of Major General. His position in Mysore was such as to subject him to heavy expenses; and a very handsome allowance had therefore been granted to him by the Govt. of Madras. The Court of Directors, who had for some time, been growing dissatisfied with the Marquis Wellesley's great military expenditure, took this opportunity of

aiming an indirect blow at him, and ordered his brother's allowances to be reduced on the ground of their being extravagant. The Marquis fired at this, and bitterly complained that the Court had offered him "the most direct, marked, and disgusting personal indignity which could be devised." He further expressed his opinion that if the Court thought him capable of permitting the Madras Govt. to grant an extravagant allowance, or thought his brother capable of accepting such an allowance, it ought to remove both from its service. This circumstance, combined with some other matters of dispute with the Court, led the Governor-General in January 1802 to intimate a desire to be relieved of his high office at the close of the year. The Court of Directors, however, with many complimentary expressions, requested him to prolong his stay for another year. The state of British relations with the Mahrattas soon put all thoughts of quitting his post out of the Marquis Wellesley's head; and it was well that such a man was at the head of the Govt. in the contest which speedily ensued with the great Mahratta chiefs. The time had come for deciding whether the strangers from beyond the sea, or the mountain tribe which had so strangely risen from a horde of marauders to a nation of conquerors, were to be the Lords of India.

It would be out of place here to enter into a detail of the internal contests among the Mahratta chiefs, which led to the direct interference of the British Govt. in the affairs of the Mahratta empire. It will be sufficient to state that the Marquis Wellesley was desirous of forming a subsidiary treaty with the Peshwa, the nominal head of the Mahratta confederacy; and while the arrangements for this were in progress, Holkar, who was in arms against Scindia and the Peshwa, defeated their combined forces near Poona in October 1802. Upon this the Peshwa, Bajee Rao, fled to Basscin near Bombay, and threw himself upon British protection. Here, on the last day of the year, a treaty was concluded with him by Col. Close, the late Resident at Poona, whereby, among other stipulations, it was agreed that the British and the Peshwa would conjointly defend each other's territories against all enemies, and that the Peshwa would receive permanently into his dominions a subsidiary force, and, while exercising complete sovereignty over his own subjects, would conduct all his relations with other states under British advice. Dowlut Rao Scindia and Ragojee Bhonsla, the Rajah of Berar, the two leading Mahratta chiefs, were decidedly adverse to any such British interference as was here contemplated, and were, besides, displeased at not having been consulted regarding the treaty; while the third great Mahratta chief, Jeswunt Rao Holkar, was at the time lying at Poona

with an army hostile to the Peshwa. Thus a war with these chiefs seemed almost inevitable as soon as the British Govt. proceeded to carry out the stipulations of the Treaty of Bassein. A British force had been previously assembled at Hurryhur, on the North-West frontier of Mysore, as a precautionary measure in consequence of the disordered state of Mahratta affairs. In March 1803, this army, which was commanded by Genl. Stuart, numbered twenty thousand men; and a strong detachment of it was ordered to advance into the Mahratta territory under the command of General Wellesley, who had been selected for this service by Lord Clive, Governor of Madras, as possessing (to use his Lordship's words at the time) much practical experience, great local knowledge and personal influence among the Mahratta chieftains, and eminent ability for the discharge of the political as well as military duties which were requisite to be performed. At this time, indeed, Southern India exhibited an array of officers of ability and political experience, such as never before or since appeared at any one period in Anglo-Indian history. A mere enumeration of the names will be sufficient to show this. In addition to General Wellesley, the destined leader in the impending war, there were Major Malcolm (who was to accompany him as Political Assistant), Col. Barry Close, Resident with the Peshwa, Col. Collins, Resident with Scindiah, Major Kirkpatrick, Resident with the Nizam, and Mr. Josiah Webbe, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Major (afterwards Sir Thomas) Munro, and Major Wilks, the historian of Mysore, who were variously employed in Mysore and the Deccan. Nearly all of these took part in some capacity or other in the war about to commence. Nor must we forget Genl. Baird, of whom we are now to take a farewell here. That gallant but very sensitive officer was in command of a division of the Madras Army, but finding that his corps was much reduced by drafts made upon it to strengthen Genl. Wellesley's force, and deeming that he was neglected in order that his more favoured rival might be advanced, he remonstrated with the Madras Govt., and this not proving successful he relinquished his command and returned to Europe. On a calm review of all the circumstances attending Genl. Baird's distinguished career in the East, it is impossible not to sympathize in some degree with his feelings on this occasion. The conquest of the Cape of Good Hope soon, however, afforded scope for his energy and zeal; and his conduct in Spain, as second in command under Sir John Moore, afterwards more widely extended his reputation. It is remarkable that on the very first service in which Sir Arthur Wellesley was engaged after his return to Europe—the Expedition to Copenhagen—there also was his

old friend, Baird. It is gratifying to add that by none were the Duke of Wellington's successive victories in the Peninsula hailed with a warmer feeling than by Sir David Baird.

General Wellesley's advancing force numbered about ten thousand men including one regiment of European cavalry and two regiments of European infantry, besides a large body of the Raja of Mysore's horse. The object of the advance was in the first instance, to encourage the jagheerdars in the Southern Mahratta country to declare for the Peshwa, and then to proceed to Poona and establish there an order of things favourable to the Peshwa's return to his capital. Wellesley marched with his army from Hurryhur, on the 9th March (1803,) crossed the Toombuddra on the 12th and reached the Kistna on the 31st. Since the General had been in this part of the country, three years previously, there had been nothing but one continued contest for power and plunder between the great Mahratta jagheerdars. His conduct in the command of Mysore and in the campaign against Doondiah Waugh had given him fame and extraordinary influence among these turbulent chieftains; and he took care on this occasion to conciliate the inhabitants by preventing all plunder and excess. The consequence was that his army were everywhere received as friends; and the heads of the great Mahratta families of Gokla, Putwurdhun, Vinchor, Dessye, and others, ceasing their contests for the time, joined him with their forces, consisting principally of horse. In these chiefs it was easy to observe a thorough detestation of the Peshwa's person and a decided apprehension of his power, founded on a long series of mutual injuries. It was indeed rather to General Wellesley than to the Peshwa that they tendered their support. During his march onwards he relieved the Nawab of Savanore, a starving brother-in-law of Tippoo Sultan, with a present of five thousand Rupees. Being joined on the 15th of April by the Hyderabad subsidiary force under Col. Stevenson, he proceeded towards Poona so as to secure the Peshwa's march to that place from Bassein. Meanwhile Holkar had retired from Poona with his army and withdrawn to Chandore, three hundred miles distant; but Amrut Rao, the brother of the Peshwa by adoption, and whose son had been placed by Holkar on the musnud, was left behind with a small detachment. Repeated intimations were conveyed to General Wellesley by Col. Close from Poona that Amrut Rao intended to burn the city previous to retreating. Accordingly, General Wellesley pushed on by forced marches with his cavalry over a rugged country and through the difficult pass of the Little Bhore Ghaut, and arrived at Poona on the 20th April, having marched sixty miles during the preceding thirty-four hours. Amrut Rao moved off with

precipitation on the morning of General Wellesley's arrival, leaving the city uninjured. The British were welcomed at Poona as deliverers by the few inhabitants who had remained in it, and great numbers who had fled to the adjoining hills at once returned to their houses and resumed their occupations. It was found that Holkar's barbarities and the ravages of the bands of Pindarrees attached to his camp, had reduced the country for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles from Poona to an uninhabited desert. The grain and forage had been consumed; the houses had been pulled down for firewood; the inhabitants had fled with their cattle; and for fifteen days before reaching the Mahratta capital, the British army did not meet with a human being excepting in one village. Such was the devastating nature of Mahratta warfare.

The Peshwa reached Poona on the 13th May under a strong British escort. Next day he admitted General Wellesley to an interview, which was mutually satisfactory. The General was struck with His Highness' quickness and ability, and with his apparent anxiety to perform all the stipulations of the Treaty. The Peshwa, on his part, conversed with the British commander with frankness and cordiality, invited him to an entertainment to be given in his honor, and soon afterwards showed his confidence in the General's integrity and discretion by transmitting through him all important orders to the Mahratta Sirdars. But in the course of a few days Genl. Wellesley discovered that Bajee Rao's graceful person, polished demeanor and flowing conversation concealed a fickleness of purpose, an incapacity for government, a jealousy of British influence, and an excessive malice towards all who had ever opposed him or whom he had ever injured, that rendered him a very unsafe ally. It was not until a later period, however, that he fully fathomed the depths of that base, inhuman, treacherous and vindictive disposition which marked out Bajee Rao as a bad man even among Mahrattas.

Previous to this it had become apparent that a confederacy was being formed among the great Mharatta chiefs with the view of opposing British influence and subverting the Treaty of Bassein: Scindiah crossed the Nerbudda with his army and advanced to Burhanpoor; the Rajah of Berar was preparing to join him; and negotiations were carried on between Scindiah and Holkar for the accommodation of their mutual differences and with the view of inducing Holkar to take part in the confederacy. In this conjuncture the Governor-General had despatched Col. Collins to Scindiah's camp to learn the intentions of that chief. On Collins requesting to be informed if there was any intention to obstruct the fulfilment of the Treaty of Bassein,

Scindiah coolly replied that he would answer the question as soon as he had held a conference with the Rajah of Berar, when the Colonel should be informed "whether there was to be peace or war." This insolent and hostile declaration, as the Governor-General justly deemed it, rendered it necessary to prepare for active hostilities. Genl. Lake, the Commander-in-Chief, was directed to assemble an army in Northern India. Col. Stevenson, with the Hyderabad subsidiary force, had previously proceeded from Poona to the Nizam's frontier, which had been threatened by Holkar; Genl. Wellesley marched with his army from Poona on the 4th of June (1803): and General Stuart advanced with the reserve army to a position from which he could co-operate with Wellesley and Stevenson. The Governor-General, aware that in the course of the transactions, whether of diplomatic intercourse or of warfare, with the confederate chiefs, many questions might arise demanding prompt decision, resolved to unite for a time the general direction and control of all political and military affairs in the Deccan under a distinct local authority, and having full confidence in his brother's military and political abilities and in his zeal, judgment and experience, vested these powers in his hands. Similar powers were afterwards entrusted to General Lake for Hindustan. The Marquis Wellesley had formed a vast scheme of military and political operations, with the view of reducing the great military power of Scindiah, excluding the Mahrattas from Northern India and from communication with the Sikhs, destroying the quasi-French State which Perron and other adventurers had established on the Jumna, delivering the Emperor of Delhi out of the hands of the Mahrattas, or rather of their French subordinates, establishing the Peshwa and the Nizam in their respective Governments under British protection, obtaining possession of the Doab, of the Jumna and Ganges, including Delhi and Agra, of Bundelcund, of Cuttack, and of the seaports of Guzerat, so as thoroughly to consolidate and secure the Company's dominions. His object in a word was to render the British the paramount power in India. Of his success in this grand scheme our present position in India is the result and the standing proof.

Genl. Wellesley's vigorous and judicious measures soon justified his brother's generous confidence in him. On the very day of his march from Poona, the armies of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar had formed a junction on the frontier of the Nizam's territories. Holkar had retired into Malwa to watch the course of events. The negotiation between Col. Collins and the confederate chiefs dragged themselves slowly on. The language of these chiefs displayed the vagueness usual in Mahratta diplomatic intercourse, and might be made to bear any meaning. But it

became gradually evident that their object was to gain time so as to draw Holkar into the confederacy and to enable them by menaces and promises to rouse the neighbouring native princes against the British. General Wellesley, after bearing patiently with their evasive and dilatory conduct for some time, at length resolved to bring matters to an issue and decide at once, in Scindiah's own words, whether there was to be peace or war. Accordingly on the 18th of July, being then encamped in the neighbourhood of Ahmednugger, he directed Col. Collins to intimate to the confederate princes, that if they were sincere in their amiable professions, they must show it by retiring from their menacing position on the Nizam's frontier and withdrawing their armies, Scindiah into his own territories across the Nerbudda and the Rajah of Berar to his capital of Nagpore,—in which case the British army would also retire to their usual stations. If this was not agreed to Colonel Collins was to leave Scindiah's camp, and hostilities would commence. This was a proposal which could not be misunderstood and which would soon bring the intention of the confederates to the test,—and they were perplexed how to meet such plain dealing. They attempted to continue their former game of evasion; and Col. Collins, unable to obtain a decided reply, at length left Scindiah's camp after more than five months of fruitless effort to avert war. Even after this the confederates addressed General Wellesley, proposing that he should move his troops to Madras, Bombay and Seringapatam, while they on their part should withdraw their united armies to Burhanpore, fifty miles from the Nizam's frontier. They could scarcely expect that such an absurd proposal as this, which would give them the opportunity of pursuing their hostile schemes unopposed and at the most favorable season for military operations, would be listened to. General Wellesley's reply was firm and decisive: "This proposal is unreasonable and inadmissible, and you must stand the consequences of the measures which I find myself obliged to adopt in order to repel your aggressions. I offered you peace on terms of equality, and honorable to all parties; you have chosen war, and are responsible for all consequences." This was on the 6th August; and next day he published a proclamation announcing that he had commenced hostilities against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, but that he had no intention of making war upon the inhabitants of the country, and requiring all civil officers to remain quietly at their stations and obey his orders,—assuring them that if they did no injury to the British army none would be done to them, but that such of the inhabitants as abandoned their dwellings or endeavoured to injure the British army or its followers would be treated as enemies. Genl. Wellesley had at

this time under his immediate command a force of above fifteen thousand men, including two large bodies of Mysore and Mahratta horse. Under his orders were also the Hyderabad subsidiary force commanded by Col. Stevenson, amounting to eight thousand men, besides a corps of Mogul cavalry, posted on the Nizam's frontier, and a field and garrison force of seven thousand men in Guzerat, commanded by Col. Murray, the same officer who, as Sir John Murray, was unlucky enough during the Peninsular war to lose his artillery at Tarragona. The united forces of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, which were lying in the neighbourhood of the Adjunta ghaut near the Nizam's frontier, consisted of thirty-eight thousand cavalry, twelve thousand infantry, a thousand camels carrying rockets and light pieces of ordnance, and above two hundred guns. Several of these corps were, however, only half disciplined, and it may be added that neither of the confederate chiefs possessed any military ability or experience. Including General Lake's army, and various detachments at different points, above fifty thousand British troops were in arms to carry out the comprehensive plan which the Governor-General had formed for the extension of British dominion and influence. General Stuart had been authorized by the Governor-General to assume the command of General Wellesley's army wherever he thought proper. With rare self-denial, however mingled it may be, with somewhat of a feeling of deference to what he must have known were the Governor-General's private wishes, he declined this honor, and his words on the occasion are too creditable to General Wellesley to be omitted here. It will be seen what was the opinion formed of that officer at this early period of his career by his immediate military superior. Writing to the Governor-General on the 8th August, General Stuart says :—

"The experience gained by Major General Wellesley during his former operations in the Mahratta territories, the extensive knowledge and influence which he has acquired in the present campaign, and his eminent military talents, enable him better than any other officer to prosecute with success the service which he has hitherto conducted with so much ability; and I have chosen to relinquish the gratification which I should derive from the command of an army, probably destined to undertake very distinguished services, in order to continue that important charge in the hands of the officer best qualified in my judgment to exercise it with advantage to the public."

On the same day on which this was written, orders were issued by the Nizam, placing all his military commanders and his frontier talookdars under General Wellesley, even to the extent of displacing them if he thought proper. The assistance rendered to him by the Civil officers of his ally the Peshwa was merely nominal. "The Peshwa is too bad," he writes to his friend Close :

"it is really discreditab!e to the British Government to have any thing to say to him." He describes in very dark colors the state of the Peshwa's territories at this time. The whole country was unsettled and in ruins. Entire districts had been depopulated by the extortion and marauding of Holkar's army and his Pindarree retainers. Very little revenue was received by the jagheerdars, who were consequently obliged to wink at their troops plundering the villages for the means of subsistence. No man who could find anything to seize or steal would employ himself in cultivation. Many of the jagheers and forts even in the neighbourhood of Poona, were in the hands of men who refused obedience to the Peshwa's Government; and that Government was in such a state of weakness and confusion as to be quite helpless against disobedience. This state of matters tended greatly to encourage the confederate princes, who were further under the delusion that a union of the chiefs of the Mahratta empire would be as powerful now against the British as it had been in former times. General Wellesley had very little doubt in his own mind that he would soon convince them to the contrary. The confederates also boasted that they would tire out the English as they had tired out the Mahomedans by the favorite Mahratta system of predatory warfare; but, to use Genl. Wellesley's words, "unless they find British officers and soldiers to be in the same corrupted, enervated state in which their predecessors found the Mussulman in the last century, they cannot expect much success from it."

In accordance with the plan of operations which he had formed, Genl. Wellesley, on the 6th August, the day of declaring war, sent orders to Guzerat for an attack upon Scindiah's fort of Broach, and he himself two days afterwards attacked Ahmednuggur. This fortress, ever since the days of the famous Chand Bibi, had been regarded in the Deccan as impregnable, and to the British General it appeared the strongest native fort he had seen excepting Vellore. The pettah, or fortified suburb, was simultaneously escaladed in three places, and after an obstinate defence by a party of Arabs was carried,—on which the fortress surrendered. The pusillanimous killadar seemed more anxious to save his property than to strike a blow for his master. During the attack on the pettah, Colonel Wellesley was struck with the gallantry of a young officer who had not before come under his notice, and immediately made him his Brigade Major. This officer afterwards became Sir Colin Campbell and was the Duke of Wellington's companion on many a hard-fought field. The acquisition of Ahmednuggur was of immense importance to the success of the war. Besides securing the communication with the South and afford-

ing a secure depôt for stores, it placed at the British General's command all Scindiah's territories south of the Godavery, and cut off the connection of the confederates with the Deccan. Leaving a garrison in Ahmednuggur, General Wellesley began his march northward on the 18th of August, through a country exhibiting melancholy signs of Mahratta warfare in depopulated villages and uncultivated fields. By the 24th the army had crossed the Godavery. This river was very wide; and the mode of transit was in wicker boats, made by the troops themselves from the neighbouring jungle, and covered with bullock skins. Here Major Malcolm was obliged to quit the camp and proceed to Bombay on account of his health; and Col. Wellesley missed much his extensive information regarding the country and his valuable assistance in political matters. A gentleman, however, was present with the force, admirably qualified to supply the vacancy—Mountstuart Elphinstone, then Persian Interpreter on Genl. Wellesley's staff, and since so honorably distinguished in Indian diplomacy and administration and in Indian historical research. The confederates had by this time entered the Nizam's territories with a large body of horse. They spread their Pindarrees over the country and began to plunder, but with so little success, that great distress existed in their camp, and flour and grain were selling at two and a half seers for the Rupee. The villages were in general walled, and as the enemy were without guns and their horse could not get over the walls, the inhabitants were tolerably secure. Indeed, in several instances, the cowardly Pindarrees were beaten off in fair fight by the village peons. The enemy, however, managed to seize some of the principal inhabitants, whom they kept as hostages for the payment of contributions which they had demanded from the districts. On learning this, General Wellesley thought it necessary to retaliate, as the only means of checking such an unjustifiable mode of warfare, and at once requested the Governor of Bombay and the Resident at Poona to seize any of the relatives of Scindiah or Raghoojee Bhonsla residing in these places. The enemy, pressed upon by General Wellesley, abandoned the predatory warfare on which they had entered with their cavalry, and forming a junction with sixteen battalions of Scindiah's regular infantry and a large and well equipped train of artillery under two French officers, encamped on the 21st September in the neighbourhood of the village of Bokerdun on the bank of the Kaitna river. On the same day the respective corps of Wellesley and Stevenson were so close to each other, that the commanders were able to hold a conference, at which a plan was concerted of attacking the enemy with both divisions on the morning of

the 24th. On the 22nd, in accordance with this plan, Wellesley marched towards them by the Eastern route and Stevenson by the western route. This separation was necessary, not only because both corps could not pass through the same defiles in one day, but because both the roads through the hills required to be occupied in order that the enemy might not move off by one of them, and thus avoid altogether the action so much desired by the British commanders. The object in view was, that both corps should arrive within twelve or fourteen miles of the enemy on the 23rd and move to attack them next morning. Erroneous information, however, disconcerted this plan. On arriving at the village of Naulniah on the 23rd, Genl. Wellesley found that the enemy, instead of being twelve or fourteen miles, were only six miles distant. He was informed at the same time that their cavalry had moved off and that their infantry were about to follow. Eager to prevent their escape he resolved to attack them at once, and sending notice of his intention to Col. Stevenson who was then only eight miles distant and whom he directed to move forward, and leaving a strong guard with his baggage and stores at Naulniah, he marched towards the enemy. He himself went on at the head of the pickets to reconnoitre, and found that he had been misinformed as to the enemy's cavalry having moved off. On ascending a rising ground he beheld the whole army of the confederates in his front encamped on the opposite bank of the Kaitna river near its junction with the Juahnullah. Their right, consisting entirely of cavalry, rested on the village of Bokerdun, and the line extended six miles to their left, consisting of infantry and artillery, in the direction of Assye. Their position was most formidable, and they greatly outnumbered the British force in all arms. They had above thirty thousand cavalry, above ten thousand regular infantry and about a hundred guns,—while to oppose this vast host Genl. Wellesley had only four thousand five hundred British troops (of which one regiment of cavalry and two of infantry were Europeans) and five thousand Mysore and Mahratta horse, with a few field pieces. Intelligence was also at this time brought to him that the Mahratta horse intended to go over to the enemy as soon as the engagement commenced.* The most daring commander that ever lived might well have hesitated under these circumstances. General Wellesley deliberated whether to attack the enemy at once, or withdraw to Naulniah and in conjunction with Col. Stevenson attack them on the following morning. Reflecting that if he withdrew he should be harassed by their hordes of cavalry all the way to Naulniah, that his baggage would also be in danger,

* Grant Duff's History of the Mahrattas,

and, above all, that the enemy, on hearing of the junction of the two British corps, would probably decamp during the night, he determined upon an immediate attack. The determination was a bold one, but he knew the Mahrattas, and he had such confidence in his own troops, that his predominant feeling was that the enemy could not now escape him. He had first come in front of their right, but he resolved to make the attack on their left, as the defeat of their infantry and artillery would most effectually break their strength. The river Kaitna, which flowed between the hostile armies, is bordered by steep banks: it was impassable every where for guns except at the village of Peepulgaon. This ford, which was beyond the left flank of the enemy who had most negligently omitted to guard it, was occupied by Genl. Wellesley. He left the Mysore and Mahratta horse on the southern side of the river in order to keep in check a large body of the enemy's cavalry which had followed his route from the right of their position. He then crossed the Kaitna with his twelve hundred cavalry, thirteen hundred European infantry and artillery and two thousand Native infantry to encounter the confederate host of forty thousand men. Immediately on crossing he drew up his troops in order of battle, in three lines, on the tongue of land between the Kaitna and the rugged nullah of the Juah which ran parallel to it. The first line consisted of the advanced pickets, the 78th Highlanders and two battalions of Sepoys; the second of the 74th Highlanders and the remainder of the sepoy; and the third of the cavalry. Meanwhile the enemy, having discovered General Wellesley's design of attacking their left, had altered the position of their infantry, which was no longer, as at first, along the Kaitna, but extended in one long line right across from that river to the Juahnullah, with a second shorter line running at a right angle to the first the left of both resting on the village of Assye, where their formidable park of artillery was posted. This new disposition of the enemy determined the General to alter his plan of attacking their left, and to fall upon their right so as to push it upon the Juah. The order was given, and the British troops advanced under a heavy fire from the enemy. The officer commanding the pickets, which were opposite Assye, had been directed to keep out of the severe cannonade from that village, but by some misapprehension of orders he marched directly upon it. The 74th, which had been ordered to support the pickets, followed them towards Assye, and both bodies were thus exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns there, which did such terrible execution, that the pickets came to a halt. Orders were sent to the officer commanding them to move forward, but he sent word that the guns with him were disabled and the bullocks killed. General

Wellesley coolly, replied, "Well, tell him to get on without them," and most of the British guns were thus left behind. The 74th were so thinned by the cannonade from Assye, that the enemy's cavalry were encouraged to charge it. To repel this onset it was necessary at once to move forward the British cavalry who were to have remained in reserve for the pursuit. The 19th Light Dragoons, who drew only three hundred and sixty sabres, gave a loud huzza and, followed by the native cavalry, passed through the broken ranks of the 74th, who cheered them as they advanced, and cutting in among the enemy's horse, quickly put them to the route. The 78th, and the Native infantry on the British left, led by General Wellesley in person, had continued to advance steadily against the enemy's right which fell back upon their second line towards the Juah. The British infantry pressed forward, and the cavalry dashed upon Assye. The enemy's infantry and artillery made a firm and vigorous resistance, but at length their whole line gave way in all directions, and were driven into the Juahnnullah, with great slaughter, at the point of the bayonet. On gaining the opposite bank the fugitives endeavoured to rally, but the British cavalry followed hotly across the nullah, cut in among the broken infantry, and charged them along the bank with great effect. Some of their corps, however, succeeded in drawing off in good order. Several infantry battalions of the Begum Sumroo, which had been left in charge of their baggage, also got off in safety. After the victory had been apparently won, a heavy fire was opened upon the British ranks from an unexpected quarter. In pressing forward they had passed many of the enemy lying on the ground near their guns as if dead. These men now jumped up and turned their guns upon the British rear with such effect, that General Wellesley was obliged to move against them with the 78th and some Native cavalry, with which he soon silenced their fire. Large masses of the enemy's cavalry still continued to hover around, and one strong body of infantry had reformed. Colonel Maxwell with the cavalry charged this corps; he fell; but the charge was so effective, that the whole of the enemy's infantry and cavalry that had not already drawn off, retreated from the field. The victory was complete, and seven stand of colors and ninety-eight guns remained in the hands of the conqueror. The wreck of the enemy's army did not pause until they had got twelve miles off; the British army passed the night upon the field of battle.

The Battle of Assye was one of the fiercest and most arduous contests that had ever been fought in India. Not even at Plassey had there been a greater disparity of force, for Soorujoodowlah's vast army was a rabble compared to Scindiah's well disciplined infantry and expert artillery. The loss on both sides was great.

Of the British army twenty-three European officers, 175 European soldiers and 230 Native soldiers were killed, and thirty European officers, 412 European soldiers and 696 Native soldiers were wounded, comprising above a third of the troops engaged.* The Mysore and the Peshwa's horse being on the opposite side of the Kaitna had no share in the action, and suffered little or no loss. Of the enemy 1,200 were left dead on the field of battle, and their wounded were scattered in numbers over the face of the country. Their loss was principally among the artillery and infantry. The artillerymen served their guns admirably and, as is generally seen in native armies, stood by them to the last; and De Boigne's old battalions fought with ardour and firmness. The bulk of the Berar cavalry, although repeatedly making demonstrations of a charge, kept aloof in the most dastardly manner: and, their chief Raghojee Bhonsla, emulated their cowardice. He fled from the field at the commencement of the action, and was soon followed by Scindiah. On the British side all appeared to have behaved well. The infantry advanced with steadiness and in perfect order, and the 19th Dragoons fought as if every man felt that victory depended on his single arm. General Wellesley himself had two horses shot under him in the two charges in which he led his men; and as to the other qualities, besides personal intrepidity, which he displayed, the operations which we have narrated sufficiently show with what prompt and cool determination, judgment and spirit he engaged in and conducted to a successful issue this his first great battle. A very fair criticism on the General's conduct is contained in a private letter written by Major Munro to his brother soon afterwards: "If there was anything wrong at Assye, it was in giving battle; but in the conduct of the action every thing was right. General Wellesley gave every part of the army its full share; left no part of it unemployed; but supported, sometimes with cavalry, sometimes with infantry, every point that was pressed, at the very moment it was most necessary."† But we think our readers will be inclined to go a step further and be of opinion with us, for the reasons we have already given, that, in giving battle, equally as in the conduct of the action, General Wellesley was in the right. With the result of the battle he was greatly elated, and he thus exultingly writes to his brother Henry: "The action, I believe, was the most severe that ever was fought in this country;

* The return of casualties as abridged by Colonel Gurwood is very inaccurate. He sets down the number of officers killed at fourteen only. In "Notes relative to the late Transactions of the Mahratta Empire: Fort William, Decr. 15th, 1803," the full official return is given, as abstracted above.

† Life of Sir Thomas Munro.

and I believe that such a quantity of cannon, and such advantages have seldom been gained by any single victory in any part of the world."

Col. Stevenson reached Assye on the day after the battle. He was despatched in pursuit of the enemy, while General Wellesley remained on the field for the sake of his wounded. So deficient was the medical establishment with the army that, although Col. Stevenson was detained for two days in order to obtain the benefit of his surgeons, many of the wounded soldiers were not dressed for a week. At the same time the commandant of the Nizam's fortress of Dowlutabad positively refused to admit the sick and wounded into the fort; and several other killadars behaved in an equally unfriendly manner, one of them actually firing upon a British convoy. "It makes me sick to have any thing to do with them," writes Wellesley to his friend Munro. He at length threatened to treat the country as an enemy's unless the Nizam behaved more like an ally. The refusal of the Nizam's officers to receive his wounded or supply him with grain, obliged him to delay his military operations which he was extremely anxious to recommence. "Thus," he writes to Colonel Close, "are all our best plans thwarted, and yet these are the best of our allies !!!" In the matter of supplies, however, he was soon (to use a favorite phrase of his own) "in great style." With his usual care for the commissariat of his army, he had always treated the Brinjarrie grain carriers with great kindness, advancing them money, making them presents, and buying their grain even when he was not in want of it. A horde of them were at this time on their way to the enemy's camp with several thousand bullocks loaded with grain, which General Wellesley's kotwal induced them after some negotiation to transfer to the British camp. The General treated them with his usual liberality, and to the kotwal he presented a pair of heavy gold bangles which, to enhance the value of the gift, he fastened on the zealous official's wrists with his own hands. The wounded soldiers were at length placed in safety in the Adjuttee fort; but the necessity of defending the territories of the helpless Nizam rendered it impracticable to proceed against the enemy with the whole British force. "These things called allied governments," he writes with some bitterness to Major Shawe, the Marquis Wellesley's Private Secretary "are in such a state of deplorable weakness, they depend so entirely on us for the defence of their territories, and their power is so feeble over their own servants, who have so much connection with, and even dependence on, the enemy, that I have not means to move forward upon Aseerghur with my whole force; although I know that if I could take that step with safety, it would put

an end to the war. But not one of the Soobah's forts is sufficiently garrisoned. He has not a soldier in the country : and his killadars and amildars would readily pay the money they may have, just to be allowed to sit quietly in their forts and towns. As for the Peshwa, he has possession of his palace at Poona and nothing more ; and he spends the little money he receives upon the Brahmins or upon women rather than give any to his troops or even to his menial servants." General Wellesley was now in an excellent school for learning that patience and forbearance with inefficient allies, which he had afterwards occasion so largely to practice in the Peninsular War.

Directing Colonel Stevenson to proceed against the rich city of Boorhanpoor and the strong hill fort of Aseergurh, Genl. Wellesley himself moved southward with the view of frustrating an intention which the enemy showed of marching upon Poona. Stevenson occupied Boorhanpoor without opposition, and after an hour's battering received the surrender of Aseergurh, the last of Scindiah's possessions in the Deckan and which used to be styled the key of the Deckan. Wellesley had directed Stevenson to levy a contribution on Boorhanpoor ; and ten lakhs of Rupees were demanded, but only three lakhs and a quarter were actually levied. The Governor-General does not appear to have been quite satisfied with this imitation of the Mahratta system of warfare. General Wellesley made an animated defence of his conduct in this respect. He told his brother (after the war was over) that "it would have been much more disgraceful and disastrous to have lost the campaign from the want of money than to have ensured in this manner the means of gaining it," concluding by saying, "I believe I am as anxious as any other man that my character should not suffer—I do not mean in the mouths of common reporters and scandal bearers, but in the eyes of a fair judging people I declare that I think that I have done what is right ; but if the Governor-General thinks it was wrong, it is easy to return the money to the people of Boorhanpoor. However, if he does this, he returns the money into Scindiah's pocket, for he will take it immediately." This, like almost all his private letters intended for the Governor-General's eye, was addressed to the Private Secretary. He seemed rather chary of private correspondence with his mighty brother, and when the latter asked him the reason, he excused himself by replying that he was always sure of getting an answer from the Private Secretary and thus being informed of matters which it was desirable that he should know.

Since the battle of Assye General Wellesley had been, to use his own words, "like a man who fights with one hand and defends himself with the other"—acting on the offensive with

Stevenson's corps, and defending the territories of the Nizam and the Peshwa with his own. The capture of Aseergurh now left him at liberty to pursue the Rajah of Berar who had separated from Scindiah and gone with his cavalry southward on a predatory expedition—Stevenson at the same time keeping a watch on Scindiah. The Rajah of Berar became so apprehensive of a night attack, as General Wellesley approached him, that he moved his camp five times in less than forty-eight hours. A detachment of five thousand of the Rajah's horse endeavored to cut off a British convoy, but were repulsed by the escort consisting of three companies of Sepoys with two three-pounders and a small party of the Mysore horse. A Jemadar and twenty men, posted at Rakisbon in charge of boats on the Godavery, were sufficient to prevent the Rajah from attacking the town, and not only so, but when he marched away they sallied forth and captured some of his horses and an elephant. In truth the Berar cavalry seem to have been more contemptible than we can well understand men to be who were mounted on horses that were accustomed to stand fire and who were well armed. They appear to have been formidable only to unarmed peasants; and the slightest show of force cowed them at once. When the Rajah learned that the British were within seven miles of him, he precipitately decamped and moved off in the direction of his own dominions. All apprehension of his invading the territories of the Nizam or the Peshwa being thus removed, General Wellesley marched northwards towards Berar for the purpose of supporting and covering Colonel Stevenson whom he had directed to attack the Rajah's strong hill fortress of Gawelgurh.

Here it may not be out of place to say a few words regarding General Wellesley's mode of conducting the details of warfare. He was conversant with the minutest details affecting his troops, and, like all men of extremely active minds, personally attended to small as well as great matters. The common story of his having told a negligent Commissary in the Peninsula that he knew the number of nails in his soldier's shoes we can readily believe after reading, in his Indian Despatches, and in the brief journal which he kept of his preparations for the Mahratta campaign, the instructions which he issued about the arrack kegs having iron hoops and the leathern covering of his basket boats being sewed with thong—and so on. When in the field, he left off the usual practice of previously announcing the march or halt of the army, in order to prevent the enemy from gaining any intelligence of his intentions; and the beating of the generale at half-past four in the morning was the first intimation conveyed to his troops that they were to march that day. At

half-past five the assembly was sounded, and the army moved on immediately afterwards. During the march the cavalry were not allowed to exceed three-quarters of a mile in front of the infantry, and whenever a break of a hundred yards was occasioned by any corps it halted until the interval was closed up. On reaching the ground the headmen of the neighbouring villages were sent for; and the Captain of the Guards, after comparing their accounts, took down all necessary information regarding roads, rivers, supplies of water, and so forth. After the camp had been pitched and the men refreshed, the officers of Pioneers examined the adjoining roads and took care that a passage to the front and one to each flank were prepared for at least the distance of a mile. For the purpose of obtaining early intelligence of the enemy's movements three distinct departments were formed, to each of which a set of well paid hurkarras was attached, and the head of which communicated direct with the General who had thus the means of comparing their reports and arriving at a tolerably accurate knowledge of facts. He also encouraged the native vakeels to come to him daily and converse freely. Plundering he punished severely, and he took the greatest precaution to protect the people of the country from molestation. He had always from twenty to forty orderly men marching in front and on the flanks, and two or three of these were ordered into every village that was passed, where they kept guard at the gates until the whole army had gone by, allowing no man to enter. In the villages near camp the same precaution was adopted. The consequence was that on his line of march no village was injured—and the villages were indeed rarely entered—even by those determined prowlers, the camp followers; and every man felt as secure in his hut as if an army on active service, with its host of marauding followers, were not sweeping by. Indeed, so confident did the peasantry become under this treatment, that they did not hesitate to refuse an entrance into their villages to officers taking an evening ramble. Of the health and comfort of his own soldiers the General was particularly considerate. It had been the practice of the Indian army for the field officer of the day, even after the longest march and in the most oppressive weather, to put the troops through some manœuvre before dismissing them. After the first march in the campaign the field officer asked Genl. Wellesley what manœuvre he would wish the troops to be put through. "I think," said the General, "that the best manœuvre you can put them through is to march them to their tents."* Although from ignorance of the native languages he could not speak to the Sepoys, they long held his

* Letters of Civis (Sir Henry Russell.)

memory in honor as a commander who treated them kindly and always led them to victory. We have ourselves met with old Sepoys who remembered "Ginrile Wessiley" with feelings of reverence. As to the officers, his maxim was one which, he says in a private letter to Col. Close who had sought his patronage for a friend, "ought always to guide those who have the disposal of military patronage, *viz.*, that those who do the duty of the army ought to be promoted and ought also to enjoy its benefits and advantages. Both you and I, my dear Colonel," he remarks, "must attend to claims of a superior nature to those brought forward either in consequence of our private feelings of friendship or of recommendation." In the same spirit he recommended officers to settle their quarrels privately instead of making them the subject of public investigation. Writing to Col. Murray who commanded the troops in Guzerat, he says, "I have long observed that the subjects which have come under the consideration of general Courts Martial in this country are in general referable to private quarrels and differences, with which the public have no concern whatever. The character of the officers of the army is undoubtedly a public concern; but in many instances it would be much more proper, and more creditable for both parties, to settle these differences by mutual concession, than to take up the time of the public by making them the subject of investigation before a general Court Martial. It occurs to me that there is much party feeling in the army in your quarter: this must be put an end to. And there is only one mode of effecting this, and that is for the commanding officer to be of no side excepting that of the public, to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public, be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it and in respecting them; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles; and the commanding officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party." This admirable passage deserves to be engraven on the hearts of all officers in command, and we are not sure that the advice contained in it is not as necessary in this country as in any part of the world.

Throughout the campaign Genl. Wellesley had much to do in the way of negotiation with native vakeels and chiefs. Gokla, who commanded the Mahratta Auxiliary Horse, was constantly dunning the General for money to pay his men, for he could get none from his worthy master, the Peshwa. The Peshwa's adopted brother, too, Amrut Rao, followed the camp with a body of horse, with the view of obtaining a provision for himself and his retainers. As Amrut Rao was an able man who might become a dangerous enemy, the General agreed, after an infinity

of interviews, to grant him the handsome, not to say extravagant, pension of seven lakhs of Rupees, on which comfortable provision he quietly vegetated for fifty years dying in the enjoyment of it in 1853. Scindiah's overtures for negotiation, which commenced soon after the Battle of Assye, would furnish an amusing illustration of the duplicity and trickery of Mahratta diplomatic intercourse, if we had space to relate them. He approached the British commander by means of all sorts of agents, accredited and unaccredited. In reply to a letter from one of these gentry General Wellesley says, "In regard to the designs entertained in the Maharajah's camp, and the threats which you communicate in your letter, I have to observe that it does not become you to write them, and I shall certainly not throw away my time by noticing them," and to the Governor-General he writes, "In proportion as I gain experience of the Mahrattas, I have more reason to be astonished at the low and unaccountable tricks which even the highest classes of them practise, with a view, however remote, to forward their own interest." The result, however, of Scindiah's diplomatic exertions was that on the 23rd November an armistice was concluded, by the terms of which Scindiah was to keep his army in Berar at a distance of forty miles from the British forces. The Rajah of Berar, not having sent any envoys to the British camp, was not included in the armistice." "The rule," remarks Genl. Wellesley, "not to cease from hostilities till peace is concluded is a good one in general." His principal reasons for breaking the good rule in this instance, were to effect a division between the confederate chiefs and to prevent Scindiah from interfering with the operations against the Rajah of Berar's fort of Gawelgurh. But whether the armistice was judicious or not, Scindiah did not comply with its conditions ; and it was never acted upon.

General Wellesley, while moving to support Colonel Stevenson in the siege of Gawelgurh, learned that the Berar army under the Rajah's brother, Munroo Bappoo, was encamped at Parterly, six miles from Argaum, and that Scindiah's army lay within four miles of it. Scindiah's vakeels earnestly pressed the General not to attack the Berar troops ; but he told them that there was no suspension of arms with the Rajah of Berar, and none with their master either until he complied with the terms of the armistice, and that he should certainly attack the enemies of the Company wherever he found them. On the 29th November, after several long marches of from seventeen to twenty miles daily, he effected a junction with Col. Stevenson, and the united forces marched to Parterly. The confederate chiefs had just decamped from that place ; but as the British troops had

marched a great distance on a very hot day the General did not think fit to pursue the enemy. In the course of the day, however, parties of the enemy's horse made their appearance and began to skirmish with the Mysore cavalry. As the enemy's horse gradually increased in number General Wellesley, deemed it necessary to push forward the picquets to support the Mysore cavalry, and on advancing for that purpose he descried the combined armies of the confederates regularly drawn up in a long line of infantry, cavalry and artillery on the extensive plain that lay in front of the village of Argaum. Notwithstanding the lateness of the day and the fatiguing march of the morning, he determined not to lose this opportunity of attacking the enemy. The line of the enemy extended for five miles, having in their rear the village and the extensive gardens and enclosures of Argaum, and in their front a plain much cut by watercourses. Scindiah's army, consisting wholly of cavalry, formed their right, and was commanded by Scindiah in person. The Berar army, consisting of cavalry, a strong corps of regular infantry and a powerful artillery, formed the left, and was under the command of Munroo Bappoo. General Wellesley moved towards them in column until within cannon shot. He then formed his troops in two lines, the infantry in the first, and the cavalry in the second. While this was being done the enemy had commenced a cannonade, the effect of which was that three native battalions, who had behaved admirably at Assye, were seized with one of those panics to which even the bravest men and the bravest regiments are liable, and fairly broke and ran. Fortunately the General was near, and, after some delay which could ill be afforded at that hour of the evening, succeeded in rallying the runaways,—but he has recorded his conviction that had he not been at hand the day was lost. The line being at length formed, with the right somewhat thrown forward in order to press upon the enemy's infantry and guns, advanced to the attack with steadiness and in perfect order. The enemy at first showed signs of making a good fight of it. A body of Persian infantry, five hundred in number, rushed furiously upon the 74th and 78th who destroyed them to a man; and Scindiah's horse charged the native cavalry but were driven back with loss: upon which their whole line, abandoning their guns and making no further effort at resistance, gave way in disorder. It was evident that Assye was still fresh in their minds. The British, Mysore and Mogul cavalry quickly cut in among the fugitives, destroying great numbers, and capturing many elephants and camels and much baggage. Only twenty minutes' sun remained when General Wellesley led on his cavalry to the charge, but the

pursuit was continued by moonlight. "If we had had daylight an hour more," he writes, "not a man would have escaped." As it was, thirty-eight pieces of cannon remained in the hands of the victors,—and what between the destruction dealt out on the field of battle and the subsequent desertions, the army of the confederates was reduced to a mere wreck. The British loss was exceedingly small. Fifteen Europeans and thirty-one Sepoys were killed, and the wounded did not number two hundred. No officer was among the slain. Thus easily was the battle of Argaum won, and won, too, by jaded men against an army comparatively fresh. It was perhaps to bodily fatigue acting with depressing effect upon the mind that the Sepoy panic in the early part of the day may be attributed. A march of twenty-six miles on a hot day is not, even with the bravest troops, the best preparative for a battle. As for the General himself he was in the saddle from six in the morning until midnight.

The Battle of Argaum was speedily followed by the appearance of an envoy from the enemy, but as he was without the necessary powers nothing was done towards peace. A Mahratta chief, however, in command of four thousand horse, tendered his submission, and was directed to remove his troops from the Nizam's territories into those of the Rajah of Berar, where, of course, he would plunder for subsistence. "Thus," writes Wellesley to his friend Close, "I have succeeded in bringing upon that rascal the full measure of God's vengeance; and if I live a month longer, he shall either be at peace with the Company, or I shall be at Nagpoor with all the armies either with me or about me." The Rajah's fort of Gawelgurh was the next object of attack. Gawelgurh stands on a lofty hill on the border of a very rugged country. It consisted of an inner and an outer fort, with a third exterior wall, the whole being strongly built and fortified by ramparts and towers. In order to reach the northern face, which was the best point of attack, the guns were dragged by hand for thirty miles over mountains and through ravines. An amusing anecdote is recorded of Colonel Wallace, a man after Wellesley's own heart, thoroughly devoted to duty. An artillery officer, who had been directed to convey a heavy gun by night over the rugged mountain tract adjoining the fort to an important point gave up the task in despair after many efforts, and reported to Colonel Wallace that the thing was impossible. "Impossible!" exclaimed Wallace, "Let us see," and calling for a light read the General's instructions, and then coolly remarked "Oh, no, not impossible: the order is positive." After much difficulty the impossibility was overcome and the positive order carried out. Gawelgurh was stormed on the morning of the 15th December. The garrison, although numerous and well armed,

did not offer a vigorous resistance ; but their leaders, the killadar, and a Berar officer named Beny Singh who had escaped from the battle of Argaum, fought with desperation until they fell. These two men, Rajpoots of good family, had made up their minds to die sword in hand, and, after the manner of their race in such cases, had ordered the destruction of their wives and daughters. But the horrid mandate was found to have been imperfectly executed. Of twelve or fourteen women but three were dead, and three or four more lay bleeding. Genl. Wellesley visited the survivors and directed them to be treated with the utmost care and respect. The capture of Gawelgurh cost the victors only fourteen killed, including one officer ; of the enemy a vast number had fallen, particularly at the gateways. The fall of the Rajah of Berar's strongest fortress, following so close upon the victory of Argaum and the annihilation of the remains of Scindiah's disciplined infantry by General Lake at Laswarree, made the confederate chiefs sue in earnest for peace. Two days after the fall of Gawelgurh a treaty of peace was concluded by General Wellesley with the Rajah of Berar, and thirteen days later with Dowlut Rao Scindiah. The proceedings of the conferences with the vakeels of the confederates are in General Wellesley's own handwriting and occupy eighty-six pages. It is related that Rajah Moheput Ram, the Nizam's vakeel, was so anxious, for some purpose of his own, to ascertain what countries were likely to fall to the lot of his master in consequence of the treaties of peace, that he offered Genl. Wellesley five lakhs of Rupees for the information. "Can you keep a secret," said the General. "Yes ;" eagerly replied Moheput Ram, thinking that this question was preliminary to the acceptance of the bribe. "And so can I" was General Wellesley's rejoinder. Moheput Ram, however, is believed to have attained his object by the more summary method of murdering General Wellesley's courier and seizing the despatches which he carried.

By the Treaty with the Rajah of Berar, concluded at Deogaum, on the 17th December (1803), the Rajah ceded to the British Government and its allies the provinces of Cuttack and Berar, renounced all claims of Chout and other exactions on the Nizam, and agreed to refer all disputes that might arise between himself, the Nizam and the Peshwa to British mediation. Some difficulty afterward arose about the limits of Cuttack, which the British Commissioners there wished to extend beyond what General Wellesley considered was allowed by the Treaty. On this occasion he wrote to the Governor-General : "They have a natural desire to extend it (the article of the Treaty referring to Cuttack) as much as possible, because they feel that

in proportion as they can extend its benefits, they increase the chance of the peace, the happiness, and the prosperity of the people, whose country is committed to their management. But these, although important objects, are not to be compared to the importance of preserving the national faith." It was also agreed that accredited ministers from each of the contracting powers should reside at the Court of the other. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who was at that time General Wellesley's Persian Interpreter, and who had been present at every action and siege throughout the campaign, was nominated Resident at the Berar Court by the General, who thus wrote of him to the Governor-General: "I have received the greatest assistance from him since he has been with me. He is well versed in the languages, and has experience and a knowledge of the interests of the Mahratta powers and their relations with each other and with the British Government and its allies." By the Treaty with Scindiah, concluded at Surgee Anjengaum, on the 30th December, that prince ceded to the British Government and its allies the country between the Jumna and the Gangs, all his territories (with certain unimportant exceptions) to the North of the Rajpoot States, all his territories between the Adjuntee Hills and the Godavery, and the forts and districts of Broach and Ahmednuggur, and agreed to renounce all his claims upon the British Government and its allies—the Nizam, the Peshwa and the Guicowar—as well as upon the Emperor of Delhi. Accredited ministers were to reside with each of the contracting powers. Major Malcolm, who had returned to the British camp some time previously, was nominated by General Wellesley, Resident at Scindiah's Durbar. By these Treaties, by General Lake's Treaties with the Rajpoot and Jat Chiefs, and by subsequent Supplemental Treaties with the Peshwa, Scindiah and the Nizam, the objects for which the Governor-General had engaged in the war were completely attained. The quasi-French State on the Jumna was destroyed, the Mahrattas were excluded from Northern India, the British territory was greatly enlarged and consolidated, and its influence extended over all the Native States. In short, the Company stood forth for the first time, avowedly and undeniably, as the Paramount Power in India. General Wellesley thus describes the result of the war in a letter to Major Kirkpatrick: "The British Government has been left by the late war in a most glorious situation. They are the sovereigns of a great part of India, the protectors of the principal powers, and the mediators, by treaty, of the disputes of all. The sovereignty they possess is greater, and their power is settled upon more permanent foundations, than any before known in India. All it wants is the popularity which, from the

nature of the institutions and the justice of the proceedings of the Government, it is likely to obtain, and which it must obtain after a short period of tranquillity shall have given the people time and opportunity to feel the happiness and security which they enjoy." We suspect that this popularity was considerably greater shortly after the war than it is now, when a generation has arisen who have not the means of comparing the British rule with that which oppressed their forefathers. He adds, "I have no apprehension of any future wars: indeed, no foreign powers now remain." This, it must be conceded, was not a very prophetic glance into the future. As to the part which Genl. Wellesley performed throughout the war, we think none will be disposed to assent from the opinion of the Governor-General in Council who, in a general order, complimented him on the uninterrupted and splendid success of his military services, upon his invariable manifestation of all the qualities of a most skilful and gallant officer, upon his practice of those principles of justice, honor and moderation which are calculated to add to the lustre of the triumphs of the British arms, and upon the distinguished judgment, ability, firmness and temper which he displayed in his political negotiations.

Although the war was at an end, the Deccan was far from being in a state of order and tranquillity. General Wellesley thus strikingly describes its condition at the time: "Conceive a country, in every village of which there are from twenty to thirty horsemen who have been dismissed from the service of the State, and who have no means of living except by plunder. In this country there is no law, no Civil Government, and no army to keep these plunderers in order; and no revenue can be collected—indeed, no inhabitant can or will remain to cultivate unless he is protected by an armed force stationed in his village. This is the outline of the state of the countries of the Peshwa and the Nizam." The Governments both of the Peshwa and the Nizam were too weak and inefficient to put down the bands of freebooters who infested their dominions, and as, in particular, the Peshwa was at feud with half the chiefs in his kingdom and would not or could not come to any arrangement with them, General Wellesley was obliged to undertake these tasks. His allies, as we have seen, had been a drag upon him throughout the campaign. It was impossible, he exclaimed, to raise their views above those of a Pindarree. He had the greatest difficulty in persuading either his Mahratta or Mogul auxiliaries to leave any district where anything remained to be plundered, and he did all but fire upon them before they could be induced to withdraw from the rich town of Boorhanpore. Secret information of his movements was now conveyed to the freebooters by

the rascals who appeared to act in concert with him. His letters at this time abound with bitter denunciations of the Peshwa.—“The war will be eternal if nobody is ever to be forgiven; and I certainly think that the British Government cannot intend to make the British troops the instruments of the Peshwa’s revenge. When the empire of the Company is so great, little dirty passions must not be suffered to guide its measures.”—“Till the Peshwa organize his revenue departments and the other departments of his State, which he cannot do without relinquishing the whole system of revenge which is the only principle of his Government at present (excepting, indeed, jealousy of my influence), the British ought to give him no assistance whatever in settling his country. I certainly have a bad opinion of the Peshwa; he has no public spirit, and his private disposition is terrible. I have no positive proof that he has been treacherous, but I have a strong suspicion of it; and I know that since he signed the Treaty of Basscin he has done no one thing that has been desired, either with a view to forward his own interest or the views of the alliance or the common safety during the war. It may be asked, will you leave a fellow of that kind in possession of that government? I answer I have no remedy. I cannot take it for the British Government without a breach of faith or another war. If I was to give the government over to Amrut Rao, I should establish there a most able fellow who, if he should prove treacherous, would be a worse thorn in the side of the British Government than the creature who is Peshwa at present can ever be.”—“The Peshwa is callous to every thing but money and revenge. He will call upon the Government to gratify the latter passion; but he will make no sacrifices unless to procure money.”—“The Peshwa’s only system of government is that of a robber.”

Towards the close of January (1804) General Wellesley crossed the Godavery in pursuit of the freebooters who were plundering the Nizam’s frontier. They would not comply with the terms of protection which he offered them on condition of the chiefs dismissing their men and coming into the British camp. He therefore followed them by forced marches and came up with their main body on the 5th of February after marching sixty miles since the previous morning, not only with cavalry but with the 74th Foot and the ordnance and provision carriages,—the greatest march, as he long afterwards remarked, that he had ever made. He fell upon them with the 19th Dragoons, three Regiments of Native Cavalry and the Auxiliary Horse, and, with the loss of only two or three wounded, cut up many of their horse and infantry and captured the whole of their guns, ammunition, bazaars and baggage. The Peshwa’s good faith

may be judged of by the fact that a part of the enemy's horse in this action belonged to Sirjee Rao Ghautgay, then in high favour at the Court of Poona,—a man distinguished even in Mahratta annals for treachery, repacity and the most atrocious cruelty, and whom General Wellesley regarded with such aversion, that he more than once expressed his wish to see the villain blown from a gun. A few more rapid marches after the remains of the freebooters in the direction of Beejapore completed their discomfiture, and they dispersed and went off to their villages. Since the Battle of Assye in September, the British army had not halted more than one day in any place, except during the siege of Gawelgurh. Leaving his troops to rest for some time at Perinda, the General himself proceeded to Poona. While there he had the pleasure of receiving a proposal from the officers of his army to present him with a golden vase (afterwards changed to a service of plate) of the value of two thousand guineas "as a pledge of their respect and esteem, and of their high idea of his gallantry and enterprise." This gratifying honour he accepted with pleasure. After many political conferences with the Peshwa and his ministers he proceeded to Bombay, accompanied by his friend Webbe. At Bombay he was presented with an Address from a hundred and twenty-four British inhabitants of the "settlement" (doubtless all it contained), congratulating him on "the glorious and happy termination of one of the most decisive, brilliant, and rapid campaigns ever known in the annals of British India,—a campaign in which he had personally borne so conspicuous a share, and proved himself at its close equally great in the cabinet as in the field." He was also entertained by the officers of artillery and by the Fencible Regiment. Honors poured thick upon him. At Bombay he received through the Governor-General, a resolution passed by the British inhabitants of Calcutta to present him with a sword of the value of a thousand guineas. Apparently, neither in Bombay nor Calcutta had the native inhabitants yet begun to coalesce with their European fellow citizens in doing honor to distinguished public men.

During his residence in Bombay, Genl. Wellesley negotiated the surrender of the strong fort of Logurh which commanded the communication between Bombay and Poona, and from which, for many years, the widow of the celebrated Nana Furnuwees had bidden defiance to the vengeance with which the Peshwa had pursued the relatives and adherents of that able minister. He was chiefly occupied at this time with arrangements for the settlement of the Peshwa's country, the disposal and support of his own troops in the Deccan, and the direction of preparations

for the approaching hostilities with Jeswunt Rao Holkar who had written him a menacing letter to the effect, that he would overrun, plunder and burn countries of many coss, and that his army, which overwhelms like the waves of the sea, would inflict calamities on lakhs of human beings in continued war, and would not give* the British forces leisure to breathe for a moment. At this time a famine raged in the Deccan. At Ahmednuggur grain had risen to two and a half seers for the Rupee, and the deaths, chiefly occasioned by want of food, amounted to fifty daily. General Wellesley forbade the local authorities giving donations of food or money in charity, but ordered that the aged and children and sick women should be taken into hospitals and supplied with food and medical attendance, and that the distressed poor, able to work, should be employed in repairing the fortifications. The army, although encamped in the fertile country which lies between Poona and the Bhore ghaut, suffered so severely from the want of grain and forage, that he expressed a fear of not being able to keep it together. The men were also much in want of clothing; but this, in defiance of all the usual forms, he remedied by sending up cloth which was divided among the sepoy in the quantities necessary for their garments, and they managed to cloth themselves. In a few weeks upwards of five thousand men were clothed in this manner, who, if the Regulations had been observed, would have passed the monsoon in rags. General Wellesley's contempt of red tapeism often appears in his letters. Writing at this time to his friend Malcolm, he exclaims, "Confound these red boxes and the gentleman in Bengal! The delays they occasion will send us to the Devil." The Peshwa was all this time quite helpless, having neither money nor troops, and refusing to be reconciled to his Sirdars. He had the impudence to apply to the British commander to employ his troops for the ordinary purposes of police, but met of course with a refusal. Goklah, who had hitherto been staunch to his master and had served under Genl. Wellesley throughout the war with a fidelity, as the General remarked, "very extraordinary in a Mahratta," at last abandoned the Peshwa in disgust and withdrew with his troops to his own district. General Wellesley was at this time so much impressed with the Peshwa's incapacity for government, and with the aversion of the principle Mahratta Chiefs to him, that he formed the idea of not affording any further support to his authority. On the 18th of May the General quitted Bombay. At Panwell, the same day, he had an interview with the widow of Nana Furnuwees to ascertain her wishes regarding her future residence. The conversation was carried on in the "Moorish" language,

a "Moorish" woman being the interpreter. Notwithstanding his seven years of residence in India, Genl. Wellesley does not appear to have been sufficiently acquainted even with that *lingua franca*, Hindustanee, to converse in it. Of the lady he gallantly writes to his friend Close, "She is very fair and very handsome, and well deserving to be the object of a treaty." On the 22nd May he rejoined his army. As it appeared to the Governor-General that the war with Holkar could not be prosecuted with advantage at that season, the British troops in the field, in every part of India, were directed to withdraw into cantonments. The army of the Deccan was broken up in the end of June; General Wellesley resigned the military and political powers with which he had been invested; and having established a subsidiary force at Poona, the command of which he conferred upon his friend, Colonel Wallace, he took his departure for Calcutta by way of Seringapatam and Madras, in accordance with the instructions of the Governor-General who was desirous of communicating with him personally on Mahratta affairs. During his progress through the Southern Mahratta country, he was waited upon successively by all the leading Sirdars, between whom and their vindictive and grasping master, the Peshwa, he acted as mediator. These men had a thorough confidence in General Wellesley's integrity and judgment; and they have handed down to their descendants traditions of his scrupulous good faith and extraordinary wisdom. He, on his part, treated the Mahratta chiefs with great courtesy and kindness. He accepted an invitation to an entertainment in the Fort of Dharwar, much to the surprize of the killadar, who, in talking of the circumstance afterwards, took no small credit to himself for not taking advantage of the General's defenceless situation. Hyder Ali used to say that no man of common sense would trust a Mahratta, and that, indeed, they themselves did not expect to be trusted. Their astonishment at the confidence with which Genl. Wellesley trusted himself in their hands shows the truth of the latter part of this dictum. Gokla's vakeel, conversing one day with Colonel Wilks, instanced, as an example of Genl. Wellesley's contempt of danger, that the General had on one occasion driven Gokla in an open carriage from the British to the Mahratta camp without a single attendant. Colonel Wilks, affecting not to comprehend him, asked what the General had to fear on that occasion. "You know what he had to fear," coolly replied the vakeel, "for after all we are but Mahrattas." On General Wellesley's arrival at Seringapatam he was presented with a warm address of congratulation by the native inhabitants who stated that they had reposed for five auspicious years under the sha-

dow of his protection. He reached Calcutta about the middle of August. Here he was received with great distinction, the Governor-General himself proceeding down the river to meet him and conduct him to Government House where the principal civil and military officers and the leading European inhabitants were assembled to congratulate him. While in Calcutta, he drew up Memorandums or Reports regarding the Treaty of Bassein, the state of Scindiah's Government, the Freebooter System in India, the system of regulating the Supplies for an Army, the operations against Holkar, and other subjects. The first of these reports is a long and very able document in reply to certain objections urged against the Treaty of Bassein by Lord Castlereagh, then President of the Board of Control; and of itself would suffice to show the intimate acquaintance of the writer with the civil and military systems and the general politics of India. Indeed, a whole code of political and military maxims might be drawn up from the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, the Indian portion, at least of which, deserve to be studied by every military man in this country and by every student of Indian politics. We have already, in the course of this article, quoted some of his opinions, and we could quote many more of equal interest did our space admit of it. Two subjects, however, which are now, and will long continue to be, of primary interest and importance, cannot be passed over: these are the Extension of British Territory and the Foundation of British Power in India. Regarding the first he thus wrote to Sir Thomas (then Major) Munro during the campaign against Dhoondiah Waugh in August 1800. "In my opinion the extension of our territory and influence has been greater than our means. Besides, we have added to the number and the description of our enemies, by depriving of employment those who heretofore found it in the service of Tippoo and the Nizam. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we aggrandize ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas, we increase this evil. We throw out of employment and of means of subsistence, all who have hitherto managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies, or have plundered the country. These people become additional enemies; at the same time that, by the extension of our territory, our means of supporting our government, and of defending ourselves, are proportionably decreased. Upon all questions of increase of territory, these considerations have much weight with me, and I am in general inclined to decide that we have enough; as much, at least, if not more than we can defend." We have seen this passage quoted the other day in the House of Commons by the oppo-

nents of the annexation of Oude. But however applicable the principal argument in it against the extension of territory—namely, that the dominion of the British in India was as large as they could properly manage and defend—might be to the year 1800, when there existed five powerful independent native sovereignties, it is evident that it has no force as applied to the present day when there is no native state or possible combination of native states that can pretend to cope with us for a moment. On the other subject we have named he thus wrote—"Bengal, 'the paradise of nations,' enjoys the advantage of a civil government, and requires its military force only for its protection against foreign enemies. All the other barbarous establishments called governments, without excepting even that of Fort St. George, have no power beyond that of the sword. Take from them the exercise of that power, and they have no other ; and can collect no revenue, can give no protection, and can exercise no Government." Again—"In this part of the world there is no power, excepting that of the sword ; the sword is the main support of the Government." Yet again—"The Company's power in India is supposed to depend much upon its reputation, but I do not admit that it depends upon its reputation, as distinguished from its real force." We hope that, since these passages were written, the governors and the governed have been gradually becoming connected, by more pleasing ties than mere domination on the part of one, and mere submission on the part of the other. But that our authority in India still rests mainly upon our military power cannot, we should imagine, be doubted by any one who is aware how, at the time previous to the Affghan war, when the idea of a Russian invasion of India had spread through the land, there was (to use Lord Auckland's expression) a sharpening of swords from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas in joyful expectation of the coming deliverer ; or, who has mixed familiarly with the people of the North-West or Central India during such excited periods as the two Sikh wars. We can personally testify to one fact that speaks volumes—that, during the campaigns of the Sutlej and the Punjab, of the myriad rumours which we heard in those provinces, every one without a single exception, was unfavorable to the British arms. We believe India to be retained under British sway by the sword in the same manner in which the throne of Napoleon III. is kept secure by the sword,—as distinguished from the manner in which the people of England and of the United States are loyal to their rulers. But to return from this digression.

Monson's unfortunate retreat before Holkar made General Wel-

lesley desirous of returning to the Deccan. "I tremble," he writes, "at the political consequences of that event." In a letter to his friend, Colonel Wallace, he deduces "some important lessons" from the campaign against Holkar : first, that a corps should never be employed on a service for which it is not fully equal ; secondly, that in all military operations we should take care to be sure of plenty of provisions ; thirdly, that British troops should never depend on native allies for supplies, which should be purchased by British officers, or, if purchased by natives, ought to be *seen* before the troops are exposed in a situation in which they may want the supplies ; fourthly, that any fort which can support the operations of an army ought to be filled with provisions and stores in case of need ; fifthly, that any river which is likely to be full in the rains ought to have a post and boats upon it ; and lastly, that a retreat is safe and easy in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps. "But," he adds, "attention to the foregoing observations will, I hope, prevent a British corps from retreating." It will be seen with what keen discernment he studied the science of war.

In November General Wellesley sailed for Madras with the view of proceeding to the Deccan, after having been vested with the same military and political powers which he had previously held. The object of his journey was to prevent Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar from joining Holkar in his contest with the British Government. He remained at Seringapatam watching the course of events ; but Holkar's defeat in Hindustan rendered General Wellesley's presence in the Deccan unnecessary. He had by this time become very desirous of returning to Europe. Writing to Major Shawe from Seringapatam on the 4th January (1805) he says : "I acknowledge that I have determined not to go into the Deccan not without a considerable degree of doubt and hesitation. I know that all classes of the people look up to me, and it will be difficult for another officer to take my place. I also know that my presence there would be useful in the settlement of many points which remain unsettled, and which probably will require time and peace to bring to a conclusion. But these circumstances are not momentary ; whenever I should depart the same inconveniences would be felt even in an increased degree, and very possibly the same state of affairs which now renders my presence in the Deccan desirable will exist for the next seven years. I certainly do not propose to spend my life in the Deccan ; and I should not think it necessary, in any event, to stay there one moment longer than the Governor-General should stay in India. In regard to staying longer, the question

is exactly whether the Court of Directors or the King's ministers have any claim upon me strong enough to induce me to do any thing so disagreeable to my feelings (leaving health out of the question) as to remain for a great length of time in this country. I have served the Company in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors, although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the Governments, and in communication with all the Political Residents, and many civil authorities; and there is not an instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts, or a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I have acted. The King's ministers have as little claim upon me as the Court of Directors. I am not very ambitious; and I acknowledge that I have never been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered, in the scale in which are considered similar services in other parts of the world. But I might have expected to be placed on the staff in India, and yet, if it had not been for the lamented death of General Frazer, General Smith's arrival would have made me supernumerary. If my services were absolutely necessary for the security of the British Empire, or to ensure its peace, I should not hesitate a moment about staying even for years; but these men or the public have no right to ask me to stay in India merely because my presence, in a particular quarter, may be attended by convenience." Besides these reasons for going home he considered, also, that he had served as long in India as any man ought who could serve anywhere else—that there was a prospect of service in Europe where he would be more likely to get forward—and finally that his arrival in England was desirable in order that he might explode some erroneous notions entertained there regarding the increase of military establishment in India and afford a verbal explanation regarding a variety of Indian subjects. It is an old saying that a man can always find abundance of reasons for any step on which he is bent. Wellesley's anxiety to proceed to Europe seems to have principally arisen from an earnest wish to take part in the approaching great struggle in Europe. It is evident from the passage which we have just quoted, that he was quite conscious of his own abilities. He felt that he was competent to take a leading part in operations of still greater importance than those in which he had been recently engaged. Perhaps even the thought that he was worthy—or even destined—to encounter the dread Napoleon

himself may have flashed through his mind. The Governor-General at once assented to his brothers resigning his authority in the Deccan whenever he thought proper. "This communication," he writes to Major Shawe, "has removed from my mind a load of anxiety. I now feel an anxiety only about my departure for England, the extent of which I cannot describe. I have no confidence in my own judgment in any case in which my own wishes are involved. This is the cause of the great anxiety which I have felt, and still feel, upon these subjects." Upon the whole, he resolved to engage his passage for England at once in the hope of its meeting the Governor-General's approbation. General Wellesley appears throughout his whole Indian career to have had rather an awe of his sultanized brother, who did not allow his warm fraternal regard to interfere in the slightest degree with the due exercise of his authority. General Wellesley arrived in Madras about the middle of February and prepared for his departure. His letters at this time show great warmth of friendship for those with whom he had been intimately connected. Col. Malcolm, then Resident at Mysore, and Col. Close, Resident at Poona, appear to have enjoyed his especial regard. To his brother, the Governor-General, he recommends Major Wilks, who had acted during Macleod's absence as Resident at Mysore, as a most valuable public officer for whom the inhabitants of Mysore had the highest respect and regard. He recommended that his friend and Brigade Major, Lieut. Colin Campbell, should be taken into the Governor-General's own family. He also expressed officially his high sense of the services of Major Kirkpatrick, the Resident at Hyderabad, and of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the Resident at Nagpore. Many officers who had served with him throughout the late campaign he specially recommended to the Commander-in-Chief at Madras; and numerous Mahratta and Mysore officers who had conducted themselves to his satisfaction, were recommended by him to Government for pecuniary rewards or grants of land. To Poorneah, the able Mysore minister, he thus wrote: "For six years I have been concerned in the affairs of the Mysore Govt., and I have contemplated with the greatest satisfaction its increasing prosperity under your administration. Every principle of gratitude for many acts of personal kindness to myself, and a strong sense of the public benefits which have been derived from your administration, render me anxious for its continuance and for its increasing prosperity; and in every situation in which I may be placed, you may depend upon it that I shall not fail to bear testimony of my sense of your merits upon every occasion that may offer, and that I shall suffer no opportunity

to pass by which I may think favourable for rendering you service. As a testimony of my sense of the benefits which the public have derived from your administration, of my sincere regard, and of my gratitude for many acts of personal kindness and attention, I request your acceptance of my picture." Nothing is more noticeable throughout the Duke of Wellington's Indian despatches and private letters than a desire to forward the interests of all who were qualified to be good servants of the public,—and an equal determination to permit no private friendship to bias him in the slightest degree in filling up offices of public concernment. This is a merit which may not appear very high ; but it is in reality not only a high merit but an extremely rare one. To this principle he adhered throughout his life, and it had no small share in his extraordinary success. The evils which may arise from an opposite course, well illustrated by our Affghan disasters, are at this moment fresh in our memory from the disasters of the Crimean campaign. "The right man in the right place" was always a leading principle of the Duke of Wellington.

While at Madras General Wellesley received the pleasing intelligence that he had been created a Knight of the Bath and had received the thanks of Parliament for his "eminent and brilliant services." He also received congratulatory farewell addresses from the officers of his own regiment, the 33rd, from the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, and from the European inhabitants of Madras who requested him to sit for his picture in order that it might be placed in the Exchange Room of the "settlement" "as a just tribute of their applause and admiration of his splendid career." Here, too, he was entertained at a ball and supper by the Civil Servants of the Presidency, and a few days later at a grand dinner by the military. Both entertainments took place at "the Pantheon;" and the newspapers of the day are loud in praise of their magnificence. The ball was attended by upwards of five hundred, and the dinner by three hundred, the Governor, Lord William Bentinck, being present on both occasions. The ball was opened by Sir Arthur Wellesley leading down Lady William Bentinck. At the dinner, where, it is stated, the Company did not leave the table till a late hour, the "triumphant and honorable visitor" appears to have been twice toasted ; and an original song was sung by a gentleman "in his usual happy manner," in which it was predicted that "From Sir Arthur Wellesley's great example, fresh heroes still shall arise"—not a bad prophecy as prophecies go. Towards the close of March (1805), Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked at Madras in H. M.'s Ship *Trident* and arrived in England in the ensuing September.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's career in India requires no formal examination or studied eulogium. His best eulogium is a truthful narration of the deeds he performed, the difficulties he overcame, and the ruling principles of his public conduct by which he extorted the respect of his enemies and acquired the confidence of his soldiery, and the esteem and approbation of many men fully competent to judge of his qualifications both as a soldier and a politician. His distinguished and successful Indian career formed a fitting prelude to those brilliant services by which, first as the conqueror of Napoleon's ablest Marshals, and finally of the Great Emperor himself, he fixed the admiration of the civilized world and acquired an undying title to his country's gratitude and pride.

DARJEELING.

BY REV. T. BOAZ, LL. D.

1. *The Darjeeling Guide.*
2. *Records of the Bengal Government.* No. XVII.
3. *Indian Annals of Medical Science.* No. VII.
4. *Agra Guide.* Vol. II., 1841.
5. *Hooker's Himalaya Journals.*

IT is a singular fact that the Darjeeling hills were, for many years after the British obtained a footing in Bengal, a *terra-incognita* to the Christian people resident in the plains in their immediate vicinity. Scorched by the burning sun, saturated by the heavy rains, and debilitated by the insalubrious climate of the lowlands, the Christian inhabitants of the zillahs Purneah, Dinagepur, Rungpur and Malda, lived within sight of the forest-clad hills and snowy peaks of the Himmalaya range, with scarcely a thought that they might be a refuge from the sultry heat and pestilential malaria of the lowlands in which they vegetated. The idea that this beautiful range of country might be turned to sanitary and other useful purposes did at length suggest itself to those who were interested, not only in the well-being of those who dwelt in their immediate vicinity, but for invalids resident, generally, in Bengal and Behar. The thought once suggested was, as soon as official routine would permit, reduced to practice. The sickly Terai was passed, the mountains were scaled, and the district surveyed by intelligent and enterprising men.

The advantages offered by Darjeeling as a sanatorium and a military station were frequently brought to the notice of Lord William Bentinck. The first official report on the subject was presented by Colonel, now General Lloyd; the report was favorably received by the Government. Next to General Lloyd, Mr. Grant of the Civil Service was one of the most zealous advocates of Darjeeling as a station. Owing to the reports of General Lloyd, Mr. Grant and others, the Governor-General appointed Major Herbert, the Surveyor-General, and Mr. Grant, to visit and report on the general capabilities, and on the eligibility of the Sikkim mountains as a military station and sanatorium. The report of these gentlemen was highly favorable to the district, both for military and sanitary purposes.

The Darjeeling hills formed originally a part of the territory of the Rajah of Sikkim, a hill chieftain, whose capital lies contiguous to the Nepal country, and on the high road from Darjeeling to Thibet. This mountain chieftain had been driven from his country by the Ghorkas, the warriors of Nepal. When the affairs of Nepal were adjusted, the British Government replaced the Sikkim Rajah

on his throne, and guaranteed to him the sovereignty of his territory. The principal object which the British Government had in view in this arrangement, was to make the Sikkim country a post of defence between Nepal, Bhotan and the whole Himalaya eastward to the borders of Burmah, to prevent the marauding Nepalese from extending their conquests in the mountain countries between Nepal and the empire of the Golden Foot. Notwithstanding the importance of the locality in a military point of view, Darjeeling and its claims were held in apparent abeyance from 1817 to 1828. A frontier dispute between the Lepchas, the aborigines of the Darjeeling hills, and the Nepalese, brought the subject once more prominently into notice. The dispute, according to the terms of a treaty entered into by the British Government, the Nepalese, and the Rajah of Sikkim, was referred to the Government of India. While this matter was under consideration, Mr. Grant visited the hills, and pointed out to Lord William Bentinck the eligibility of the locality as a Sanatorium. The issue of his recommendation was the appointment of the commission to which reference has already been made. The various reports on the subject had, in the meantime, been forwarded to the Court of Directors. The authorities in Leadenhall Street looked with a favorable eye on "the Bright Spot," and suggested the propriety of making the new settlement a depôt for European recruits, as well as a military station and sanatorium.

The Government of India, on the receipt of these instructions, at once took measures for securing a locality in the Sikkim hills. Application was made to the Rajah of Sikkim to cede a tract of country in which Darjeeling should be included, and for which an equivalent should be given. The terms at first proposed by the Rajah were exorbitant. He ultimately agreed to surrender the Darjeeling range, receiving from the British Government, in return for the ceded district, £300 per annum.

General Lloyd and Dr. Chapman were then despatched to visit the hills, to report on the most eligible locality for the new station. They selected Darjeeling, and the history of the settlement has proved the wisdom of their choice. In 1840, Dr. Campbell, then holding office at Nepal, was appointed Superintendent of the Darjeeling territory. He was also entrusted with the charge of the political relations between the British Government and the Sikkim Rajah.

The arrangements entered into between the British Government and the Sikkim chieftain went on harmoniously for the first few years. The Rajah was somewhat of an ascetic, and left political affairs in the hands of his Dewan or Prime Minister. The Dewan acted strictly in accordance with the spirit of the treaty entered into between the two Governments. He was succeeded by a man of a different temper—a Tibetan, a re-

lative of the Rajah's wife, an insolent and avaricious man, whose object was to monopolize the trade of the country and to aggrandize himself. Every thing and person British was tabooed, and every impediment which a Chinese nature could present to friendly intercourse between the two countries was thrown in the way. The British Government and the Resident at Darjeeling met this conduct of the Dewan either with neglect or forbearance. This conciliatory conduct was misinterpreted by the Prime Minister. He mistook forbearance and neglect for weakness and fear : and like all narrow-minded men, became bold through the forbearance of those with whom he had to deal. His conduct at length reached its climax, and terminated fatally for the territorial and pecuniary interests of his master. Dr. Campbell, the resident at Darjeeling, while travelling through the Sikkim country, was seized by order of the Dewan. He was imprisoned, and during his imprisonment suffered such indignities as petty tyrants know how to inflict. Troops were despatched, the Resident was liberated, the Rajah's pension ceased, and a part of his territory, the Morung, was resumed by the British Government. All friendly relations, as a matter of course, ceased between the British and the Sikkim authorities ; Sikkim was a sealed country to the former, and ceased to be the high road for commerce between Darjeeling and Thibet. This state of things continues up to the present time, though hopes are entertained that amicable relations may shortly be resumed between the two countries—a pension to the present Rajah looms in the distance, and is a ground of hope of a better state of things in that part of our eastern frontier. The old Rajah has retired to a Lama monastery ; his son and successor is favorable to the British, but the Dewan still lives. His influence is great, and is the chief obstacle to friendly relations being entered into between the British Government and that of Sikkim.

The foundation of the station at Darjeeling having been laid, it steadily progressed. To the amiable and enterprising conduct of Dr. Campbell, the first Superintendent, may be traced the prosperity of the station and territory. That others have contributed to the present improved state of the district cannot be denied ; but to Dr. Campbell the palm must be yielded. He watched over the territory with parental anxiety ; it was in his heart that it should prosper. His object was to inspire the aborigines with confidence in the British rule, to induce the neighbouring tribes to settle in the territory, and to render Darjeeling a commercial centre for traders from the countries round about, extending even to Thibet. That he has to a great extent succeeded in obtaining settlers, is evident from the large tracts of land which have been cleared of dense forest jungle, and that his commercial hopes

had begun to be realized, before the rupture with Sikkim, the Darjeeling bazar and the fair at Titalya, at the foot of the hills, amply prove.

Darjeeling, as will have been gathered from the brief history now given, is situated in the Sikkim hills. The name is applicable both to the Station and to the Territory. The word Darjeeling has been variously interpreted. The popular interpretation appears to be "The Holy or Bright Spot." The territory is bounded to the north by the river Raman, which divides it from Sikkim; on the east by the rivers Runjeet and Teesta; these divide it from Bhootan; on the west, the river Mechi divides it from Nepal; from the source of the Mechi northward, the ridge of the Tonglloo and Phullat mountains, conveys the western boundary north to the River Raman. The zillahs Rungpur and Purneah are contiguous to its Southern or Terai boundary. The territory may be divided into two sections, the northern and southern. The northern consists of a succession of mountain and valley, with an average altitude above the sea level of from 4,000 to 9,000 feet; the Southern or Morung country consists of the skirts of the first range of the Himalaya, and the plains between that region and the zillahs of Rungpur and Purneah. The station of Darjeeling is situate in Lat. $27^{\circ} 2' 53''$ N., Long. $88^{\circ} 18' 41''$ E. It is a spur of the second range of the mountains of Sikkim. The spur trends in a northerly direction. It is shut in from the plains, and is sheltered from the winds and mists, which ascend from the lower districts, by two ranges of hills or natural screens, and to this provision of nature may be traced its comparative freedom from the mists and rains to which the outer ranges are subject. It is about thirty miles from the foot of the hills by the road, and fifteen in a straight line. Its elevation above the sea level is 7,165 feet. The ridge on which it stands varies in height from 6,000 to 7,600 feet; 8,000 feet being the elevation at which the mean temperature most nearly coincides with that of London. It is sheltered on the east by the Sinchal mountain, which rises to nearly 9,000 feet, and from whose summit a distant view of the plains may be seen, early in the morning, on a clear day.

The ridge on which Darjeeling stands, like most of the spurs in the Himalaya, is generally narrow, or what is termed hog-backed. It has a steep descent on its eastern side, which runs down to the torrent stream of the Rungnoo. The views presented on this side of the ridge, are on a favourable day, most exciting. Mountain and valley stretch away as far as the eye can reach, until they merge in the snowy range, which in every varying form trends to the east for upwards of sixty miles. The murmuring waters of the Rungnoo make sweet and fitting music to such a scene. On the western side, the ridge declines in more gentle

declivities, a kind of terraced slopes, intersected by numerous mountain streamlets, the whole forming a picturesque amphitheatre two or three miles in circumference. The station viewed from the more artistic points forms a pleasing *coup d'œil*. The Swiss-cottage-like houses, perched on commanding knolls or nestling under sheltering hills, with their well-trimmed gardens, the bazar and sepoy lines, the village church on the hill, the cutcherry, the ruined Llama temple, with the wide spread valley clothed with luxuriant forest foliage and verdant crops, and flowers of every form and hue, with here and there a silvery mountain stream, give it the appearance, on a calm summer's eve, of

“A spot enclosed by God,
Out of the world's wild wilderness.”

This sylvan refuge for the weary residents of the plains, is distant from the Metropolis of British India,—our busy, reeking Calcutta, 371 miles.

There are in Darjeeling some seventy houses, and a Christian population, including children, the invalids, and the Depôt establishment, of upwards of two hundred. In the season this number is considerably augmented. There are in the station the following public buildings and institutions. The Invalid Establishment for sick soldiers of Her Majesty's and the Hon'ble Company's services. There are usually about one hundred and fifty invalids at the Depôt. They are under the charge of a Commandant and a small body of officers. There is a military officer and an apothecary attached to the Depôt. The establishment is on the Jellapahar, the highest point in the station. It is the first object which arrests the attention of the visitor on his entrance into the station. At the other extremity of the station stands the Episcopal Church, a neat and simple structure; near it is the Cutcherry, under its roof all the official business of the station is transacted. The Treasury is here also. Lower down are the Assembly and Reading-rooms. Below this again is the Baptist Chapel, and still further down the Jail. One Hindu temple stands near the bazar, and a small house fitted up as a mosque is in the same vicinity. The Government School is in the same locality. In a retired nook on a lower elevation stands the Roman Catholic Nunnery and Chapel. There is a Roman Catholic Chapel also at the Jellapahar for the invalid Roman Catholic soldiers. The bazar and the Sepoy lines are on a cleared spot in the centre of the station. The bazar is upon the whole well arranged, and tolerably well supplied. The Bunneahs are all from the plains. The shops have been erected by, and are the property of, the Government. The authorities, however, do not interfere with the prices of things sold in the bazar. Trade is quite free, and every encourage-

ment has been given to tradesmen to settle at the station. The Lepcha bazar needs improvement. It is ill built and dirty ; this is, however, quite in accordance with Lepcha taste. The officials in Darjeeling are not numerous. The Superintendent is the sole ruler of the station and territory, except in certain criminal cases, when the Judge from Dinapore officiates. Assessors are sometimes appointed. The Judge is not, however, bound by their decision, they are merely selected with a view to give the Superintendent or Judge the benefit of their local experience. There is a resident officer attached to the Sapper corps ; he has charge of the roads and other matters which call for the skill of the engineer. A Civil doctor resides in the station. A Chaplain is appointed by Government to officiate in the Church and to the invalids at Jellapahar. He is appointed for two years. There is a Baptist Missionary, connected with the Mission established by the Rev. W. Start ; he labours chiefly amongst the Lepchas. A School Master has been recently appointed to the Government school, and there is a Teacher for the children of the invalids at the Military Sanatarium.

The prosperity of the station has called into existence, besides the native shops in the Bazar, European shopkeepers, butchers and gardeners, and one small Tavern, or as it is termed, a dāk bungalow. A good Hotel is needed at Darjeeling. Parties have commenced Taverns ; but hitherto they have not succeeded. As the station progresses, and the number of casual visitors increases, there will be a better prospect for any one entering on such a speculation.

In presenting an account of Darjeeling we cannot omit to mention some by whose enterprise the station has been helped into prosperity. Amongst others may be mentioned General Lloyd, S. Smith, B. Hodgson and D. Wilson, Esqrs., Sir Thomas Turton, Mr. Lowe, Col. Crommelin, Dr. Withecombe, Capts. Mason, Cornish and Murray and Mr. Martin. There are others, of whom we doubt not honorable mention might be made, were we more familiar with the details of the history of Darjeeling. Amongst the florists, General Harvey with his garden of beautiful flowers deserves notice.

The approaches to Darjeeling are full of beauty and interest to the traveller. Having left the scorching plains of Bengal, the first change which the visitor experiences is the Terai or belt of dense forest jungle, which skirts the base of the Himalaya. This, though beautiful, is no paradise. It is most unhealthy, and notwithstanding the partial clearings, is deemed an unsafe spot for a stranger to pass the night in. To sleep in the Terai is generally equivalent to "gaining a loss" in the shape of jungle fever. The unhealthiness of this hot-bed of disease, arises from the want of drainage. The waters from the hills find no free passage,

they are pent up by the massy jungle, and either percolate the gravel beds, or are carried off by evaporation. The want of circulation, owing to the proximity of the mountains, and the amount of malarious vapour ever hanging over the district, as well as the sources already adverted to, sufficiently account for the unhealthiness of the Terai. Cultivation and good drainage will doubtless tend very materially to change this nest of fever into a comparatively healthy district. In the mean time we may suggest the almost certain means of avoiding the evils of the Terai. Let the journey through it be made in the morning from seven to ten, and the chances are that no injurious effects will be experienced. In the season of 1856, parties traversed the Terai during the whole season in palkies, on elephants, on horseback, and by carts; and as far as Christians were concerned, in every instance, with impunity. The Terai is inhabited by the Mechis, a squalid and unhealthy-looking race; their companions are tigers, wild elephants and bears, fitting residents for such a region. In passing through the Terai, the bed of the Mahanuddi is passed. Having passed this mountain stream, the ascent is gradual through a district rich in natural scenery. Crossing a rustic bridge, and traversing a long picturesque mountain road, the first puffs of a cooler atmosphere begin to be felt. At the termination of this road the ascent becomes abrupt, and we have reached the first step in the Himalaya ladder. On a small knoll at the head of the ascent we reach Punkabarria, the first station in the hills. It is 2,500 feet above the sea level.

The India Rubber tree (*Ficus Elasticus*) is to be found here as well as in the valleys higher up on the same level. This, Dr. Hooker states, is the western limit of this plant.

The next stage is from Punkabarria to Kursion. The rise from the first to the second station is very abrupt. The road is, however, so constituted as to render the ascent comparatively easy. The journey from Punkabarria to Kursion is most enchanting.

The soil and its productions are completely new. The soil is mica and clay slate, the former, says Hooker, being full of garnets. A noble forest replaces the stinted and bushy vegetation of the Terai. The passage through this region in the spring is a treat even to the residents, much more to the weary traveller from the plains. It is like passing through the vast, well-wooded park of some feudal lord. Lofty mountains rise on every side, covered from the base to the summit with magnificent forests, their offspring of orchids, vines and climbers being interlaced in most fantastic forms. The sides of the road are covered with a rich variety of ferns and flowers, while here and there a mountain stream gives out its music to aid the few song-birds who chaunt sweet notes in shady groves.

Ascending, open spots give artistic views of the vast plains

which stretch out from the base of the mountains to the horizon, "like the smooth surface of a summer's sea." The distance from Punkabarri to Kursion is six miles: owing, however, to the abruptness of the ascent, it takes about two hours to reach the second station. Kursion is one of the gems of the Sikkim hills, and will in time, we doubt not, become a station of importance. It is situated on a large ridge or spur, through which the high road to Darjeeling passes. Its elevation is 5,200 feet above the sea level. The view from the Eagle's Crag, a bold, rocky eminence, is most extensive and picturesque. The broad plains of Purneah, Dinagepur, Rungpur and Malda, with their dense forests and verdant crops, intersected by the silver streams of the Mechi, Mahanadia, Teesta, the Brahmaputra, and on a very clear day, the great Ganges, are seen stretching as far as the eye can reach to the South and East. To the north Kinchinjunga and his companions raise their icy peaks, while immediately in the vicinity, lofty mountains and deep valleys, clothed with everlasting spring, encircle you on every side. The zephyr-like breezes wafted up from the plains, come laden with the rich perfumes of sweet scented flowers, and clouds, of which Kursion appears to be the laboratory, rise up in most fantastic forms. Kursion boasts of its water-fall, which during the rains is an object of great attraction. The climate of Kursion is not unlike that of Nice, with this exception, that during the rains it is necessarily damper. Medical men give the preference to Kursion for patients suffering from pulmonary affections.

The next stage is from Kursion to Chuttuckpur. The rise is abrupt for three or four miles, when it becomes more easy till you reach the third bungalow. The scenery is much the same as below. Nature, ever varying, changes her dress as we ascend, new varieties in the floral and arboreal world make their appearance, and the atmosphere becomes sensibly cooler. The weariness of the plains is exchanged for the elasticity of the mountains. The whole system becomes invigorated, the appetite sharpened, and the spirits more exuberant.

Chuttuckpur lies like a nest in the side of a lofty mountain. It is generally in the clouds, and is on that account a damp and not over-comfortable bungalow. It is, however, a welcome rest-house to the mountain traveller. The road from Chuttuckpur to Darjeeling is, until you come within a short distance of "the Bright Spot," almost a level. The scenery is bold, the road passing through lofty mountains and majestic forest trees. The mountain streams are more impetuous, the air cool and refreshing.

On the road to Darjeeling, and about midway between Chuttuckpur and the central station, is Sanadah, a village and a resting

place for troops. On a spur descending from this station is the new settlement of Hope Town. This station was only commenced at the close of the rainy season of 1856. It owes its existence to the enterprise of two or three gentlemen from the plains. The object is to make it a settlement for residents. The cleared land has been purchased from the natives. The proprietors have no wish to make a profit by the re-sale of the land, their object being to induce people to become settlers, and to develop the resources of the country. The location has been surveyed and marked out in lots of from one hundred to five hundred acres, with building plots. A Tea Company has been formed in connexion with the Hope Town settlement. A portion of the profits of the sale of land is to be appropriated to the erection of a place of worship,—unsectarian,—a school house, a dispensary and a bazar. The greater portion of the land has been taken, three houses are nearly erected, and others will soon be commenced ; a road has been made from the main road down to the Balasun, and all the shares, and more than were originally issued, of the Tea Company, have been taken up. We shall watch with interest this attempt to form a colony of Himalaya farmers in the Darjeeling territory : and from what we know of the men who have started it, we have little doubt of its success. Retracing our steps we pass on to Darjeeling. The immediate approach to it is steep, the top of the Jellapahar has to be attained before we can see “ the Bright Spot.” Having reached the top of the Himalaya Pisgah, the station is in full view, and well repays the toil of the wearisome journey, the accidents by flood and field, by plain and valley and mountain.

The natural scenery of the Darjeeling territory is full of interest to the admirer of nature and the man of science. From the Jellapahar, the highest point in the station, the views on every side are pregnant with grandeur and beauty. To the south the landscape is a succession of mountain and valley, covered from the base of the mountains to their loftiest peaks with the most luxuriant forest foliage. To the east the Sinchul raises its lofty head, covered with the sweet-scented magnolia, and with a forest of richly hued rhododendra. To the north, the mountains of the lower range of the Himalaya, like massive mountain billows, rise one over the other covered with eternal spring, till they merge in the snowy range ; while in the distance Kinchinjunga the monarch of mountains, raises his silver crested peaks high even above his aspiring companions. To the west rises Tonglo and Phullot. Abrupt slopes, deep ravines, cleared patches and mountain streams, encircled by lofty mountains, make up a picture which, when lit up by the rays of the rising or the setting sun, can have few if any rivals. Nor must we omit the

cloud scenery of this beautiful region. Here the clouds are seen in all their perfection, assuming every imaginable form, and tinged with ever varying hues.

 Their ever-changing forms and shapes
 By rainbow hues adorned,
 Seem oft as if by heavenly skill
 For angles' chariots formed.

Nor is their beauty diminished by the dark outlines of the mountains on which they cast their airy shadows. The lover of nature can desire no view more entrancing than this land-locked Sanatorium, either at sunrise or by moon light. Both are calculated to stir the poet's muse, or to inspire the artist with a desire to give, in mimic form, the great realities of nature; nor will the ordinary mind be unimpressed with the greatness, wisdom and benevolence of Him who made the whole.

The want felt in this region is, that which lends additional enchantment to the scenery of the Alps and the hills of Westmoreland. There are no lakes in the Darjeeling territory. The rivers, too, which in the rains are roaring and bulstering streams, become in the dry season mere gently flowing and erratic brooks.

The taste displayed by the residents in the selection of sites, and the laying out of their grounds, gives a minor grace to the scenery. It would be impossible to enumerate all, but we cannot pass by Brianston, the residence of B. Hodgson, Esq., late of the Bengal Civil Service.

Both as it respects situation and taste, Brianston is a gem of a mountain home. Its broad acres tastefully arranged, and its justic bungalows, prove that it has been the product of an intelligent and tasteful mind, of one who has determined to make the Himalaya not only the field of scientific research, but his home. The hospitality manifested by the proprietor of Brianston is too well-known to need more than a passing record. Nor is hospitality confined to this mountain home. If the ennui which must be felt by those who are accustomed to busier scenes can be dispelled by domestic generosity, it will be by the hospitality of the residents in the Darjeeling hills.

The *climate* of Darjeeling is adapted to the generality of European constitutions. The mean temperature throughout the year is 55° to 56°. Equality of temperature, both of day and night during the year, is a marked peculiarity of the climate. The air, which is keen in the cold, dry season, is pure during the entire year. The people dwelling at Darjeeling may in the course of a few hours have almost any temperature they please. A descent of one or two thousand feet will take them from the cold breezes of the Jellapahar to the more genial stations on the lower slopes, and in the neighbouring valleys, the old Indian may luxuriate to his heart's content in a climate almost as warm as that

of the plains. The valleys are not, however, the most salubrious locations; want of free circulation engenders fever, and other diseases common to low and sultry localities.

The year may be divided into two parts, the rainy and the dry seasons. The rains commence about the middle of May, and continue until the middle of October. The rains in the hills are regular downpours; they come down in right good earnest. Owing to the slopes, and the porous nature of the soil, the water does not long remain on the surface, it is soon either absorbed or finds its way by the mountain streams to the beds of the rivers. A short interval of sunshine serves to render the ground dry, and gives a good road on which the pedestrian or equestrian may take his accustomed rambles. When during the rainy season there is a temporary cessation of the rain, the climate is exquisite and the atmosphere clear and brilliant. The dry season commences in October, and continues until May. January and February are very cold, with almost daily frost. March, April and May are the dry and warm months, or spring period; when beautiful, sweet-scented flowers and indigenous fruits make their appearance. The following extract from the Darjeeling Meteorological Register shews the mean temperature and fall of rain from 1853 to October 1856:—

Extract from the Darjeeling Meteorological Register, mean temperature and fall of Rain from 1853 to 1856.

HEIGHT OF INSTRUMENTS ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA, 7,168 FEET.										AVERAGE.	
MONTHS.	1853.		1854.		1855.		1856.		Mean temp. of day.	Rain.	
	Mean temp. of day.	Rain.	Mean temp. of day.	Rain.	Mean temp. of day.	Rain.	Mean temp. of day.	Rain.			
January	36.79	1.85	45.85	.10	39.42	.10	40.99	1.78	40.76	.96	
February...	47.23	.75	42.01	1.57	41.93	2.03	45.57	.00	44.18	1.09	
March.....	52.83	.00	51.47	.40	49.36	2.94	52.84	1.38	51.62	1.18	
April	57.74	1.00	53.83	5.10	52.58	5.76	56.41	1.15	55.14	3.25	
May.....	61.35	2.07	59.73	5.68	58.70	11.65	58.00	1.18	59.44	5.14	
June	64.34	26.90	62.96	40.57	60.88	21.21	61.37	45.95	62.34	33.40	
July.....	65.26	29.49	65.81	18.55	62.24	21.76	62.53	34.77	64.03	26.14	
August	64.13	31.26	65.41	40.91	61.97	26.54	61.69	37.61	63.30	34.08	
September.	62.02	20.15	63.55	28.10	60.42	15.80	61.18	17.51	61.80	20.40	
October ...	56.71	4.34	58.52	4.05	56.20	.02	59.18	15.90	57.65	6.08	
November ..	49.28	.37	49.47	2.10	49.52	.41	
December..	45.29	.00	45.14	.20	47.56	.00	
Means ...	55.24	9.85	55.29	12.28	53.39	90.2					

Lat..... 27° 2' 53" N.
 Long..... 88° 18' 41" E.
 Mag. Var..... 2° 30' ... E.

Correction of Corresponding Greenwich time — + 5h, 53m. 14 $\frac{1}{4}$.

The soil is stiff red or yellow clay, with Gneiss rock lying under it, and in some places coming to the surface. Gneiss crumbled in the form of sand is met with in different parts of the hills. Where the jungle has not been cleared, there is a fine surface soil of vegetable mould, ranging from six to twelve inches in depth. This yields one or two fair crops; when, however, the vegetable soil is washed away by the rains, little is left but the primitive clay; with here and there the bald rock standing out. The only minerals at present found in the hills are copper, iron and manganese; they have not, however, as yet been found in sufficient quantities to remunerate the miner. Lime is found in the valleys.

The prevailing winds are E. to S.-E. during the cold and dry season; and from S. to S.-W. during the rains. It rarely blows from the north, the snowy range being a barrier to the wind in that quarter.

The Darjeeling territory abounds with the following timber, fruit and flowering trees and plants—Oaks. There are several species of the oak. Five are known as yielding good timber. The oak of the Himalaya cannot, however, compete with the sturdy British oak. The damp appears to deprive it of the strength and durability for which its English namesake is famous.—Chesnut. This is an excellent wood, and is used for building purposes. The nut is small and sweet.—Birch—two species.—Maple, two species. Sál.—This tree, which is one of the best Indian woods, grows abundantly in the neighbourhood of Punkabarria. It is also found on the other side of Darjeeling, near the Runjeet. Sissu,—grows in the valleys of the Ballasun and Runjeet. Toon,—grows to a large size in the lower districts. The Wild Mango,—grows between Kursion and Punkabarria. The fruit is small and cylindrical in form, it has not much of the flavor of the mango of the plains. Rhododendron—white and red. The latter is found only a Darjeeling, the white is in great abundance lower down. It grows to a gigantic size, and flowers in April and May. The wood is white, light and durable. Walnut.—This is a very handsome wood and is used for furniture and house building. Champ,—a yellow cross-grained wood, excellent for ceiling, flooring, chimney pieces, and doors and windows. Magnolia—large handsome tree, white flowered and highly scented, flowers in the spring, scenting the air with its fragrance. Lotus tree—a large handsome tree, flowers in the spring; it bears a profusion of large lotus-like pink flowers—when in full bloom this tree is really the queen of the forest; it belongs to the genus Magnolia. Sycamore,—somewhat like the Plane tree. The wood is good. The natives use the leaves as a substitute for tea. Holly,—this is a large handsome plant, and especially in the winter, when it is in full leaf, and its branches are covered with scarlet berries. There is a species of Olive, the fruit is as large

as a plum. The wood, though not durable, is used for door-posts and out-buildings. Semul,—well known in the plains for its cotton, It grows at an elevation of 3,500 feet. Figs,—two species, edible, they ripen in August. The Pimento tree bears a spicy berry, which has somewhat the flavor of strong orange peel—it is used medicinally by the natives. The Paper tree,—three species, the yellow, white and pink and scarlet flowered. The yellow flowered thrives at an elevation of about 5,000 feet. The paper made from this tree is coarse and dark coloured, the whitish pink is abundant; this thrives in a belt embracing 2,000 feet of elevation, that of Darjeeling, 7,257 feet being the centre—it is the most abundant of the species. The scarlet flowered is found on higher elevations, such as the Sinchal. *Olea Fragrans* is abundant about Darjeeling, it is sweet scented and flowers in October. Firs are found near the Runjeet. Wild cherry is abundant below Darjeeling. The Barberry is indigenous to the district, the fruit is equal to British fruit, the wood is green and is used for dyeing purposes.

There is a yellow, durable wood, very offensive when fresh cut, called in "the Darjeeling Guide," Stink Wood. The Tea Plant.—This is not indigenous to the Darjeeling district. It was introduced by Dr. Campbell. A few healthy plants are found in the station, the seeds are large and well formed, the leaf is large and coarse. The elevation of Darjeeling is too high for the plant to be very productive; besides which it must suffer from the frost. Tea plants have been sown and raised on the lower slopes, at Tuqvar, to the north, by Captain Masson, at Kursion by S. Smith, Esq., and tea is now being raised at the Canning and Hope Town plantations by the Companies attached to those locations, by Mr. Martin on the Kursion flats, and by Capt. Samler, the agent of the Darjeeling Tea Concern, between Kursion and Pankabarria. There can, we believe, be little doubt but that the tea plant will thrive at an elevation of from 3,500 to 4,500 feet. The managers of Hope Town Tea Concern have been obliged to increase the number of shares, to meet the calls made upon them by parties interested in the project. This concern is indebted for its prosperity to the energy and skill of F. Brine and E. D'Cruz, Esqs. Should these tea plantations succeed, and we see no reason to doubt their success, they will be a great boon to the Darjeeling district, as well as highly remunerative to those concerned. With a view to encourage the growth of tea by the natives, the Government has placed at the disposal of the Acting Resident, Capt. James, several maunds of tea seed for distribution amongst the indigenous agriculturists. It is an experiment worth trying; but we doubt whether the erratic disposition of the Lepcha farmer will allow him to wait four years ere he realizes the fruit of his labours.

The coffee plant has been sown below Kursion, and gives promise of fruit. The soil and climate is favorable to the production of the plant, and if there be sun enough to ripen it thoroughly, there is good hope of success with coffee as well as with tea. We have seen and tasted tea grown near Darjeeling, which to our taste was more palatable than the produce of the Assam tea plantations.

There are five species of raspberries—three of tolerable flavor. They require cultivation to give them a higher flavor. Strawberries are grown by the residents; they are well flavored, a little more acid than the English fruit. They are nevertheless a great treat to those who have so few opportunities, in the plains, of tasting this queen of fruits. Apples, pears, and plums have been introduced by the residents. They do not, however, arrive at perfection. The trees are healthy, and the fruit well formed, but they need sun to ripen them into the mellow flavor of the British fruits. Peaches are grown, but they are hard and bitterish to the taste. They, like the apple, require more sun than Darjeeling can afford. It is probable that these fruits of the Western world, may arrive at greater perfection in the lower ranges, such as Kursion and other spots at the same elevation. Besides the trees mentioned, the Elder, Hydrangia, Bramble, Honeysuckle, Camelia, and the Ivy, and different kinds of climbing plants are found in great abundance at different elevations. A wild purple grape grows on the lower slopes. It is a pleasant fruit, and makes a jelly with somewhat of the flavor of the English damson; if cultivated it would, we think, grow to a much larger size, and might probably produce a common kind of claret.

The Floral world is abundantly represented. Many common English wild flowers bring back to memory the hills and dales and shady nooks and lanes of the fatherland. The fox-glove, daisy and butter-cup, with others of the same order, greet the eye in the spring season. The daisy, though not indigenous, flourishes at Darjeeling. The English primrose is not found in the hills, but a plant with a palish pink flower, called the Sikkim primrose, is abundant in the neighbourhood. The English cabbage rose, imported, and others indigenous to the hills, attain to great perfection, one species of rose which flowers in the spring, deep crimson and well-scented, grows very profusely. Fuschias of two kinds grow to a large size. A large variety of flowers, including two or three varieties of violets, and indigenous to the hills, are continually developing their beauties and making the air aromatic with their fragrance. Ferns are found in rich variety, from the most minute of these feathery plants to the stately and graceful fern tree. The bamboo is found in the valleys, and up to six thousand feet, in great variety; the dwarf species is abundant between

Darjeeling and Kursion. Some of the species grow to a large size, and as in the plains so in these hills, the bamboo is a most useful plant. It is used by the natives for almost every purpose. The water carrier makes his *chunga* out of the larger ones; and in the same form it is employed by the natives for carrying milk, butter and all similar produce. The leaves of the younger plants are used as food for horses and cattle. The Orchid race is largely represented—many beautiful species are found in the Darjeeling territory. They find a home on the large forest trees, and not unfrequently on their very topmost branches. In the depths of the forests they, with a number of the fern tribe, attached to huge trees and gracefully festooned by luxuriant climbers, give to the forests an elegant and refreshing appearance. Man, if he felt disposed, might well make some of these shaded forests, temples in which to worship Him who made them all.

The Darjeeling potato has earned for itself a name in India. It is well flavored, and when diligently cultivated, a good specimen of the root. It finds a ready market in the plains, and only needs care in the cultivation to become a general favorite. With a view to get the potato down to the plains early in the season, we apprehend it is often gathered before it is fully ripe. This gives it a darkish appearance, deprives it of some of its flavor, and often causes it to sprout. The seed transferred to the plains, the largest and best kinds being selected for seed, and the ground well manured, produces a larger potato than we generally find in the hills. The Darjeeling farmer should look to this. Murwah is extensively grown by the natives. This plant produces a small seed, which when fermented makes a drink which is most popular with the people of the hills. The seed is put into a *chunga* or bamboo bottle, hot water is poured into the bottle, and allowed to remain until the seed is well soaked, the liquor is drunk hot, through a reed or bamboo pipe. Murwah is an intoxicating drink. It forms a part of the daily rations of every native in the hills. It seems when taken as an ordinary drink to induce pleasantry; but like all intoxicating beverages, when taken in large quantities, it leads to drunkenness with its accompanying evils. The taste of Murwah is something like Sweet Wort, the juice of barley prepared for brewing purposes in England. Connoisseurs in Murwah, when they wish to make it more exciting, give it a spice of some pungent condiment.

Bhoota, or Indian corn, is extensively cultivated by the natives. It grows to a large size, and yields generally an excellent crop. It finds a ready sale in the hills. It is used as food for horses and cattle. The natives pound it and make from it a not over diges-

tible cake. The castor-oil and pawn plants grow wild at Kursion and in other spots at the same elevation. Castor-oil and indigo might both be grown at Kursion and Punkabarria for seed. The produce would find a ready and remunerative sale in the plains. Munjeet and cotton both thrive in the Terai—the latter is being more extensively cultivated every year—the whole Terai if cleared might be made one vast cotton-growing country.

Darjeeling produces good specimens of both native and imported vegetables ;—the latter, such as rhubarb, cabbages, peas and beans, are large and upon the whole well flavored. The rhubarb is especially good—the other vegetables have not quite the rich flavor which their home namesakes possess : this in all probability is owing to the moisture of the atmosphere, and also to the fact that the land after a while requires to be well manured.

The native vegetables are not numerous ; the mountain yam is a mealy well flavored vegetable. It grows to a large size, weighing often from one to two seers : the *kachu*, a soft watery yam, a species of colocynth, ripens in the autumn. It is used by the Lepchas as a purgative.

There are also aromatic and medicinal plants, the virtues of which are as yet known almost only to the natives. Oils and essence have been extracted from some of the hill plants by amateurs ; and may probably yield a profitable return to those who bestow more labour in the preparation of the extracts. Grasses of different species, and some of exquisite formation, are found at certain elevations. The indigenous grass is large and coarse, and does not appear to be very nutritious. English grass has been introduced. White clover imported is now no rarity. Some of the slopes in Darjeeling are, in the spring, covered with its sweet-scented flowers, giving the homestead of the residents the appearance of an English farm. Not a stem of red clover rears its head amongst the white, nor have the English primrose or cowslip found their way to Darjeeling.

Butterflies of every size, shape and hue, and moths small and gigantic roam about in this fairy region. Nothing can exceed the beauty of some of the butterfly tribe. Nature appears to have exhausted her skill in their formation and coloring. Nor are the moths less elaborate in formation, though not so pleasing to the eye. The Lepchas are great butterfly hunters. They sally forth with a muslin bag at the end of a bamboo, and give chase to these aerial beauties over brake and dell in the valleys of the Runjeet and Balasun, returning with their spoil for sale to the visitors at "the Bright Spot." The average price of these captured beauties if taken promiscuously, is sixty for the rupee, and thirty or forty

if the choice ones are picked out. The butterfly hunters have, of course, their tales about some of their wards. One of them refers to the moth. They say that there is one species so large, that the man who catches it is sure to die; no one, however, has seen this wonderful moth. It is a legend which has doubtless been handed down from generation to generation, a sort of bugbear with which to frighten the young and the timid. Sometimes a large and rare species of butterfly will realize a large price; we heard of one which was sold for twenty-two rupees. Beetles of singular forms and hues are also abundant in the territory.

In the valleys, birds of rich plumage are found in considerable variety. On the upper ranges, an occasional brace of black eagles may be seen soaring aloft, and a few birds of prey of smaller size are indigenous to the region. Song birds are not numerous at Darjeeling. The thrush discourses sweet music in the spring; the cuckoo, with its once familiar note, comes in April and May; and a species of blackbird hops about, but does not sing often; and a small blue canary chirps in the trees when the flowers begin to bud. Sparrows and crows are, as the Americans have it, sparse; they are not indigenous—they were introduced by Dr. Campbell. Pheasants of exquisite plumage are numerous; and partridges are found, but not in great abundance. Porcupines, bears, wolves and jackals are indigenous, bears are numerous and sometimes commit great depredations on the *Bhoota* farms. There are other wild animals, and some of the feline genus beautifully marked.

Fish abounds in the rivers, but little of it reaches Darjeeling. The Maha-seer, and some small mountain-stream fish are brought to the station either from the Runjeet or the Balasun by the natives. Fish, however, is not abundant at "the Bright Spot." Fishing is by some pursued as a recreation at the Runjeet. Bees abound in the forests. Honey and bees' wax, gathered by the natives, are brought into the station for sale. The honey is of a rich flavor and congealed. The wax when clarified is of fine quality and finds a ready sale. It is brought in by the natives in cakes of a dark dirty color, and sold for a rupee a seer. Milk and butter are of the first quality and cheap. Twenty quart bottles of milk can be obtained for one rupee. From the milk bought at the door, people sometimes make their own butter. The process is simple and cheap. A preserve bottle is the churn, in which the cream, is well "shaken before taken" out as butter.

The cattle produce of the territory and its neighbourhood consists of the Sikkim and Nepal cow, ponies from Thibet and the plains, sheep, some indigenous, others imported from the plains,

and pigs. The cows are well formed, and about the size of good sized English cows. They do not equal the English cow in the quantity of milk they give; the quality is however good, and creams well. The cows feed in the jungle, and the milk has sometimes a taste of the aromatic plants on which they feed. The hill sheep is large boned, and when brought in by the natives is not over well fed. The beef and mutton has not the flavour, nor is it so tender, as that of the plains: but a good appetite, added to a few days' keep, makes it very palatable. Pigs appear to thrive in the hands of the caterers for the public appetite. The pork is well flavoured, and when cured, makes excellent corned pork. The Darjeeling hams are not unlike the small Yorkshire hams, and when carefully cured, find a ready market in the plains. A good ham, of from eight to ten pounds, may be bought in Darjeeling for from three-eight to five rupees. Poultry is scarce; the supplies are generally brought up from the plains. Ghee is abundant in some parts of the hills; and especially in the Nepal district; it is of fine quality and of reasonable price. It might be turned to profitable account by the Darjeeling farmers.

Mineral springs have been found in the Darjeeling district. Two of these "medicine wells" have attracted attention. The first to which the notice of the residents was called is Menchu, or the "medicine water." This is situated in the valley of the Rungnoo, about six miles from the station. Its medicinal virtues had been long known to the natives. They had resorted to it for the cure of rheumatism, cutaneous and scrofulous diseases. Their mode of administering the water was twofold—the hot bath, this they prepared by damming up the water and throwing in hot stones: in addition to the bath they drank the water and cooked their food with it. The same plan has been adopted by their more civilized neighbours, and in some instances with considerable success. Cases have been cited in which considerable benefit has been derived from a residence at Menchu. The water has been sent to practical chemists in Calcutta, to be analysed and reported upon. As in almost all similar cases doctors have differed. The first report was to the effect that the Menchu water contained iron and sulphur and other medicinal substances in small proportions: the last report pronounced it only the very purest water: both reports, however, may be to a certain extent correct. Every thing will depend on the season when the water is procured. If it be obtained in the dry season, its real properties will be developed; if in the rains, it must, from the porous nature of the soil, and the large and

constant fall of rain, be so diluted as to be little better than the ordinary water found in the mountain streams. One thing is clear, whatever the chemists may report, that some persons have derived considerable benefit from a residence at the springs. The natives, the children of nature, who seldom err in these matters, have looked upon the Menchu spring as medicine water. Another spring has been discovered a short distance from Menchu, on which the resident medical men have reported favorably. Water from a third spring in the centre of the station has been sent to Calcutta and has been analysed. It contained a considerable portion of iron, a trace of sulphur, and carbonates considerable. This was the result of a rough analysis. There can be no doubt but the Darjeeling hills abound with similar springs, some of which may be probably more impregnated with medical virtues than those at present discovered—a better acquaintance with the country, and more patients benefited by the waters, will however soon set this, at present debateable, matter at rest : Chemists, like Doctors, are not always infallible, and one cure is better than a dozen theories.

The Resident is invested with almost supreme authority in matters Judicial and Civil. An order in Council, dated 4th September 1839, contains the rules, twenty-one in number, for "regulating the assignment of locations and grants of land in the Hill Tract attached to the station of Darjeeling, and for the administration of the said Tract." These rules, says the Report on Darjeeling, speak of the Superintendent "as the officer in Civil and Political charge at Darjeeling." "The police and magisterial authority will be exercised by the officer in Civil and Polical charge." Rule 4 declares "The officer in Civil charge is vested with the power and authority of Civil Judge in respect to all claims, complaints and disputes that may arise, and be cognizable in the Civil Courts of the settlement, under the Acts and Regulations in force in the Bengal Presidency." These were all the regulations originally given to the Superintendent for the government of a tract of country covered with dense jungle, and in which he had to administer Civil and Criminal Justice and Police, and to collect revenue. Other instructions, principally suggested by Dr. Campbell, for the collection of revenue, have received the sanction of Government. The Acts and Regulations in force in Bengal, happily for the Darjeeling district, have never come into operation in the territory. With this simple code the territory of Darjeeling has, from a tract of jungle and forests, become a thriving country ; an important frontier station.

The revenue from land as given by the Report is as follows :—

Total Jumma of Morung	30,761
Deduct cost of Collection	3,034
Remainder	27,727
Total Jumma of new Hill Territory, no cost of Collection	140
Total Jumma of Hill Territory appropriated to local purposes, no cost of Collection	6,025
Total Jumma of Darjeeling Territory	36,926
Total cost of Collection, 8 per cent	3,034
Net Income	Rs. 33,892

"The income of the Hill Territory, Rs. 6,025, is appropriated to local purposes by order of Government. The income of the territory in the hills and in the Morung, according to the new settlement, is Rs. 27,867, this is the clear revenue derived from the district by the State and available as income."

The following statement of the Receipts and Expenditure connected with the Treasury, for the whole territory, will serve to show what a change has been wrought in this once jungly and unproductive district :—

In 1852-53.

<i>Receipts.</i>		<i>Disbursements.</i>	
Cash for Drafts issued ...	1,23,210	Executive Department }	37,217
Ditto for Land Revenue	26,773	Assignments ...	8,032
Ditto for Abkaree	2,228	Post Office.....	1,62,055
Ditto for Post Office.....	10,253	Drafts Revenue and Mi- }	74,362
Ditto for Fines	558	litary Department ...	8,000
Remittances from other }	1,54,000	Audited Bills	1,235
Treasuries }	621	Pension	26,259
Stamps	19,581	Interest on loan Accounts	
Miscellaneous		Miscellaneous	
Total Rs....	3,37,226	Total Rs....	3,171,80

The number of civil suits decided during five years, according to the Report, was five hundred and one ; or an average of one hundred suits a year. The number of criminal cases decided during the same period was one thousand four hundred and twenty-two. The number of prisoners sent up for trial in 1852, was four hundred and fifty-one,—convicted, one hundred and seventy-nine,—acquitted, two hundred and seventy-two. The

Report estimates the entire population of the district at ten thousand. The entire income derived from the territory is estimated by the same authority at fifty thousand rupees.

The following statistics will show the state of crime amongst the natives and the nature of the crimes to which the people are addicted. In 1852, there were petty affrays 57, abductions 37, false imprisonment 8, assaults with wounding 5, child stealing 1, burglary, aggravated 4, cattle stealing 22, thefts 60, plunder of houses 4. Not a solitary case of murder occurs in the list, and the graver offences against the laws are comparatively few.

The vigilance of the police must exceed that of the plains if the following statistics of property stolen and recovered be a standard by which we may judge :—

Value of property stolen.	Value of property recovered.
1850 3 045	2,096
1851 2,460	1,237
1852 2,219	329

It is a singular and strange fact that the language in which the official business of the Court is transacted is Bengali, and this in a Court where the bulk of the people are almost as ignorant of that dialect as they are of the language of Timbuctoo. This, at least, whatever else may not need it, requires reform.

We have referred to trade with the neighbouring countries, and especially with Thibet—the people of Thibet are believed to be well disposed towards the British Government. The Chinese Government, with whom rests the appointment of the officials at Lassa, is not favorable to free trade with outside barbarians, and has done all in its power to prevent intercourse between the two countries. Previous to the disruption with Sikkim, through which country the high road to Lassa passes, the influence of the Chinese Government in Thibet had been much weakened. The value of the imports from Lassa to Darjeeling by this route was estimated at 50,000 Rs. annually. On the high road from “the Bright Spot” to Lassa are two large towns, Phari with a population of 40,000, and Geanchee Shubur with a population of 20,000.

The imports from Thibet consist of salt, gold, silver, precious stones, and coarse woollen stuffs. The principal import is wool. The flocks of Thibet are very numerous, and the wool is of the

finest quality. It is as fine as Merino with a much longer staple. The Report treating on this subject says—

“The fineness of this wool is attributed to the same cause as that of the merino; the fine and succulent short pasture of the Thibet hills, while the cold climate has the usual effect on the fleece, of supplying that peculiar quality which is found in the shawl wool of the Thibet goats. The high plains on which these numerous flocks feed are of immense extent, and if the importation of the article could be facilitated, it would become a source of profit to our speculators and manufacturers, and of riches and civilization to the Steppes of Thibet, which have been hitherto excluded from all possibility of improvement by the rigid application of the exclusive policy of the Chinese. The nearest road to Lassa from the British territory lies through Darjeeling by the Choombi Valley, and the towns of Phari and Geanchee Shubur already mentioned, as forming the present line of traffic: the distance about 500 miles, of which 70 miles in Sikkim as far as Choombi. The Thibetan institutions are such as to admit, without difficulty, of the establishment of a consul of a foreign nation at Lassa for the protection and control of the foreigners carrying on trade there. I am informed that Lassa is visited by people of all the neighbouring nations as merchants. The merchants of each nation appoint their own consul as the medium of communication with the Thibet Government, and to settle their own disputes without reference to the Government of their own country. The Nimals of Nepal, the Cashmerees, the Ladakees, and the people of Bootan have all headmen or consuls of these descriptions in Lassa, as well as other States lying between China and Thibet. If, therefore, the traffic of Thibet could be extended by improvement of the communication, it would be easy to effect a commercial establishment in Lassa, if the opposition of the Chinese power, now so much on the wane, could be once got over.”

The Lassa merchants are about a month on the journey from that place to “the Bright Spot.” The traffic between the two countries shows how important it is for the British Government to obtain, once more, a free passage through the Sikkim country.

It is but natural that we should briefly touch on the diseases prevalent in the Darjeeling territory. The following medical statistics for eight years in connection with the convalescent depot, give a succinct and clear view on this subject in connection with European ailments:—

The following table shows the rate of mortality amongst the native prisoners in the Darjeeling jail, and also amongst the Sebundy Corps during the years 1853 to 1856:—

Prisoners in the Jail.

1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.
2 Deaths occurred. 2 By Dysentery Chlo 1 By Diarrhoea.	1 Death occurred. By Febris Quode Intermittent.	8 Deaths occurred. 1 By Febris Tertian 2 " " Remittens 2 " " Dysentery Acute 1 " " Chron 1 " " Coma. 1 " " Cachexia Syphiloides.	1 Death occurred By Diarrhoea in September last.
Average daily strength .. } 38 11 Average daily of sick .. } 6 2	Average daily strength .. } 37 51 Average daily of sick .. } 6 52	Average daily strength .. 45 65 Average daily of sick ... 6 25	

Sebundy Corps of Sappers.

1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.
3 Deaths occurred by Variola.	1 Death occurred by Splentis.	1 Death occurred by Enteritis.	No death.
Average daily strength .. } 2 10 Average daily of sick .. } 3 04	Average daily strength .. } 259 Average daily of sick .. } 5 7	Average daily strength .. 209 Average daily of sick .. 5 21	

The natives are subject to slight fever, dysentery, rheumatism, small-pox, and other diseases common to genial but humid climates. Darjeeling is not the best climate for pulmonary complaints; nor is it a desirable residence for persons at all affected with rheumatic affections, or indeed for any troubled with complaints to which humidity is an ally. The effect of the climate on the majority of constitutions is in the highest degree favorable. A very brief residence enables the invalid visitor to shake off his weakness and his ennui. He becomes buoyant and cheerful; new life is sent through his veins like magic. The residents generally are pictures of robust health. For some constitutions it is better adapted than the colder climate of Britain. In cases, however, of complete prostration, we believe that the Darjeeling hills will not supply the place of the bracing and invigorating climate of Europe. It would at least require as long a residence in the hills as it would in Europe, in which case we suspect the majority of invalids would prefer Europe, with its home associations, advantages and excitement. Man is so constituted, that he needs something more than climate to

restore him mentally and physically after a long and weary residence in the wasting plains of India. For an agreeable and invigorating change to persons weary of the plains, or to those on whom disease has not fastened his chronic hand, we can think of no better spot than Darjeeling, while for old Indians who intend to make the East their home, or for enterprising people with agricultural tendencies, the Darjeeling hills offer a prospect than which nothing can be more pleasant or hopeful.

For children Darjeeling is indeed "the Bright Spot." Its climate is really the children's friend. If blooming, rosy faces, healthy bodies and buoyant spirits be a boon to the young, they have them all in Darjeeling. We doubt whether any English village could produce such a fine show of robust and healthy children as the station can display. It is quite a treat, after being familiar with the pale faced little ones of the plains, to meet the joyous, merry-faced urchins in the hills. Their faces vie in colour with the blushing roses of their own fair gardens. In proof of the adaptation of the hills to the constitutions of children, we may mention that the Roman Catholic Nunnery has been established upwards of ten years; during that period but little serious sickness has visited the pupils, and not one death has occurred within its walls. The pupils are all from the plains, and generally are sent up in a weak and sickly state.

The religious condition of the hill tribes has not been overlooked by Christian philanthropy. The Rev. W. Start, a truly good man, who has been the means of introducing several excellent Missionaries into the field of Missions in North India, while on a visit some years back, resolved on establishing a Mission at Darjeeling. His chief object was the conversion of the Lepchas.

Mr. Start brought out from Europe a small staff of German artisan Missionaries, and located them in Darjeeling and its immediate neighbourhood. His idea was that the Missionaries should after a time support themselves by engaging in agricultural and other secular pursuits. The plan, from causes which we need not discuss, did not answer, and the Mission now consists of one Missionary, who labours chiefly amongst the Lepchas.

There was in former years a school connected with the Mission for Lepcha children. It is at present discontinued. A Grammar of the Lepcha dialect has been compiled by Mr. Neible the Missionary: portions of the Holy Scriptures have been translated into the Lepcha tongue, and a few smaller publications have been published and distributed amongst the people. In addition to Missionary labours Mr. Start preached for some years, and before a chaplain was appointed to the station, to the Christian popula-

tion, in a chapel built at his own cost, and free of all charge to the people. This is the only attempt which has been made to propagate the knowledge of the Gospel amongst the hill tribes.

We think, as a centre of influence for Christian missions, Darjeeling is a station of importance, and ought not to be lost sight of by the Christian Church.

The people resident in the Darjeeling territory are the Mechis, the Lepchas, the Nepalese and the Bhooteas. There are a few other mountaineers scattered here and there in the district, such as the Garrows, the Dimals and Lharrahs. Their neighbours are the Limboos, Murmis, Haioos and Kerautis. The first named tribes, however, form the staple of the population of the Darjeeling hills.

The *Mechis* inhabit the Terai district. They are seldom, if ever, found at an elevation higher than one thousand feet. Their cast of countenance is Mongolian, accompanied by a squalid softness of outline, which distinguishes them from some other of the mountain tribes of Mongolian origin. They are migratory in their habits. Though living in the Terai, which is so fatal to strangers, they are generally healthy. Their chief occupation is clearing the Terai: on the clearances they cultivate cotton and rice, and graze buffaloes. Of religion they have but a very slender knowledge. The little they have is of the Shivite form of Hinduism. The Brahmins have no influence over them, and they have no *Gurus*: priests they have none, nor have they any temples: they perform no *Shradh*. They bury their dead in some convenient part of the jungles. Their funeral obsequies consist in feasting and placing food on the graves of the dead. They are a dirty and easy living race, and rank very low in the scale of human society. They have no caste, eat fowls, buffaloes, cows, and the carrion of all animals, the elephant excepted. They have too much respect for the *hati* to serve him up as food. The marriages are contracted at an early period of life and at convenience. The men purchase their wives, at prices varying from ten to sixteen rupees. If the bridegroom cannot pay for the bride in cash, he works for her parents until he has earned his prize. Beauty is the standard by which the price is regulated. The women, besides attending to the household duties, take their full share with the men in the labours of the field. The Mechi language has no written character. It is doubtful whether it is of Thibetan or Burmese extraction, or whether it has a common origin with that of the Coles and other aboriginal wild tribes of India. The probability is that it is a compound of different dialects.

The *Lepchas* are the aborigines of the Darjeeling hills. They are divided into two races, the "Rong" and the "Khamba." They have a written language, but no history, legends, literature

books or manuscripts. They appear to have little if any tradition as to their origin or how they came into the hills. The only tradition which we could gather was that they came from a neighbouring district, and that their ancestors came from the top of one of the mountains—a faint tradition of the story of the flood. They are evidently of Mongolian origin.

Their expression of countenance is, when young, pleasing. It is soft and feminine. They are a cheerful, apparently contented people, with few wants and little or no anxiety ; and as dirty in their persons and habits as a people can well be. They are migratory and very erratic in their mode of living, seldom continuing more than three years on one location. Some of them take service in the families of the residents and visitors, but they are seldom to be depended upon. Love of change is so inherent in their nature, that they will flit in a night without rhyme or reason from one family to another. Their occupation is chiefly as chair bearers or house servants, they will not work as coolies. The religion of the Lepchas, such as it is, is in form Budhist. They appear, however, to give themselves but little trouble on religious matters—they are evidently timid and superstitious, fear their priests and evil spirits. Their concern religiously is evidently to avert evil. "If God be good" they say "he will not harm us, " and why should we trouble him, our business should be to avert "evil." We were informed by one well able to offer an opinion on the subject, that they have no word in the language to express the idea of the Supreme being : they only refer to some attribute of God, and not to God himself.

The dress of the Lepcha is graceful, it is quite an oriental Highland costume—their food is coarse and their cooking not over-delicate. The women labour as much, if not more, than the men : they, unlike the majority of oriental women, walk abroad as do the women of the western world. Every Lepcha carries a formidable knife in his belt. It is used for every purpose, from cutting a potatoe to clearing the jungle. In the hands of a Lepcha it is a powerful weapon. Marriages are contracted in mature life : the bride is purchased. Previously to marriage the women are not strictly bound to chastity, after marriage it is rigidly enforced. The Lepchas bury their dead ; they have a great dread of death ; they are a healthy race, and notwithstanding their dirty habits, are remarkably free from the ills which flesh is heir to. They have little taste for music, and unlike most mountain tribes, have but few musical instruments. Their singing is a sort of low chant, and not at all ungrateful in their mountain solitude. They have no towns and but few villages. They often perch one or two houses on the brow of a hill or some cleared spot, where at night its fire light shines like

a dim star. The Lepcha is fond of a forest life: In excursions into the interior he is an excellent companion and a good servant. He is then in his element and appears to be quite in his glory. They are an intelligent race and display a good deal of curiosity about things beyond their ken. We once had occasion to spend a few days in the house of a Lepcha Subah or chieftain, and had good opportunities of forming a fair estimate of their domestic character. It was modest, cheerful, courteous, and inquisitive. It was, however, indolent and not over-marked by cleanliness. If the Lepchas could be brought under the influence of Christianity, we incline to think they would be a very interesting and hopeful race.

They have some imagination, and often use, in ordinary conversation striking figures: they say, referring to the leaves of the trees on which they eat their food, "we have plates of gold in the morning and plates of silver in the evening."

The *Bhutoes* are unmistakably of Mongolian origin and Buddhist in religion. They are a more athletic race than the Lepchas. They are taller, more robust and a sterner clan than any in the hills; they are equally if not more dirty than the Lepchas. They are not so amiable or cheerful as their neighbours. They have more of the Chinese nature in them; they are cunning and great cheats, are fond of strong waters, and when under their influence not over amiable. They are the coolies of the hills, and can carry very heavy burdens. Some of the men will carry four maunds, a distance of thirty miles up the hill. The women are also very strong, the old women may be seen toiling up the hill with not very light burdens.

The *Nepalese* are a light and nimble people: they come as agricultural and industrial labourers from the Nepal country. They have a pleasing expression of countenance and are a laborious race: their pay is two annas a day, the day reckoning from seven in the morning till five in the evening. They are in religion Hindus. They are not strictly speaking residents; they come for a while, and then return to their homes, to visit their families, who by the laws of Nepal are not allowed to accompany them across the border. Such is Darjeeling, its territory and its people.

In a military point of view it is important. It is an outpost from which the Nepalese and the less numerous and diversified tribes which people the mountains and valleys to the north and east may be watched and held in check. To do this efficiently, should necessity require it, the station must have a stronger military force than it has at present: one hundred and eighty native sappers, with two or three small guns, and one hundred European invalids, could do little to protect the territory, should occasion arise for de-

fence, much less could such a force attempt anything in the shape of conquest, should it be deemed necessary to strengthen our position on our north-eastern frontier. Happily, however, with the exception of the Nepalese, there is nothing to fear from the neighbouring tribes, and but little if any temptation to make conquest,—except it be the conquest of civilization—in a country so vast in extent, so scantily populated, and with so little to repay the expense of life and property, which invasion must entail.

As a Sanatorium Darjeeling must, so far as Bengal and Behar are concerned, ever hold a very high place. It is the only place, save the broad blue sea, to which the weary and jaded invalid of the plains can look, in this neighbourhood, for renewed health and re-invigorated spirits. Notwithstanding the exceptions we have taken to Darjeeling, we believe, it is the greatest boon to the people of the plains which a wise and kind Providence has placed at their disposal; and we only wish that the approaches to it were such as to place it within the reach of all classes of the community. A few years and the railway and a new road now in course of construction through Purneah will not only diminish the distance, but lessen the expense of a trip to Darjeeling. When these arrangements have been completed, the resident in Calcutta will be able to reach Darjeeling within a week by easy and pleasant stages, and at a reasonable cost.

As a field for emigration and settlement we look upon the Darjeeling territory with hope. If one of the finest climates in the world, and a country capable of producing the staples which the Darjeeling district has already developed, be at all indicative of success, we think that it affords hope of much better and greater things. Every man who has settled in these hills, with the determination to succeed, has prospered, and there is nothing to prevent the course they have pursued being pursued by many more. We do not say that immense fortunes could be realized in the Darjeeling hills, but of this we are assured, that prosperous and happy homesteads, and fair remuneration for honest industry, might be realized. Thriving and healthy families might be reared at comparatively little cost, while in the distance would loom for such families a good, healthful and peaceful homes.

The effect of such emigration on the territory would be only for good. Its resources would be more fully developed, and its traffic largely increased, and instead of untilled valleys, and jungle-covered mountains, would spring up on every hand, and as far as the eye could reach, small prosperous settlements of an industrious and happy people; the best safeguard of the frontier, and the best gift which civilization and religion could confer on the now wandering and ignorant tribes which people

the countries immediately contiguous. Darjeeling answers a great and good object as a Sanatorium. This, however, ought to be but the precursor to a far nobler object : such a country, we believe, has been cast in our way for a far higher purpose than that of securing health or recreation for the sick and the weary of the scorching plains of India.

As a field of Missions, the Darjeeling territory should not be lost sight of by those who are interested in the diffusion of Christianity in the east, and especially on our north-eastern frontier. Attempts have been made in this direction, and though they have not been attended with the success which could have been desired, this is no reason why a more matured and determined effort should not be made to diffuse the knowledge of the Christian faith over this wide and interesting field. Here we have a country bordering on Thibet, and within a month's journey of Lassa its capital on the one hand, and on the other stretching away to the east to the very borders of Burmah and China, with Darjeeling, a most healthy spot, as a centre, from which the rays of Christianity and of civilization might be sent forth to cheer and guide those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of spiritual death. The door is wide ; who will enter in and possess the land for Him who is destined to be Lord of all ?

With reference to this subject, we may be permitted to remark, that it does not appear to us that the Moravian, or Industrial system of Missions will succeed here, or in any part of India. Europeans cannot gain a livelihood as tradesmen in competition with natives, to whom six-pence is not merely "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," but a very large return for it. It is true that a European will do more in a day than a native ; but even if he could do double, and earn eight annas, or a shilling, a day, he could not live on that ; indeed, that would be but a small contribution towards the defraying of his expenses. But we cannot doubt that openings would be found for introducing the Gospel among the natives by preaching, and by means of schools of a humble character, in which elementary education might be given in combination with Christian truth.

ROE AND CORYATE.

BY COLONEL BROOME.

1. *Purchas his Pilgrimes.* London, Paul's Church Yard, at the Sign of the Rose, 1625.
2. *Churchill's Collection of Voyages and Travels.* London, at the Golden Ball, Paternoster Row, 1744.
3. *A Voyage to the East Indies.* Observed by EDWARD TERRY, then Chaplain to the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Roe, Knt., Lord Ambassador to the Great Mogul. Reprinted from the edition of 1655. London, 1777.
4. *Coryate's Crudities.* Reprinted from the edition of 1611. London, 1776.
5. *Bruce's Annals of the East India Company.* London, 1810.
6. *Biographia Britannica.* London, 1760.

SIR THOMAS ROE and TOM CORYATE ! What connection can there be—some of our readers may exclaim—between two men of such widely differing characters, between the firm, prudent, and dignified ambassador and diplomatist, and the flighty, crack-brained, erratic pedestrian, or—as he delighted to term himself—the Odcombian legge-stretcher ? And yet widely as they differed in many respects, there were still certain points of resemblance in their characters, which may perhaps be deemed national features,—at any rate it is pleasing so to consider them. Both possessed a considerable share of independence and straightforward honesty, though exhibited in different fashions ; each was actuated by a high sense of morality and of honorable feeling, although in the peripatetic it was frequently manifested in a form more quaint than chivalrous ; and both were remarkably gifted with the great Anglo-Saxon virtues of energy and indomitable perseverance, which carried them forward successfully towards the widely different goals each had set before himself.

But the circumstances which lead to their juxta-position in this article is one of specially Indian interest, to wit, their having strangely and unexpectedly been thrown together, nearly two centuries and a half ago, at the Durbar of the *Great Mogul*, exhibiting to the astonished Indian courtiers two extreme varieties of English character, position and habits, at a time when the name of England was barely known in Hindostan, and every thing connected with Englishmen was novel and apparently contradictory, and when the privileges and position of the stately ambassador and the pedestrian pauper, or *English Fakir*, were alike incomprehensible to the Padshah and to those around him. A brief sketch of the careers of the two men so strangely brought into contact and contrast under such peculiar circumstances, may not be altogether without interest ; more especially as the requisite details are at present widely scattered, and probably not within the reach of the majority of our readers ; even were they disposed to incur the trouble of hunting out and connecting the disjointed fragments of the narrative, which, in neither case, can after all be rendered satisfactorily complete.

We cannot pretend within the limits of a Review article to do more than touch on the leading points in the careers of our two heroes, dwelling only at any length on the period of their Indian experiences.

We commence with the greater though not the elder man of the two, whose name is the most familiar in India, although we believe that the details even of his history are but little known. Sir Thomas Roe was born at Low Leyton in Essex, about the year 1580. His family, which was originally from Lee in Kent, had for four generations been connected with the City of London. The first of the family who entered into mercantile pursuits was Reynold Roe of Lee, and his grandson Sir Thomas Roe was Lord Mayor in 1568, and did good service in suppressing the *Midsummer Watch*, and replacing it by a regularly organized *Standing Watch*, for the safety and police duties of the City : he was also one of the founders and early benefactors of Merchant Tailor's School ; he married a daughter of Sir John Gresham, and left four sons, of whom a younger one Robert was father to the object of our narrative. The latter was early left an orphan, but although his mother was married again, to a Mr. Berkeley of Redcourt, she appears to have done her duty by her son Thomas in a most exemplary manner, and to have taken great pains with his education. Most probably the foundation was laid in the school upon which he had a family claim, but it is more certain that at the early age of less than fifteen, he was entered a Commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he did not remain long enough to take a degree, and on leaving it

went over to study in Paris. On his return he entered one of the Inns of Court, and shortly after was appointed Esquire of the Body to Queen Elizabeth, just previous to her death. In March 1604, he was knighted by James the 1st, and specially attracted the regards of Prince Henry, with whose countenance and support—following the adventurous habits of the period—he undertook a voyage of discovery to South America.

With this object in view he built and equipped, in a great measure at his own cost, a small ship and a pinnace, the command of which vessels he entrusted severally to captains Mathew Morgan and William White; both experienced seamen; who subsequently acquired considerable celebrity in their arduous profession.

Having completed all his preparations, our young adventurer set sail from Plymouth on the 24th February 1609, and reached the mouth of the Amazon in the latter end of April. If not the first to discover this noble river, he was one of the first to explore it; having sailed up its course for 200 miles, and then proceeded above 100 miles further in boats. From thence he sailed northward and westward, exploring the coast, entering several of the rivers and tracing their courses, occasionally engaging in expeditions inland, until he reached the Orinoco, having expended thirteen months in examining the coast between the two great rivers. From the Orinoco he proceeded to Trinidad, and from thence, after visiting several of the West India islands, bore up for the Azores, and returned to England in July 1611.

On the 14th January 1615, he was commissioned by King James the 1st, to be *Ambassador to the Great Mogul or King of India*; from which period he comes specially within the scope of Indian historical interest. The circumstances which led to the appointment were as follows:

Fifteen years had elapsed since "the Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies" had received their Charter of Incorporation from Queen Elizabeth. Their efforts for the first ten or twelve years were confined to experimental voyages to India and the Eastern Archipelago; but everywhere they found the Portuguese firmly established in power, and both willing and prepared to oppose any intruders in a field which they considered especially their own. The English Company, however, persevered; and finally, under an imperial firman, dated 11th January 1613, established their head-quarters in Surat, with branch factories at Ahmedabad, Cambaya and Goza, whence they were extended to Ajmere and Agra. The Portuguese, jealous of these advances, assembled a powerful armament, and in the beginning of 1614, attacked four English vessels at anchor off Swally, the

port of Surat ; but were defeated with heavy loss in life and reputation, to the general delight of the native population, and especially of the Agents of the Mogul Government, to whom the overbearing, insolent and rapacious conduct of the Portuguese had rendered them peculiarly obnoxious.

The Agents of the Company at Surat taking advantage of this favourable change, despatched Mr. Edwardes to the Court of the Great Mogul, then at Agra, with considerable presents and directions to obtain more favourable terms of trade ; whilst the Company at home applied to King James the 1st, to obtain his Royal authority that an Ambassador should proceed in his name to the Great Mogul, the Company agreeing to defray the expenses, in consideration that, under their exclusive privileges, they were to acquire such benefits as might result from the mission.

The royal choice fell upon Sir Thomas Roe, and a better selection it would have been difficult to make. In the prime of life, —being then about thirty-five years of age,—active and energetic, with a grave and stately demeanour, considerable tact, a good education, experience in mercantile affairs, a decided talent for diplomacy, great firmness of purpose and strength of character, he was eminently qualified for the difficult position of Envoy to a despotic and powerful native Court, as he was neither likely to be dazzled by the display of barbaric wealth, nor awed by the power or frowns of an arrogant sovereign, whilst he possessed the ability and temper requisite to enable him to deal with the intrigues and rapacity of the ministers at the Durbar.

The following letter addressed by King James to "*Selim Shagh the Great Mogol*" was, entrusted to Sir Thomas Roe, as also a draft of a treaty of commerce and alliance, the Mogul's acceptance of, and signature to, which was the main object of the Em-

"James by the Grace of Almighty God the Creator of Heaven and Earth, King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Christian Faith, &c. To the High and Mightie Monarch the Great Mogol, King of the Orientall Indies, of Chamulalar, of Chismer (Kashmir) and Corazon, (Kherasan), &c. Greeting :—

"We have notice of Your great favour toward Us and Our subjects, by Your Great Firma to all Your Capitaines of Rivers, and Officers of Your Customes, for the entertaynement of Our loving subjects the English Nation with all kind respect, at what time soever they shall arrive at any of the Ports within Your Dominions, and that they may have quiet trade and commerce without any kind of hindrance or molestation, &c. As by the Articles concluded by Sue Suff (Sheikh Suffee) Governor of the Guzerats, in Your name, with Our loving subject Capitaine Thomas Best appeareth ; Have thought it meete to send unto You Our Ambassadors, which may more fully and

at large handle and treat of such matters as are fit to be considered of, concerning that good and friendly correspondence which is so lately begunne betwene Us, and which will without doubt redound to the honour and utilitie of both nations. In which consideration, and for the furthering of such laudable commerce. Wee have made choice of Sir Thomas Roe, Knight, one of the principall gentleman of Our Court, to whom Wee have given commission under Our Great Seale of England, together with directions and instructions further to treat of such matters as may be for the continuance and increase of the utilitie and profit of each other's subjects, to whom Wee pray You to give favour and credit in whatsoever hee shall moue or propound toward the establishing and enlarging of the same. And for confirmation of Our good inclination and well-wishing toward You, Wee pray You to accept in good part the Present, which Our said Ambassadour, will deliver unto You. And so doe commit You to the merciful protection of Almighty God."

The presents prepared for the embassy were, unfortunately, on an unwise scale of economy, and moreover were ill selected; the most important amongst them being a State carriage of the period.

Taking advantage of the sailing of a fleet of four vessels under the general command of Captain Keeling, Sir Thomas embarked on the "*Lion*," Captain Newport, and finally sailed from England on the 9th of March 1615, and after touching at Saldanha and the Comera Islands in the Mozambique Channel, as also at Cape Guardafui! they reached Socotra on the 24th August, where they remained a week, and thence steered for Surat, where they arrived on the 26th September, having followed the usual route adopted at that period.

On the same day Sir Thomas landed in state, accompanied by Captain Keeling, the President and merchants of the factory, and "a Court of Guard of one hundred shot" (*musketeers*) from the fleet, commanded by Captain Harris, whilst "the ships in their best equipage gave him their Ordnance as he passed." On arriving at a large open tent prepared for the purpose, he was met by the chief native functionaries of the city, and treated with much outward respect; which did not, however, exempt him from considerable annoyance on the part of the Governor, who by force searched his chests and packages, and helped himself to whatever he thought fit.

After much controversy and many difficulties, Sir Thomas started on the 30th of October for the Padshah's Court, which was then established at Ajmir. The details of this trip as given in *Purchas* and *Churchill*, although differing in some particulars, appear to be taken from the same journal; both narratives are somewhat scanty and meagre, but as they are written by Sir Thomas himself in the first person, we prefer adopting

his own language as far as practicable; which course we will pursue in the whole account of his Indian visit, connecting the scattered notices of interest by the few necessary remarks, and, as far as we are enabled to do so, filling up the blanks in his narrative.

His suite appears to have consisted of a Secretary, a Chaplain, an Artist and fifteen English domestics. At starting he followed the course of the Taptce up to Burhanpur; his own brief account of this route is as follows:—

“On the 30th of October I departed Surat and travelled but four cosses to Oumaria: the 1st of November to a village: the 2nd to Biarar twenty-one miles, where there is a castle, this town being on the borders of the kingdom of Guzerat, subject to the Mogul, and belonging to Abraham Chan. The 3rd entered the kingdom of Pardafsha, a Pagan lord of the hills, subject to nobody, and at fifteen miles’ end lay in the fields by a city of note called Mughier. The 4th, nine miles, rocky way, lay in the fields by a village called Narompara: the 5th, fifteen miles in the fields: the 6th, twenty miles to Nunderbar, a city of the kingdom of Brampore, subject to the Mogul. Here we had first bread after coming from Surat, because the Banians who inhabit all the country, make no bread, but only cakes. The country is plentiful, especially of cattle, the Banians killing none or selling any to be killed. One day I met ten thousand bullocks loaded with corn, in one drove, and most days after, lesser parcels. The 7th, eighteen miles to Ningul: the 8th, fifteen to Sirchelly: the 9th fifteen to Tolmere, (*Talzier*). The 10th, eighteen to Chapre, where having pitched the tents without the town, the king’s officers attended me all night with thirty horse and twenty shot, for fear of the robbers in the mountains, because I refused to move into the town. The 11th, eighteen miles: the 13th, eighteen miles, and the 14th, fifteen miles to Brampore, (*Burhanpur*), which I guess to be two hundred and twenty-three miles east from Surat. The country miserable and barren, the towns and villages all built of mud, so that there is not a house for a man to rest in. This day at Batharpore, a village two miles short of Brampore; in their store house of Ordnance I saw divers of brass, but generally too short and too wide bored.”

At his entrance to Burhanpur Sir Thomas was met by the “Cutwall well attended with sixteen colours carried before him,” by whom he was accompanied to the Serai of the town, which he calls the “*Seralia*,” and describes as being “a handsome front of stone, but the four chambers allotted me like ovens, no bigger, round at the top, made of brick in the wall side;” a description that any one who has had the misfortune to put up in a Mogul Serai will readily recognize.

Here he found Sultan Parviz, the second son of Jehangir, who, together with the Khan-i-Khanan had, at the head

of a large force, established their head-quarters at Burhanpur, in order to control the confederate Deckani monarchs, who,—under the guidance of Malik Amber, an Abyssinian adventurer, who had raised himself to the position of minister and actual ruler of the Nizam Shahi government,—continued to assert their independence. Of the relative positions of Parviz and the Khan-i-Khanan, Sir Thomas observes: "The Prince hath the name and state, but the Channa Channa governs all."

On the 18th "for many considerations, as well to see the fashions of the Court, as to content the Prince who desired it, and whom he was loathe to distaste, because there was some purpose of erecting a factory in the town, where he found by experience that sword-blades sold well in the Armie," Sir Thomas went to visit the Prince, carrying a suitable present with him.

Here the ambassador had to make his first stand for his privileges and position. He was escorted to the palace by his old acquaintance the Kutwal with a hundred horsemen, and found the Prince "seated in a gallery in great but barbarous state, with a rich canopie over him, and underneath all carpets, and all his officers and the great men of the town standing round with their hands before them as slaves." To describe it rightly, he observes, "it was like a great stage, and the Prince sat above like as the mock kings doe there." On advancing to the front, through a lane of courtiers, an officer came and directed him to take off his hat and bow down touching the ground with his head. This he firmly refused to do, observing that "he came in honor to see the Prince and was free from the customs of servants," and passing to the front of the throne, which was raised on a platform ascended by three steps, he bowed his body in the English manner, observing that being ambassador from the King of England to the Prince's father, he could not pass the city without visiting him. Parviz bade him welcome, and asked him numerous questions regarding King James and England, when Sir Thomas, tired of standing below, and probably doubtful of his own exact rights, requested to be allowed "to come up and stand by him," to which Parviz replied that "if the King of Persia or the Great Turke were there, it might not be admitted." Sir Thomas ventured to doubt this assertion, but observed that he did not require the privileges or position of those potentates, but the same that their ambassadors would receive. The Prince protested that "he already had them, and should in all things." Still not satisfied, he demanded a chair, and goes on to say, "I was answered no man ever sat in that place, but I was desired, as a courtesie, to ease myself against a pillar covered about with silver, that held up his canopie." These matters adjusted, the presents were produced, and permission solicited to establish a

factory at Burhanpur, and also for a supply of fresh carriage to carry on the presents to the Padshah. These were readily accorded, and the Prince satisfied with the result of the interview, proposed—as he could not admit of Sir Thomas on the platform of the throne in public—to adjourn to a private room, when he would shortly receive the ambassador in a quiet way and on a more equal and familiar footing. He accordingly broke up the Durbar and went into another apartment; but unfortunately one of the presents was a case of wine, to which the Prince immediately applied himself, and soon became hopelessly drunk, when Sir Thomas, after waiting for a short time, returned to his quarters.

That night he was attacked with fever, which delayed his progress until the 27th, when he recommenced his march, though still weak and carried in a litter. On the 5th of December he crossed the Nerbudda, apparently at or below Mundlaisir, and encamped on the 6th, near Mandu, which he calls “the King’s famous castle of Mandva,” with which he subsequently became better acquainted. On the 18th of December, his tents were pitched under the far-famed fort of Chitor, which then, as now, was a deserted ruin, although its famous siege and capture had only occurred in the previous reign. He describes it as “an ancient Citie ruined on a hill, but so that it appears a tombe of wonderful magnificence; there still stands above one hundred churches, all of carved stone, many faire Towers and Lanthornes cut thorow, many pillars and innumerable houses, but no one inhabitant. There is but one ascent to the hill, it being precipitous, sloaping up, cut out of the rocke, having foure gates in the ascent, before one arrives at the city gate which is magnificent. The hill is encompassed at the top about eight cosse, and at the south-west end a goodly old castle.” All this is nearly applicable to its present condition. He falls into the common error of mistaking a title for a name, and says it belonged to “one Ranna, a prince newly subdued by this king, or rather brought to confesse tribute.” He also says, “Ranna is rightly descended from Porus, the valiant Indian, overcome by Alexander; so that I take, this Citie to have been one of the ancient seats of Porus, though Dely much further north is reported to have been the chiefest, famous now only in ruins. Neare that stands a pillar erected by Alexander the Conqueror with a great inscription.” This is most probably an allusion to Feroz Shah’s Lath, and was written before Delhi had arisen from its ruins under the new designation of *Shah Jehanabad*.

On the 23rd of December our Ambassador reached Ajmir, where the Court was established; having been previously met on the way by Mr. Edwardes, the Agent at the Durbar and head of the factory, accompanied by Coryate and others.

Jehangir, who was at that time the ruler of Hindostan, had been on the throne about ten years, and, although his age was then only about fifty, his health had been materially affected by an inordinate use of wine, and his death was an event speculated on as one of early occurrence; various intrigues were consequently on foot having reference to the probable succession. The person possessing the greatest influence over the Padshah was the famous Nur Jehan or—as she is better known to the English reader—“Noormahal,” celebrated for her romantic career, her beauty and her talents. Her brother Asof Khan was the principal minister and most powerful subject. The Emperor’s eldest son Khusru, who had been in rebellion at the period of his father’s succession to the throne, had since that time been a close prisoner, but carried about with the Emperor in all his campaigns and royal progresses. Of him Roe frequently speaks in terms of interest and compassion, under the title of Sultan *Corseroune*. The second son Parviz was, as we have seen, in nominal command of the Deckan Army at Burhanpur; he was a young man of limited ability, little education, and very dissipated habits. The third son Khurram, whom Roe calls both *Caroone* and *Carroune*, but who is best known by his subsequent title of *Shah Jehan*, was at the court, and warily playing his game for the succession, supported at this time by Nur Jehan, and then as after, by Asof Khan, whose daughter he had married, and to whom he finally owed his throne.

Jehangir had succeeded to an extensive and tolerably consolidated empire, including Hindostan proper, the Punjab, Cashmir, Kabul, Kandahar, Scinde, Guzerat, Behar and Bengal; but the kingdoms of the Deckan south of the Taptee still preserved an uncertain independence. The conquest of many of these provinces was however recent, and the viceroys of more distant governments frequently exhibited but lax obedience, whilst all were ready to throw off even the pretence of subjection whenever opportunity offered; a feeling of insecurity pervaded the whole empire; those in authority made the most of their time and opportunity: oppression was general, and the mass of the people were steeped in poverty, whilst the nobles accumulated and made a great display of wealth, and all kept up a large military following, as well for security as for state. The best and most trustworthy subjects were the Rajput Rajahs, whom Akbar had brought under subjection, and then attached to himself by liberality and family connections. Jehangir’s mother was a Rajputni Princess of the house of Marwar, and he had himself married a sister of Man Singh the Jeipore Rajah; she was the mother of the unfortunate Khusru; whilst the latter also was married to a Rajputni, of whose affection and fidelity in adherence to him and sharing his imprisonment, Roe gives an interesting account.

Sir Thomas appears to have entertained a favourable opinion of Jehangir's disposition and ability, when not acting under the influence of Nur Jehan or other advisers ; but at the same time he narrates numerous instances of cruelty, meanness and childish folly on the part of the Padshah. Of the unfortunate Khusru he is quite a partizan, although he saw but little of him ; but of Prince Khurram or Shah Jehan—which latter title was conferred upon him during the father's life-time and whilst Roe was at the Court,—he speaks in far from favourable terms. He describes him as proud and haughty in manner, exceedingly bigoted, feared rather than respected ; “ flattered by some, envied by others, loved by none.” But yet he is admitted to be a man of ability and prudence, as also of business habits.

Such was the new and strange world in which the English Ambassador now found himself.

He had been suffering from illness during the whole of his march from Burhanpur ; which, with the fatigue and exposure of the journey, confined him to his bed for some days after his arrival at Ajmir ; but having sufficiently recovered, on the 10th of January 1616, he was presented to the Padshah in open Durbar, and delivered his letters and presents. He had previously stipulated that he was not to perform any prostrations or go through any degrading or undignified ceremony ; and although Jehangir was excessively particular in enforcing amongst his own subjects the custom of prostration and kissing the ground, introduced by Akbar, he appears to have made no difficulty about dispensing with it on this occasion, and consented to Sir Thomas adopting the same forms of salutation and respect as practised at the Court of his own Sovereign. On this point Sir Thomas appears to have been very resolved, and his prudent and dignified firmness prevented difficulties and objections that would have been thrown in the way of a less determined representative.

The account of this first interview we give in his own words :—

“ At the Durbar I was led right before him, at the entrance of an outward raile, where met mee two principall noble slaves to conduct me nearer. I had required before my going, leave to use the customes of my country, which was freely granted, so that I would performe them punctually. When I entered within the first raile, I made a reverence ; entering in the inward raile, another ; and when I came under the King a third. The place is a great Court, whither resort all sorts of people. The King sits in a little gallery overhead ; ambassadors, the great men and strangers of quality within the innermost raile under him, raised from the ground, covered with canopies of velvet and silke ; under foote laid with good carpets : the meaner men representing gentry, within the first raile : the people, without, in a base court,

but so that all may see the King. This sitting out hath so much affinity with a theatre, the manner of the King in his gallery, the great men lifted on a stage as actors, the vulgar below gazing on, that an easie description will enforme of the place and fashion. The King prevented my dull interpreter, bidding me welcome, as to the brother of my master, I delivered his Majestie's letter translated; and, after, my commission, whereon he looked curiously; after, my presents, which were well received. He asked some questions; and with a seeming care of my health, offered me his physicians, and advising me to keepe my house till I had recovered strength, and if in the interim I needed any thing, I should freely send to him and obtaine my desires. He dismissed me with more favour and outward grace, if by the Christians I were not flattered; then ever was shewn to any Ambassador either of the Turke or Persian, or other whatsoever."

Of the presents that which gave the greatest satisfaction was the State carriage,—“a gallant Caroch of 150 pounds price”—which the Padshah got into and examined all over, causing it to be drawn about the Durbar. It affords a proof of the skill of the native workmen at that period, that in a few weeks they had made several other carriages from this model, equal in workmanship, but much more handsomely fitted up inside. There were also pictures of King James, his Queen and daughter, of several celebrities and beauties of the English Court, and one of Sir Thomas Smith, the Governor of the East India Company. These appear to have been appreciated; and it may surprise some of our readers to learn, not only that some of these were copied so exactly by the Padshah's order, that Sir Thomas could not at first distinguish the copies from the original, but that the monarch and his courtiers generally were good judges of painting. On this subject Sir Thomas writing to the Directors—relative to fitting presents to be sent—recommends “Historical paintings, night-pieces and landscapes, but good, for they understand them as well as we.”

On the 22nd, Sir Thomas visited Prince Khurram, previously stipulating for the same ceremonial conditions that had been conceded by Jehangir. Of this visit also we will let him give his own account:—

“The two and twentieth, I visited the Prince, who at nine in the morning sits out in the same manner (as his father) to despatch his business, and to be seene of his followers. He is proud naturally, and I feared my entertainment. But on some occasion he not resolving to come out, when he heard of my arrivall, sent a principall officer to meete me, who conducted mee into a good roome (never before done to any) and entertained mee with discourse of our owne business halfe an houre untill the Prince was ready, who came abroad on purpose, and used mee better then his promise. I

delivered him a present, such as I had, but not in the name of his Majestie, it being too meane; but excused it, that the King could not take knowledge of his being Lord of Surat so lately conferred on him, but hereafter I doubted not his Majestie would send to him according to his worth. This was the respect of the merchants who humbly commended themselves to his favour and protection. He received all in very good part; and after opening of some grievances and injuries suffered at Surat by us from his Governours, of which for respect to him I had forborne to complaine to the King, hee promised mee speedie and effectuall justice, and to confirme our securitie by any propositions I should offer, professing to be ignorant of any thing past, but what he had received by Asaph Chan, delivered by mee; especially of any command to dismisse us, which the Governour had falsely coyned, and for which he should dearely answere. So he dismissed me, full of hope to rectifie the decayed state of our reputation, with promise of a firman for Surat effectually."

On the 24th he again visited the Padshah and entered more fully into matters of business, requesting a new firman and treaty, and protection against the Governors of Surat and Ahmedabad, all of which was promised. The substance of the proposed treaty, which, after much difficulty and delay, was finally obtained, was to the following effect: That there should be a perpetual league and friendship between the Padshah and the King of Great Britain; that British subjects should have liberty to trade and establish factories in any parts of the empire, including Surat, Scinde and Bengal: that they should be furnished with provisions and carriage at the ordinary rates of charge; that they should be protected against exactions, and not subjected to custom on sales not exceeding the amount of sixteen reals of eight; that all presents to the Padshah should be protected from being opened at the sea-ports, but should be forwarded to the English Ambassador at Court, to be delivered according to his instructions:—that all goods should be rated within six days after being landed, and that after payment of the stipulated duty they should pass free to any other English Factory:—that all purchases made by the British merchants should have free transit to the port of shipment:—that the property of the Company's servants who might die in the country should be made over to the Company's Agents:—that all provisions for the shipping should be free of duty:—that to obviate dispute, a special firman should be issued, clearly explaining and confirming the English privileges, and that copies of this firman should be forwarded to all officers at the ports. It was further stipulated that the duty on English imports should be fixed at three and a half per cent., and on reals of eight (the bullion in general use) at two per cent. only. Also that mutual assistance should be given against the enemies of the contract-

ing parties. And lastly—at the request of King James—that the Portuguese should be included in this treaty, provided they acceded to the terms within six months after due notification to the Viceroy at Goa.

Although it was a matter of no little difficulty to adjust the terms of this treaty, and finally to obtain the Imperial acceptance and signature, very much yet remained to be done. Without the signature of Prince Khurram and the Minister, Asof Khan, the document was merely an useless form, and they had not only to be conciliated and bribed—a necessary and invariable course in carrying through any measure, however simple or unobjectionable,—but their personal interests, as also those of Mokurib Khan, and Zulfikar Khan, the Governors of Surat and Ahmedabad, and others of their friends and partizans, were strongly arrayed against the proposed measures. The Portuguese also were very active in their opposition to arrangements that would tend to transfer the commerce of Western India from their own hands into those of their dreaded rivals, the English. The intrigues of their agents were consequently directed to frustrate the Ambassador's objects; in which they nearly succeeded by a lavish distribution in high quarters of "divers rubies, ballaces, emeralds and jewels," which, Sir Thomas observes, "so much contented the King and his great men, that we were for a time nearly eclipsed."

Moreover, as time wore on and Sir Thomas' sound and liberal views regarding the best mode of conducting the commerce of India—so as to prove of the greatest benefit to his own country and Government—were developed, the agents of the East India Company became alarmed for the existence of their monopoly. Added to this, he steadily and consistently opposed the plans of the Surat Agency for the establishment of a factory in Persia, which they considered an interference with their authority; and, which was still more galling, he honestly and loudly inveighed against the inefficiency of some of the agents employed, and still more against their general dishonesty and rapacity. This raised up many enemies amongst his own countrymen, whilst the misconduct of others was a continued source of annoyance, and frequently obstructed his arrangements. Lastly, he had to contend with—at such a Court—the most serious disadvantage of having come very inadequately provided with presents, and with but limited funds at his disposal to smooth the way in his difficult career of diplomacy.

His journal is chiefly occupied with details of his interviews with the Padshah, his son Khurram or Shah Jehan, and the Minister Asof Khan, and with the narrative of the numerous and continued intrigues of the two latter to defeat his objects. It would be wearisome to follow him through this tangled and disgusting scene of folly and falsehood, but as an illustration of his difficulties

and position we quote his own account of one amongst the scenes that occurred in the early part of his mission, which affords a sample of the state of affairs at the Durbar, and shows how much he had to contend with ; his ignorance of the language and the want of a good and trustworthy interpreter not being amongst the least of his difficulties :—

“ The thirteenth at night I went to the Gussell Chan, where is best opportunitee to doe businesse, and tooke with me the Italian, determining to walke no longer in darknesse, but to proove the King, being in all other wayes delayed and refused : I was sent for in with my old Broaker, but my Interpreter was kept out ; Asaph Chan mistrusting I would utter more than he was willing to heare. When I came to the King, he appointed me a place to stand just before him, and sent to aske mee many questions about the King of England, and of the present I gave the day before ; to some of which I answered, but at last I said, my Interpreter was kept out, I could speake no Portugall, and so wanted means to satisfie his Majestie, whereat (much against Asaph Chan's desire) he was admitted. I bad him tell the King, I desired to speake to him ; he answered willingly : whereat Asaph Chan's soume-in-law pulled him by force away, and that faction hedged the King so, that I could scarce see him, nor the other approach him. So I commanded the Italian to speake aloud, that I craved audience of the King, whereat the King called me, and they made me way. Asaph Chan stood on one side of my interpreter, and I on the other : I to enforme him in mine owne cause, he to awe him with winking and jogging. I bad him say, that I now had been here two moneths, whereof more than one was passed in sicknesse, the other in compliments, and nothing effected toward the endo for which my Master had employed mee, which was to conclude a firme and constant love and peace between their Majesties, and to establish a faire and secure trade and residence for my countreymon. He answered, that was already granted. I replied it was true, but it depended yet on so light a thred, on so weake conditions, that being of such importance, it required an agreement cleare in all points, and a more formall and authentique confirmation, then it had by ordinary firmans, which were temporary commands, and respected accordingly. He asked me what presents we would bring him. I answered the league was yet new, and very weake : that many curiosities were to be found in our country of rare price and estimation, which the king would send, and the merchants seeko out in all parts of the world, if they were once made secure of a quiet trade and protection on honourable conditions, having been heretofore many wayes wronged.

“ He asked what kind of curiosities those were I mentioned, whether I meant jewels and rich stones. I answered, no ; that we did not think them fit presents to send backe, which were brought first from these parts whereof he was chiefe Lord ; that we esteemed them common here and of much more price with us, but that we sought to finde such things for his Majestie as were rare here and unseene, as excellent artifices in painting, carving, cutting, enamelling, figures in

brasse, copper, or stones, rich embroyderies, stuffes of gold and silver. He said it was very well; but that hee desired an English horse: I answered, it was impossible by sea and by land: the Turke would not suffer passage.

"He. replied, that hee thought it not impossible by sea; I told him the dangers of stormes and varietties of weather would proove it: he answered, if sixe were put into a ship, one might live; and though it came leane, he would fat it: I replied, I was confident it could not be in so long a voyage, but that for his Majestic's satisfaction, I would write to advise of hisrequest. So he asked, what was it then I demanded? I said, that hee would bee pleased to signe certaine reasonable conditions, which I had conceived for the confirmation of the league and for the securitie of our nation, and their quiet trade, for that they had beene often wronged, and could not continue on such terms, which I forbore to complain of, hoping by faire means to procure amendment. At this word, Asaph Chan offered to pull my interpreter; but I Leld him, suffering him onely to winke and make unprofitable signes.

"The King hereat grew suddenly into choller, pressing to know who had wronged us, with such shew of fury, that I was loath to follow it, and speaking in broken Spanish to my interpreter to answer, that with what was past I would not trouble his Maestic, but would seeke justice of his sonne, the Prince, of whose favour I doubted not. The King, not attending my interpreter but hearing his sonne's name, conceived I had accused him, saying *mio Filio, mio Filio*, and called for him; who came in great feare, humbling himself: Asaph Chan trembled and all of them were amazed. The King chid the Prince roundly and he excused himself, but I perceiving the King's error, made him (by means of a Persian Prince, offering himselfe to interpret, because my Italian spake better Turkish than Persian and the Prince both) understand the mistaking, and so appeased him, saying, I did no way accuse the Prince, but would in causes past in his Government, appeale to him for justice, which the King commanded hee should doe effectually. The Prince for his justification, told the King he had offered me a firman, and that I had refused it, demanding the reason: I answered, I humbly thanked him, but he knew it contained a condition which I would not accept of; and that further I did desire to propound our owne demands wherein I would containe all the desires of my master at once, that I might not daily trouble them with compliants, and wherein I would reciprocally bind my Sovereigne to mutuall offices of friendship, and his subjects to any such conditions, as his Majestic would reasonably propound, whereof I would make an offer, which being drawne tripartite, his Majestic (I hoped) would signe the one, the Prince the other, and in my master's behalfe I would firme the third. The King pressed to know the conditions I refused in the Prince's firman, which I recited; and so we fell into earnest dispute and some heate. Mocrib Chan enterposing, said he was the Portugal's advocate, speaking slightly of us, that the King should never signe any article against them. I answered, I propound none against them, but in our owne just de

fence; and I did not take him for such a friend to them: the Jesuit and all the Portugal's side fell in, in so much that I explained myself fully concerning them; and as I offered a conditionall peace, so I set their friendship at a mean rate, and their hatred or force at lesse. The King answered, my demands were just, resolution noble, and bad me propound. Asaph Chan that stood mute all this discourse and desired to end it, least it breake out againe (for we were very warme) enterposed, that if wee talked all night it would come to this issue, that I should draw my demands in writing, and present them, and if they were found reasonable, the King would firme them: to which the King replied, yes: and I desired his sonne would doe the like, who answered he would; so the King rose. But I calling to him, he turned about, and I bad my interpreter say, that I came the day before to see his Majestie, and his greatnesse, and the ceremonies of this feast, that I was placed behind him, I confessed with honour, but I could not see abroad; and that, therefore, I desired his Majestie to license me to stand up by his throne; whereat he commanded Asaph Chan to let mee choose my owne place."

With regard to the objects of his mission it will be sufficient to say that, after a weary two years of struggle, Sir Thomas having purchased the support of Nur Jehan and her brother Asof Khan,—the latter being secured by the present of a large and valuable pearl,—succeeded in obtaining the full confirmation of his treaty from all the parties concerned, together with other privileges, and firmans for the recovery of large debts due by the native officials to the Company and their agents at Surat, Ahmedabad and Cambay.

Sir Thomas' account of the scenes in which he participated at the Durbar is amusing and valuable, as the evidence of an honest and intelligent witness relative to the habits, forms and customs of the Court and camp at that period, when the Mogul Empire was nearly at the zenith of its prosperity and splendour. It shows how little it differed, save in wealth and power, from the Native Courts of more modern date. He dwells continually on the same exhibitions of display and meanness, childishness and intrigue, cruelty and weakness, rigid formalities and gross ignorance, which constitute the record of more recent travellers, who have visited the Durbars of the descendants of Jehangir, or of the independent successors of his powerful Viceroy.

Of the Padshah's Court and mode of life he gives the following account:—

"The King hath no man but eunuchs that comes within the lodgings or retyring roomes of his house: his women watch within, and guard him with manly weapons; they doe justice one upon another for offences. Hee comes every morning to a window called the Jaruco, looking into a plaine before his gate; and shewes himselfe to the common people. At noone he returnes thither, and sits some houres

to see the fight of elephants and wilde beasts. Under him within the raile attend the men of ranke ; from whence hee retyres to sleep among his women. At afternoone hee returns to the Durbar before mentioned. At eight after supper hee comes downe to the Guzelcan, a faire Court wherein in the middest is a Throne erected of free stone, wherein hee sits, but sometimes below a chaire, to which are none admitted but of great quality, and few of these without leave, where hee discourses of all matters with much affabilitie. There is no businesse done with him concerning the State, Government, disposition of war or peace, but at one of these two last places, where it is publickely propounded and resolved and so registered ; which if it were worth the curiositie, might be seene for two shillings : but the common base people knew as much as the Counsel, and the news every day, is the King's new resolutions, tossed and censured by every rascall. This course is unchangeable, except sicknesse or drinke prevent it ; which must be knowne, for as all his subjects are slaves, so is he in a kind of reciprocall bondage ; for he is tyed to observe these houres and customs so precisely, that if he were unscene one day and no sufficient reason rendered, the people would mutinie ; two days no reason can excuse, but that hee must consent to open his doores and be seene by some to satisfie others. On Tuesday at the Jaruco he sits in judgment, never refusing the poorest man's complaint, where he heares with patience both parts, and sometimes sees, with too much delight in blood, the execution done by his elephants — *Ille meruere, sed quid tu ut adesses?*"

Of the celebrated ceremonies of the Noroz or New Year, and of the Padshah's birthday, Sir Thomas gives a gorgeous picture, although he sees and points out the hollowness that a close examination has always exhibited in these spectacles, but which has often escaped the notice of less discriminating observers.

The following is his account of the first feast of Noroz that he witnessed :—

"The second March, the Noroze began in the evening. It is a custome of solemnizing the new yeare, yet the ceremonie begins the first new moone after it, which this yeare fell together ; it is kept in imitation of the Persians feast, and signifies in that language nine days, for that anciently it endured no longer, but now it is doubled. The manner is, there is erected a throne foure foote from the ground, in the Durbar Court, from the backe whereof to the place where the King comes out, a square of fiftie-sixe paces long and fortie-three broad was rayled in and covered over with faire Semianes or canopies of cloth of gold, silke or velvet, joyned together, and sustained with canes so covered : at the upper end, West, were set out the pictures of the King of England, the Quene, the Lady Elizabeth, the Countesses of Somerset and Salisbury, and of a citizen's wife of London, below them another of Sir Thomas Smith, Governor of the East India Companie : under foot it is laid with good Persian carpets of great largenesse ; into which place

come all the men of qualitle to attend the King, except some few that are within a little rayle right before the throne, to receive his commands; within this square there were set out for shew many little houses, one of silver, and some other curiosities of price. The Prince, Sultan Coronne, had at the left side a pavilion, the supporters whereof were covered with silver, as were some of those neare the King's throne. The forme thereof was square, the matter wood, inlayed with mother of pearle, borne up with foure pillers, and covered with cloth of gold; about the edge overhead like a valence, was a net fringe of good pearle—upon which hung downe pomegranats, apples, peares, and such fruits of gold, but hollow: within that the King sate on cushions very rich in pearles and jewels; round about the Court, before Throne the principale men had erected tents, which encompassed the Court, and lined them with velvet, damaske, and taffatas ordinarily, some few with cloths of gold, wherein they retired, and sat to shew all their wealth; for anciently the kings were used to go to every tent, and there take what pleased them, but now it is changed, the King sitting to receive what new yeare's gifts are bought to him. Hee comes abroad at the usual houre of the Durbar, and retires with the same: then are offered to him by all sorts great gifts, though not equall to report yet incredible enough; and at the end of this feast, the King in recompence of presents received, advanceth some and addeth to their entertainment some horse at his pleasure."

The details of the second birthday festival, which Sir Thomas witnessed, and which took place at Mandu, form a fitting pendant to the foregoing:—

"The first of September was the King's birth-day, and the solemnity of the weighing, to which I went, and was carried into a very large and beautiful garden, the square within all water, on the sides flowers and trees, in the midst a pinnacle, where was prepared the scales, being hung in large tressels, and a cross beame plated on with gold thimble: the scales of massie gold, the borders set with small stones, rubies and turkeys, the chaines of gold large and massie, but strengthened with silke corde. Here attended the nobilitie all sitting about it on carpets untill the King came, who at last appeared clothed, or rather laden with diamonds, rubies, pearls and other precious vanities, so great, so glorious! His sword, target, and throne to rest on, correspondent; his head, necke, breast, armes above the elbows, at the wrists, his fingers, every one, with at least two or three rings: fettered with chaines, or daylled diamonds, rubies, as great as walnuts, some greater; and pearles such as mine eyes were amazed at. Suddenly hee entered into the scales, sate like a woman on his legges, and there was put in against him, many bagges to fit his weight, which were changed sixe times, and they say was silver, and that I understood his weight to be nine thousand Rupias which are almost one thousand pound sterling: after with gold and jewels, and precious stone,

but I saw none, it being in bagges might bee pibles: then against cloth of gold, silke, stufes, linnen, spices and all sorts of goods; but I must believe, for they were in furdles; lastly against meale, butter, corne, which is said to be given to the Banians and all the rest of the stuff: but I saw it carefully carryed in, and none distributed. Onely the silver is reserved for the poore, and serves the ensuing yeare, the King using in the night to call for some before him and with his own hands in great familiaritie and humilitie to distribute that money. The scale he sat in by one side, he gazed on me, and turned me his stones and wealth, and smiled, but spake nothing, for my Interpreter could not be admitted in. After he was weighed he ascended his Throne, and had basons of nuts, almonds, fruits, spices, of all sorts, made in thinne silver, which he cast about, and his great men scrambled prostrate upon their bellies: which seeing I did not, he reached one bason almost full, and powered into my cloke; his noblemen were so bold as to put in their hands, so thicke that they had left me none, if I had not put a remayner up. I heard he threw gold till I came in, but found it silver so thinne that all I had at first, being thousands of severale pieces, had not weighed sixtie Rupias. I saved about twentie Rupias weight, yet a good dishful, which I keepe to shew the ostentation; for by my proportion he could not that day cast away above one hundred pound sterling. At night he drinketh with all his nobilitie in rich plate; I was invited to that, but told I must not refuse to drinke, and their waters are fire. I was sicke and in a little fluxe of blood, and durst not stay to venture my health.

In the published portions of the Ambassador's journal we do not find any account of the personal appearance of Jehangir; but Coryate describes him at the time of his visit as "a man of three and fiftie years of age, of complexion middle between white and black, or in a more expressive epitheton, olive; of a seemly composition of body," and of medium stature but corpulent. Sir Thomas, however, gives a remarkable sketch of his religious condition; after alluding to the lax opinions of Akbar on this subject, who at one time contemplated establishing a new religion with himself as its head, he observes that Jehangir "being the issue of this new fancie and never circumcised, bred up without any religion at all, continues so to this houre and is an Atheist." He describes him as very liberal not only in his own opinions but towards those of others, and with an equal dislike to proselytism and apostacy. "He is content with all religion, only he loves none that changeth." He is represented as observing all the festivals of the Hindoos, and invariably paying marked respect to the Christian doctrines, granting perfect freedom of worship; ample privileges to the ministers and followers of that faith, both Protestant and Catholic, and frequently encouraging disputations between the professors of dif-

ferent creeds "often casting out doubtfull words of his conversion, but to wicked purpose." He further mentions that Jehangir sent two of his own nephews to a school kept at Agra for some years by Francisco Corsie, a Portuguese priest, where they were not only taught the Portuguese language, but instructed in the Christian religion, and finally "were solemnly baptised in the church of Agra with great pomp, being carryed first up and down all the Citie on elephants in triumph, and this by the King's expresse order, who often would examine them in their progression and seemed much contented in them." Sir Thomas adds, however, that many considered this a measure of policy intended to render the young Princes—who might at any time become rivals and aspirants for the throne—odious, and incapacitated for Government in the eyes of a Mahomedan population.

Of His Majesty's predilection for the forbidden juice of the grape the Ambassador gives numerous instances: in fact, his journal contains a prolonged record of Royal dissipation and inebriety, often attended with serious consequences. The nature and qualities of the various European wines and liquors was a favourite topic with the Padshah, who was very minute and particular in his enquiries as to the process of manufacture, the sources and quantity of supply, the facilities and cost of importation. His sons all appear to have inherited the Royal taste in this respect. Sir Thomas, in alluding to the description of presents most suitable to send to the Durbar, especially recommends a large supply of Alicant and several cases of red wine: he mentions how very acceptable the small stock he had brought with him had proved both to the Padshah and his son, on which subject he observes "never were men so enamoured of drink as these two," and he goes on to say that "such a present they would more highly esteeme then all the jewells of Chepeside." But however freely the Padshah himself may have thought fit or agreeable to indulge in the use of wine, his subjects, even the highest, were prohibited from following his example except with special sanction or by invitation; neither did he approve of any allusion to the regal *penchant* at other than social hours and meetings. A dereliction from this courtly etiquette was severely visited on those concerned, an instance of which, on the occasion of a party given in honor of Mahomed Rosa Beg, who had recently arrived as Ambassador from Shah Abbas, the monarch of Persia, is thus narrated by Sir Thomas:—

"The King returned at evening, having been over-night farre gone in wine; some by chance or malice spoke of the merry night past, and that many of the Nobilitie dranke wine, which none may doe but by leave. The King forgetting his order demanded who gave it; it

was answered, the Buxie (for no man dares say it was the King when he would onely doubt it). The custome is, that when the King drinke (which is alone) sometimes hee will command that the nobilltie shall drinke after, which if they doe not, it is an offence too, and so that every man who takes the cup of the wine of the officers, his name is written, and he makes Teselim, though perhaps the King's eyes are mystie. The King not remembering his own command called the Buxie; and demanded if he gave the order. He replied No, (falsely; for he received it and by name called such as did drinke with the Embassadour) wherat the King called for the list and the persons, and fined some one, some two, some three thousand rupias, some lesse, and some that were neerer his person, he caused to be whipped before him, receiving one hundred and thirtie stripes with a most terrible iustrument, having at each end of foure cords, irons like spur rowels, so that every stroke made foure wounds. When they lay for dead on the ground he commanded the standers by to foot them, and after, the porters to breake their staves upon them. Thus most cruelly mangled and bruised, they were carried out, of which one dyed in the place. Some would have excused it on the Embassadour, but the King replied hee onely had give him a cup or two. Though drunkenness be a common and a glorious vice and an exercise of the Kings, yet it is so strictly forbidden, that no man can enter into the Guselehan where the King sits, but the porters smell his breath; and if hee have but tasted wine, is not suffered to come in; and if the reason be knowne of his absence, he shall with difficultie escape the whip; for if the King once take offence, the father will not speake for the sonne. So the King made the companie pay the Persian Embassadour's reward."

Sir Thomas gives a detailed account of the reception of this Persian Ambassador, and draws a satisfactory and agreeable comparison between the conduct and reception of the latter and himself. The Persian was profuse in his prostrations, his *Teselims* and *Sizedahs*, whilst Sir Thomas, prudently as well as honorably, refused to comply with any demands for abject forms of respect, or in fact to do more than would be required from him at his own Court in the presence of his own sovereign. The good policy of this line of conduct was evinced in the respect generally paid to him, the high position accorded him in the Durbar, and the ultimate success of his mission; whilst the Persian Envoy was placed from the commencement in a lower position, and although he brought a liberal and handsome supply of presents, was, after his introduction, treated with neglect and contempt, and finally returned to Persia, thoroughly disgusted with his reception and the complete failure of his mission.

But to conclude the summary of the Padshah's character, as exhibited in the glimpses with which Sir Thomas favors us, we

must not omit to notice the indications of cruelty, or at least of all absence of feeling, which is apparent on many occasions; for instance, in alluding to a little anecdote of Court scandal we find :—

“ This day a gentle-woman of Normall's was taken in the King's house in some action with an eunuch : another Capon that loved her, killed him : the poore woman was set up to the armepits in the earth, hard rammed, her feet tied to a stake, to abide three days and two nights without any sustenance, her head and armes exposed to the sunne's violence ; if shee dyed not in that time, shee should be pardoned : the eunuch was condemned to the elephants. This damsell yielded in pearles, jewels, and ready money, sixteene hundred thousand Rupies.”

Again, when on the line of march, he observes :—

“ I removed foure course to *Ramsor*, where the King had left the bodies of an hundred naked men slaine in the fields for robbery.”

And on another occasion he says :—

“ I overtooke in the way a camell laden with three hundred men's heads sent from Candahar, by the Governor in present to the King, that were out in rebellion.”

In the earlier part of his visit he recounts the following instance :—

“ A hundred thieves were brought chained before the Mogul with their accusation : without further ceremony, as in all such cases is the custom, he ordered them to be carried away, the chiefe of them to be torne in pieces by dogges, the rest put to death. This was all the process and form. The prisoners were divided into several quarters of the town, and executed in the streets, as in one, by my house, where twelve dogges tore the chiefe of them in pices, and thirteen of his fellows having their hands tied down to their feet, had their necks cut with a sword, but not quite off, being so left naked, bloody and stinking, to the view of all men and the annoyance of the neighbourhood.”

Such was the character of the monarch and his courtiers as described by the Ambassador, whose views are fully borne out and repeated by Coryate and Terry, both of whom were at the Durbar at the same time.

From December 1655, to November following, Sir Thomas Roe remained with the Court at Ajmir conducting his difficult negociation. During that period he appears to have made several friends, especially Jemal-u-din Hussein, formerly Subahdar of Behar, and subsequently appointed Viceroy in Scinde. With this venerable nobleman, whom he describes as “ of more

understanding and courtesie than all his countrymen, and to be esteemed hospitable, and a receiver of strangers, not scanty ambitious," he had many friendly and social meetings and conversations, obtaining much information regarding the condition of the empire and the objects of the different parties in the state, and also some valuable hints and counsel as to his own proceedings. From the Shah himself he received marked and continued attention, being constantly invited to the Royal drinking bouts, and always kindly noticed and placed in a high and honorable position whenever he attended the Durbar: moreover he was frequently presented with the whole or portion of a deer or wild hog, the result of the Royal chase. From Prince Khurram he met with general coldness, and occasional incivility and active annoyance; especially on one occasion, when an English boy named Jones, a domestic of the Ambassador, having committed some fault and fearing punishment, left the embassy and took refuge with an Italian living at Ajmir. When the Prince heard of this—being at the time very illate with Sir Thomas for complaining against his protégé, Zulfikar Khan, Governor of Surat,—he took the boy under his protection and into his service, giving him a present of a hundred and fifty rupees and the monthly pay of two horsemen, and instructed him to set his master at defiance when he claimed him. But the poor lad shortly repenting of his conduct, confessed his fault and intreated pardon in the presence of the Padshah, who ordered him to be restored to his master without further injury or molestation, upon which the Prince, being exceedingly enraged, had the meanness to claim the refund of the present he had made the lad.

On the 20th of August, Ajmir was visited by one of those tremendous storms of rain, to which, on the Western coast, the Europeans had given the name of the *Elephant*; of this he gives the following description:—

"The twentieth day and the night past, fell a storme of raine called the *Oliphant*; usual at going out of the raines, but for the greatestnesse very extraordinary; whereby there ran such streames into the Tanke whose head is made of stone, in shew extremely strong, but the water was so growne that it breake over in one place, and there came an alarme and sudden feare, that it would give way and drowne all that part of the Towne where I dwelt, in so much that the Prince and all his women forsooke their house, my next neighbour carryed away his goods and his wife on his elephants and camels to flye to the hill side. All men had their horses ready at their doores, to save their lives, so that we were much frighted and sat up till midnight, for that we had no help but to flye ourselves and loose all our goods, for it was reported that it would run higher than the top of my house by three foot, and carry all away, being poore muddy buildings.

Fourteene yeares past, a terrible experience having showed the violence ; the foot of the Tanke being levell with our dwelling and the water extreame greate and deepe, so that the top was much higher than my house, which stood in the bottome in the course of the waters, every ordinary raine making such a current at my doore, that it runne not swifter in the arches of London bridge, and is for some houres impassible by house or man. But God otherwise disposed it in his mercy : the King caused a sluice to be cut in the night to ease the water another way ; yet the very raine had washed downe a great part of the walls of my house, and so weakened it by divers breaches, in that I feared the fall more than the flood, and was so moyled with dirt and water that I could scarce be dry or safe : for that I must be enforced to be at new charge, in reparation. Thus were we every way afflicted, fires, smokes, floods, stormes, heats, dust, flyes, and no temperate or quiet season."

During the residence of the Court at Ajmir the intrigues and influence of Prince Khurram aided by Asof Khan, Nur Jehan and their father Etimad Dowlah, obtained from the Padshah an order for the transfer of Sultan Parviz to the charge of Bengal, and the appointment of Sultan Khurram to the Government of the Dockhan. But previous to the departure of the latter for his new command, he was invested by his father with the title of Shah Jehan, by which he was thenceforth designated, and which was understood as equivalent to his nomination as successor to the throne. Further to insure his authority, and guard him against supposed attacks from his elder brother Khusru, the latter unfortunate prince was handed over to Shah Jehan's custody, the natural result of which was the subsequent opportune death of the unfortunate victim. The opposition that Roe experienced from Shah Jehan has evidently tinged his views regarding the character of that prince, and he insinuates one circumstance connected with his feelings and conduct, which we do not remember to have noticed in any other contemporary writer, and which is not borne out by the subsequent conduct of the parties, viz., that Shah Jehan was himself in love with his step-mother Nur Jehan.

The following is the passage referred to :—

' The Prince sate in the same magnificence, order and greatneese that I mentioned of the king. His throne being plated over with silver, inlaid with flowers of gold, and the canopie over it square, borne on foure pillars covered with silver ; his arnes, sword, buckler, bowe, arrowes, and launce on a table before him. The watch was set, for it was evening when he came abroad. I observed now he was absolute and curious in his fashion and actions : he received two lettetrs, read them standing, before he ascended his throne. I never saw so settled a countenance, nor any man keepe so constant a gra-

vitie, never smiling, nor in face shewing any respect or difference of men ; but mingled with extreame pride and contempt of all ; yet I found some inward trouble now and then assaile him, and a kind of brokenesse and distraction in his thoughts, unprovidedly and amazedly answering suitors, or not hearing. If I can judge any thing, he has left his heart among his father's women, with whom hee hath liberty of conversation. Normahall in the English coach the day before visited him, and took leave, she gave him a cloak all imbroydered with pearles, diamonds and rubies, and carried away, if I erre not, his attention to all other businesse.

Shah Jehan took his departure for the Deckan, on the 1st November 1616, and on the following day Jehangir moved into camp also, with the intention of marching towards Agra.

Of the ceremonies attending his departure, and the state and magnificence exhibited on the occasion, Sir Thomas gives the following gorgeous description :—

“The second, the King removed to his tents with his women and all the Court, about three miles. I went to attend him, comming to the pallace. I found him at the Jarraco window, and went up on the scaffold under him ; which place not having seene before, I was glad of the occasion. On two tressels stood two cunuches with long poles headed with feathers, fanning him ; hee gave many favours and received many presents ; what hee bestowed hee let downe by a silke, rould on a turning instrument, what was given him, a venerable fatte deformed olde matrone, hung with gymbals like an image, pluckt up at a hole with such another clue ; at one side in a window were his two principall wives, whose curiosite made them breake little holes in a grate of reed that hung before it, to gaze on me. I saw first their fingers, and after, lying their faces close now one eye, now another, sometime I could discerne the full proportion ; they were indifferently white, blacke haire smoothed up, but if I had had no other light, their diamonds and pearles had sufficed to shew them : when I looked up, they retyred and were so meiry, that I supposed they laughed at me. Suddenly the King rose and wee retyred to the Durbar and sate on the carpets attending his comming out : not long after he came and sate about half an houre untill his ladies at their doore were ascended their elephantes, which were about fifty, all most richly furnished, principally three with turrets of gold, grates of gold wyre, every way to looke out, and canopies over of cloth of silver. Then the King descended the staires with such an acclamation of Health to the King as would have out-cryed cannons. At the staires foote, where I met him and shuffled to be next, one brought a mighty carpe, another a dish of white stuffe like starch, into which he put his finger and touched the fish, and so rubbed it on his forehead ; a ceremony used presaging good fortune. Then another came and buckled his sword and buckler, set all over with great diamonds and rubies, the belts of gold suitable : another hung on his quiver with thirty arrowes, and his bow in a case (the same that was presented by

the Persian Ambassadour,) on his head he wore a rich turbant, with a plume of herne tops, not many, but long: on one side hung a rubie unset, as bigge as a walnut; on the other side a diamond as great; in the middle an emerald like a heart, much bigger. His slash was wreathed about with a chaine of great pearls, rubies and diamonds drild. About his necke he carried a chaine of most excellent pearle thrice double, so great as I never saw; at his elbows armlets set with diamonds; and on his wrists three rowes of diamonds of several sorts: his hands bare, but almost on every finger a ring; his gloves were English, stucke under his girdle; his coat of cloath of gold, without sleeves, upon a fine semain as thinne as lawne; on his feet a paire of embroydered buskins with pearle, the toes sharpe and turning up. Thus armed and accommodated he went to the coach, which attended him with his new English servant, who was cloathed as rich as any player, and more gaudy and had trained foure horses, which were trapped and harnished in gold velvets. This was the first he ever sate in, and was made by that sent from England, so like, that I knew it not but by the cover, which was a gold Persian velvet. He got into the end, on each side went two eunuches, that carried small maces of gold, set all over with rubies, with a long bunch of white-horse-taile to drive away flies: before him went drummes, ill trumpets and loud musicke, and many canopies, quittusols, and other strange ensignes of Majesty of cloth of gold set in many places with great rubies: nine spare horses, the furniture some garnished with rubies, some with pearles and emeralds, some onely with studs enamelled.

"The Persian Ambassadour presented him a horse; next behind him came three palankees, the carriages and feet of one plated with gold, set at the ends with pearles, and a fringe of great pearles hanging in ropes a foote deepe: a border aboute, set with rubies and emeralds. A foot-man carryed a foot-stoole of gold, set with stones; the other two were covered and lined with cloath of gold. Next followed the English coach, new covered and trimmed rich, which he had given the Queene Normahall, who rode in it: after them a third of this country fashion, which methought was out of countenance; in it sate his younger sonnes: after followed about twenty elephants royall, spare, for his own ascendings, so rich, that in stones and furniture they braved the sunne. Every elephant had divers flaggs of cloth of silver gilt satin and taffata. His noblemen hee suffered to walke a foote, which I did to the gate, and left him. His wives on their elephants were carryed like parakitoes half a mile behind him.

"I took horse to avoyd presse and other inconvenience, and crossed out of the Leskar before him, and attended untill he came neare his tents. He passed all the way between a guard of elephants, having every one a turret on his backe; on the foure corners foure banners of yellow taffaty; right before a sling mounted, that carried a bullet as big as a great tennis ball, the gunner behind it; in number about three hundred: other elephants of honor that went before and after about six hundred, all which were covered with velvet or cloath of gold and had two or three gilded banners carried: in the way

runne divers footmen with skinnies of water that made a continuall showre before him: no horse nor man might be suffered to approach the coach by two furlongs, except those that walked afoot by, so that I posted to his tents to attend his alighting."

Of the royal camp itself he, like all other travellers of the period, writes in great admiration:—

"They were walled in halfe a mile in compasse, in forme of a fort, with divers coynes and bulkwarkes, with high Cannats of a course stuffe made like arras, red on the outside, within which, figures in panes, with a handsome gate house. Every post that bare up these, was headed with top of brasse. In the midst of this Court was a throne of mother of pearle, borne on two pillars raised on earth, covered over with an high tent, the pole headed with a knob of gold; under it canopies of cloath of gold, under-foot carpets. Within this whole raile was about thirty divisions with tents. All the noblemen retired to theirs, which were in excellent formes, some all white, some greene, some mingled, all encompassed as orderly as any house, one of the greatest rarities and magnificences I ever saw. The whole vale showed like a beautiful citie for that the ragges nor baggage were not mingled."

And again on a subsequent date he writes:—

"I viewed the Leskar, which is one of the wonders of my little experience, that I had seene it finished and set up in foure houres, except some of great men that have a double provision, the circuit being little lesse than twenty English miles, the length some waies three course, comprehending the skirts, and the middle, wherein the streets are orderly and tents joined. Here are all sorts of shops, distinguished so by rule, that every man knowes readily where to seeke his wants, every man of qualitie, and every trade being limited how farre from the king's tents he shall pitch, what ground he shall use, and on what side without alteration, which as it lies together, may equale almost any towne in Europe for greatnesse, onely a musket shot every way no man approacheth the Atassy-kanah royall, which is now kept so strict, that none are admitted but by name; and the time of the Durbar in the evening is omitted and spent in hunting or hawking on tanks by boat, in which the King takes wonderful delight and his barges are remooved on carts with him, and he sits not but on the side of one, which are many times a mile or two over. At the Jarruco in the morning he is seene, but businesse or speech prohibited, all is concluded at night at the Guzelchan, when often the time is prevented by a drowsinesse which possesseth the King from the fumes of Bacchus."

The demands of the Imperial establishment for carriage were so heavy, that although furnished with an order for what he required, the English Ambassadorexperienced the greatest difficulty in getting away from Ajmir, and the Persian Ambassador was in

even a worse plight, although he had "fought, chid, brauld, complained and could get no remedy." For some days they were left to comfort each other, until at last the population having found a similar difficulty or manifested a dislike to moving, "the king gave order to fire all the Leskar at Ajmir to compell the people to follow," when Sir Thomas succeeded in purchasing some carriage and joined the Padshah by the end of the month, the camp having only moved a short distance. His camp equipage and marching establishment appears to have been on a very reduced and inadequate scale, for he says, "I was unfitted with carriage and ashamed of my provision, but five years allowance would not have furnished me with one indifferent suite sortable to others."

On the 6th December, they encamped near the walled town of Godah, which Sir Thomas describes as one of the best built he saw in India, "full of temples and altars of Pagods and gentilitial Idolatry, many fountains, wells, tankes and summer-houses of carved stone curiously arched," of which nothing now remains. On the 23rd January 1617, they reached the famous fort of Rintinbour, where information was received that Malik Amber, the head and soul of the confederacy of the Deckani princes, exhibited but little sign of alarm at the advance of Prince Shah Jehan, and that the Khan-i-Khanan had manifested a spirit of insubordination, not approving of the change from the weak cypher Parviz to the active and ambitious Shah Jehan. This intelligence induced Jehangir to change his plans, more especially as an epidemic, which Roe calls the plague, but which probably was cholera, was then ravaging Agra; so he turned his course southward, and marched slowly *vid* Ugin to Mandû, in order to be ready to act in support of his son if necessary.

The camp reached Mandu on the 3rd of March, where after some difficulty, Sir Thomas found comfortable quarters in an old tomb, having, as he says, "found a faire court well walled, and in that a good church or great tombe; it was taken up by one of the King's servants, but I got possession and kept it, being the best within all the wall, but two miles from the King's house, yet so sufficient that a little change would make it defensible against rains, and save one thousand Rupias, and for aire very pleasant upon the edge of the hill."

Some years ago—if not still visible—the name of Sir Thomas Roe was to be seen on the walls at an old tomb amongst the ruins of Mandu, which however was generally supposed to have been traced there at a much more recent date. If really his autograph, it would tend to prove the antiquity of the English mania for scribbling names.

The greatest inconvenience he experienced was from the scarcity

of water. He was, however, permitted to draw four loads daily from a well held in possession by one of the Omrahs of the Court. Mandu appears to have been even then in a ruinous condition, and he speaks of lions as being numerous in the neighbourhood, and even coming into the camp. One in particular invaded his residence and carried off his sheep and dogs, and he had to apply for special permission to destroy it, as the slaughter of lions was a royal prerogative.

On the whole, he does not speak agreeably of his residence here, for he observes "there was not a misery nor punishment which either the want of Government or the natural disposition of the clime gave us not."

About the period of their reaching Mandu, a convoy arrived from Surat, containing presents for the Padshah and other members of the Court, together with various articles which Sir Thomas required for himself and suite, and also to use as presents or *douceurs*, as he might find expedient in the prosecution of his plans.

These presents had unfortunately been delayed some months at Surat, and were finally sent forward on his urgent requisition, placed under the charge of the Reverend Mr. Terry, who having recently arrived from England, was appointed to join the embassy as Chaplain in the place of the Reverend Mr. Hill, who had come out with Sir Thomas, but died at Ajmir in September 1616. Mr. Terry and his convoy fell into the hands of Shah Jehan at Burhanpur, who helped himself to a portion of the merchandize that accompanied, but was compelled to pass on the royal presents intact, Sir Thomas having made a serious complaint to the Padshah when he heard of their detention.

On their arrival at length in camp, instead of being forwarded to the British Embassy for distribution and presentation in the name of King James or the East India Company, they were seized by Jehangir, conveyed to his quarters, and the cases opened and inspected by the Monarch himself with childish curiosity and barbarian cupidity. Sir Thomas on hearing of this disgraceful proceeding was excessively indignant, and standing boldly on his privileges and position, protested strenuously against the insult thus offered to his sovereign and himself, upon which he was summoned to Jehangir's presence, who endeavoured to excuse himself and coax the ambassador into good humour. But the whole scene of royal rapacity and folly, as narrated by Sir Thomas, is so curious, and affords so good an illustration of the habits and morality of the Court, that notwithstanding its length we cannot resist laying it before our readers :—

"When I came, with base flattery worse than the theft, or at least to give me some satisfaction, because trouble was in my face, for

otherwise it is no injury heere to bee so used ; he beganne to tell me he had taken divers things that pleased him extreamely well, naming two Cushions embroydered, a folding Glasse and the Dogges, and desired mee not to be discontent, for whatsoever I would not give him, I should receive backe ; I answered, there were few things that I intended not to present him ; but that I took it a great discourtesie to my Sovereigne, which I could not answer, to have that was freely given stayed, and not delivered by my hands to whom they were directed ; and that some of them were intended for the Prince and Normahall, some to lye by me, on occasions, to prepare his Majestie's favour to protect us from injuries that of strangers were daily offered, and some for my friends or private use, and some that were the merchants which I had not to do with all : he answered, that I should not be sad nor grieved that hee had his choyce, for that hee had not patience to forbear seeing them ; hee did mee no wrong in it, for hee thought I wished him first served, and to my Lord the King of England hee would make satisfaction and my excuse : the Prince, Normahall and hee were all one, and for any to bring with me to procure his favour, it was a ceremony and unnecessary, for he would at all time heare me ; that I should be welcome emptie handed, for that was not my fault, and I should receive right from him ; and to go to his sonne, he would returne me somewhat for him ; and for the merchants goods, pry to their content ; concluding, I should not be angry for this freedome ; he entended well : I made no reply. Then he pressed me whether I was pleased or no. I answered his Majestie's content pleased me ; so seeing master Terry, whom I brought in with mee, he called to him, Padre, you are very welcome, and this house is yours, esteeme it so. whensoever your desire to come to mee, it shall bee free for you, and whatsoever you will require of mee, I will grant you.

"Then he converted himselfe with this cunning unto mee, naming all particulars in order. The Dogges, Cushions, Barber's case you will not desire to have backe, for that I am delighted in them ; I answered, no. Then said he there were two Glasse chestes, for they were very meane and ordinary, for whom came they ? I replied, I entended one for his Majestie the other to Normahall. Why then, said hee, you will not aske that I have, being contented with one ? I was forced to yield. Next he demanded whose the hats were *for, that his women liked them. I answered three were sent to his Majestie, the fourth was mine to weare. Then said hee, you will not take them from mee, for I like them, and yours I will returne if you need it, and will not bestow that on mee, which I could not refuse. Then next hee demanded whose the pictures were. I answered, sent to me to use on occasions, and dispose as my businesse required : so hee called for them and caused them to be opened, examined mee of the women, and othere little questions requiring my judgments of them. Of the third picture of Venus and a Satyre, he commanded my interpreter not to tell me what he said, but asked his Lords what they conceived should be the interpretation or morale of that ; he showed the Satyre's hornes, his

skinne which was swart, and pointed to many particulars; every man replied according to his fancie; but in the end hee concluded they were all deceived; and seeing they could judge no better, he would keepe his conceit to himself, reiterating his command to conceale this passage from me, but bade him aske me what it meant, I answered, an invention of the painter to shew his arte, which was poetically, the interpretation was new to me, that had not seen it. Then hee called Mr. Terry to give his judgment, who replying, he knew not, the King demanded why hee brought up to him an invention wherein he was ignorant; at which I interposed that he was a preacher and meddled not with such matters nor had charge of them, only coming in their company, hee was more noted and so named as their conductor.

"This I reapeate for instruction to warne the Company and him that shall succeed me to be very wary what they send may be subject to no ill interpretation, for in that point this King and people are very pregnant and scrupulous, full of jealousie and trickes; for that notwithstanding the King conceited himselfe, yet by the passages I will deliver my opinion of this conceit, which (knowing I had never seen the picture, and my ignorance was guiltless) hee would not press hard upon me. But I suppose, he understood the moral to be a scoorne of Asiaticques whom the naked Satyres represented, and was of the same complexion and not unlike, who being held by Venus a white woman by the nose, it seemed that shee led him captive. Yet he revealed no discontent, but rould them up, and told me he would accept him also as a present. For the saddle and some other small toyes, he would fit me with a gift to his sonne, to whom he would write according to promise, so effectually, that I should need no solicitor in my businesses, with as many compliments, excuses, professions and protestations as could come from any very noble, or very base minde in either extreme. Yet he left not, but enquired what meant the figures of the beasts, and whether they were sent me to give him. I had understood they were very ridiculous and ill-shaped ordinary creatures, the varnish off, and no beauty other than a lump of wood. I was really ashamed, and answered, it was not my fault, those that seized them must beare the affront, but that they were not intended for him but sent to shew the formes of certaine beasts with us. He replied quickly, did you thinke in England that a horse and a bull was strange to mee: I replied, I thought not of so meane a matter. The sender was an ordinary man in good will to mee for toyes, and what he thought I knew not; well said the King, I keepe them, and onely desire you to helpe me to a horse of the greatest size. It is all I will expect, and a male and female of mastiffes, and the tall Irish grey-hounds, and such other dogges as hunt in your lands, and if you will promise me this, I will give you the word of a King, I will fully recompense you, and grant you all your desires.

"I answered, I would promise to provide them, but could not warrant their lives, and if they died by the way, onely for my discharge their skinnes and bones should be preserved. He gave extraordinary

bowes, layed his hand on his heart, and such kind of gestures as all men will witness, he never used to any man, nor such familiarity, nor freedome, nor profession of love. This was all my recompence, that he often desired my content to be merry, that the wrong he had done me, he would royally requite and send me home to my countrey with grace and reward like a gentleman. But seeing nothing returned of what was seized, but words, I desired his Majestie to deliver backe the velvets and silkes, being merchants' goods, that they were sent up among mine by his Majestie's command, for that by that pretence they escaped the ravine of the Prince's officers. So hee gave order to call Master Biddolph to agree with him, and to pay for them to content. Then I delivered a letter I had ready written, containyng my desire for privileges and justice, otherwise I should return as a Fayzueante and disgraced to my sovereigne, and desired some justice for Sulpheckarkan's debt lately dead; he replied he would take such order with his sounne for Surat, as I should have no cause to complaine, and that he should cleere it, for which he gave instant order.

"For other places, hee would give me his commands, and every way shew how much he loved me; and to the end I might return to my Master with honour, he would send me a rich and worthy present with his letter of my behaviours, filled with many prayses, and commanded me to name what I thought would be most acceptable. I answered I durst not crave, it was not our custome nor stood with my Master's honour, but whatsoever he sent, I doubted not would be acceptable from so potent a King, and so much loved of my Lord. He replied, that I thought he asked in jest to please mee, and that he saw I was yet discontent, but he conjured me to beleieve hee was my friend, and would at conclusion prove so, and vowed by his head hee spake heartily concerning presents, but I must not refuse for his instruction to name somewhat. This earnestness enforced mee to say, if his Majestie pleased I thought large Persian carpets would be fittest; for gifts of cost and value, my Master expected not.

"He answered, he would provide of all sorts and sizes, and adde to them what he thought was fit, that your King may know I respect him. Next having venison of divers sorts before him, he gave me halfe a stagge, with these words, he killed it himselfe, and the other halfe I should see bestowed on his wives, which was presently cut out in small pieces of foure pounds and sent in by his third sonne, and two women that were called out to divers such mummockes, as if it had been a dole to the poore, and carryed by the Prince bare in his hands. Now I had as much satisfaction, and so abundant grace as might have flattered mee into content, but the injury was above words, though I were glad of these and of colour to dissemble, for hee sent as a conclusion to know if I were pleased, and did not depart discontent. I answered, his Majestie's favour was sufficient to make mee any amends.

"Then, said he, I have only one question to aske you; which is, I wonder much, now I have seen your presents two yeares, what was

the reason why your King sent a merchant, a meane man, before you with five times as many, and more curious toyes that contented all, and after to send you his Ambassadour with a commission and his letter mentioning presents, and yet that you brought was little, meane, and inferiour to the other. I acknowledge you an Ambassadour, I have found you a gentleman in your usage, and I am annoyed why you were so slightly set out.

"I would have replied, but he cut me off, I know it is not the King's fault nor yours, but I will let you see I esteeme you better than they that employed you. At your return, I will send you home with honour, with reward, and according to your qualitie; and not respecting what you brought me, will like a King present your Lord and Master; onely this I will require from you, and not expect it from the merchants, to take with you for a patterne of a quiver and case for my bow, a coat to weare, cushion to sleepe on, of my fashion, which was at his head, and a paire of boots which you shall cause to bee embroydered in England, of the richest manner, and I will expect and receive them from you, for I know in your country they can work better then any I have seene; and if you send them mee, I am a King, you shall not lose by it; which I most thankfully undertooke [and he commanded Asaph Chan to send me the patternes.] Then he demanded if I had any grape wine, I could not denie it; he desired a taste next night, and if he liked it he would be bold, if not, he desired me to make merrie with it. So spending this night onely on me, he rose."

Such were the annoyances and troubles the English Ambassador had to encounter, and well might he write to the Company "I must plead against myself that an Ambassador lives not in fit honour here. I would sooner die than be content with the slavery the Persian is content with. A meaner agent would, amongst these proud Moors, better effect your business. My qualitie often for ceremonies either begets you enemies or suffers unworthilie. The King has often demanded an Ambassador from Spain, but could never obtain one, for two causes, first because they would not give presents unworthy their King's greatness; next they knew his reception should not answer his qualitie. I have moderated according to my discretion, but with a swollen heart. *Half my charge shall corrupt all to be your slaves.*"

But in following the career of Sir Thomas Roe we have as yet purposely avoided allusion to the other object of this notice, in order not to break the narrative of the Ambassador's proceedings.

Thomas Coryate was born at Odcombe in Somersetshire in the year 1577. His father who was the Rector of Odcombe, was a poet and scholar, and had published several Latin works not without merit. Our hero was educated at Westminster

School, whence he received a presentation to Gloucester Hall, Oxford, and in the beginning of the seventeenth century, having already earned a reputation or rather notoriety for his classical learning and eccentricities, he was appointed to the household of Henry, Prince of Wales, in the capacity, partly of scholar and partly of Court fool. According to Fuller "Sweetmeats and Coryate made up the last course at all entertainments. Indeed he was the courtiers anvil to try their wits upon ; and sometimes this anvil returned the hammers as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiveness." In 1608, he undertook a pedestrian tour in the south of Europe, of which he published an account in 1611, entitled "Coryate's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five month's travel in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, Germany and the Netherlands." This was followed immediately by "Coryate's Crambe or his Colwort twice sodden." Both works were undoubtedly crude enough, but they were not without a quaint originality, and considerable display of curious scholarship and truthful observation. Fuller observes regarding the first mentioned work, that "his book nauseous to nice readers for the rawness thereof, is not altogether useless ; though the porch be more worth than the palace, I mean the preface of other men's mock commending verses thereon." This latter remark is in allusion to the work having been prefaced and ushered in by a number of verses in all languages and styles from the pens of the leading wits and authors of the time, who according to "the Rev. Mr. Terry did themselves much more honor than him whom they undertook to commend in their several encommiasticks." At any rate they added considerably to the popularity and sale of the work. Amongst his other eccentricities he hung up in the parish church of Odcombe, as a dedicatory offering, the old pair of shoes in which he had performed his European tour, together with a copy of quaint pedantic verses.

His restless spirit and ardent love of notoriety prompted him to be speedily on the move again ; and this time he projected a voyage of much greater length and difficulty, no less than a pedestrian tour in Turkey, Syria, Persia and India to Samarcand, returning by the Oxus through Balkh and Bokhara, back to Persia, and thence through Egypt and Greece homeward. For this extensive travel he allowed himself ten years, which time he fixed in imitation of the period of Odysseus' wanderings.

In accordance with these plans he set sail from England on the 20th of October 1612, for the Grecian Archipelago, where, however, he only visited Zante and Scyo ; thence he sailed for Asia Minor, and with a party of compatriots visited the ruins of Troy, and took an active and delighted part in a mock ceremony, got up on the spur of the moment under the influence of the

locality, where he received the accolade of a Trojan Knight, returning thanks for the imaginary honour in an absurd oration replete with out-of-the-way learning, which has been preserved amongst the fragments of his travels and correspondence.

From thence he proceeded to Constantinople, where he remained nearly a year, receiving much kindness and hospitality from Sir Paul Pindar, then Ambassador at the Porte. Here he lost no opportunity of sight-seeing, and was witness to several interesting exhibitions, the details of which he narrates with much quaint humour. Amongst them were a "rigorous and austere kind of discipline" practised by a brotherhood of Franciscan Friars who underwent severe flagellation *by proxy*; a visit to the Dancing Dervishes; a great fire; a flight of locusts; the entry of the Sultan into his capital after a long absence at Adrianople; a visit to several Jewish ceremonies, and the celebration of the Ramzan and feast of Beiram.

On the 21st January 1614, he left Constantinople; and visiting Lesbos or Mytilene, Scyo and Cos, sailed for Scanderoon, whence he proceeded to Aleppo. From thence, accompanied by a countryman, Henry Allard, he started for Damascus, where he remained some days, and then commenced his journey to Jerusalem, which he reached on the 12th April, and was witness to the ceremonies of the Greek Church at that season. From Jerusalem he made several excursions to the places of note and interest in the neighbourhood, including a visit to the river Jordan and the Lake Asphaltes, on the hither side of which, *though he saw it not*, he heard there was "the pillar of Lots wife in salte, with her childe in her armes and a pretty dogge also in salte by her, about a bow shot from the water."

From Jerusalem he returned to Aleppo, where he was compelled to remain three months waiting for a Caravan to Persia, with which he finally departed, and crossing the Euphrates at Bir, proceeded viâ Orfa, which he speaks of as "Ur of the Chaldeans, where Abraham was borne, a very delicate and pleasant Cittie," but he regrets that he could "see no part of the ruines of the house where that faithful servant of God was borne." Proceeding thence they crossed the river Tigris at Diarbekir, where poor Coryate was robbed by a Turkish Spahi of all he possessed except the clothes on his back, and a few coins he had prudently concealed about his person. From Diarbekir the Caravan, following the route between the lakes Van and Urrameah, reached Tabriz, regarding which Coryate writes, "Ecbatana the sommer seate of Cyrus his Court, a City eftsoone mentioned in the scripture; now called Tauris; more wofull ruines of a City (saving that of Troy and Cyzicum in Natolia) never did my eyes beholde." After a short halt at Tabriz he proceeded viâ Kasbin to Ispahan. Here

he remained two months studying the Persian language, and waiting for a large Caravan that was about to start for India. The extent of the overland traffic by that route may be estimated for the fact that this Caravan consisted of 6,000 souls with 2,000 camels, 1,500 horses, above 1,000 mules and 800 asses. The route followed was apparently by Yezd, Ghayn, Furrâh and Grishk to Kandahar, and thence viâ Quetta and the Bolan Pass to Shikarpore. In this latter part of his journey he met Sir Robert and Lady Sherley proceeding from India to Persia, who treated him with great kindness, Lady Theresa making him a present of forty shillings, which in the reduced state of his finances was very acceptable, whilst Sir Robert greatly flattered his vanity by showing him a copy of his own work (the *Crudities*) and promising to bring it to the notice of Shah Abbas, from which circumstance Coryate calculated on some princely benefit when he should return through Persia, that monarch being, as he says, "such a jocund Prince, that he will not be meanly delighted with divers of my facetious heiroglyphicks, if they are truly and genuinely expounded unto him."

From Shikarpore he appears to have proceeded up the right bank of the Indus, and crossed probably at or above Mittunkot, whence he continued his journey to Lahore, which he describes as "one of the largest cities in the whole Universe, for it containeth at least sixteene miles in compasse, and exceedeth Constantinople itself in greatnesse."

From Lahore he proceeded by the then famous Badshahi or Royal road to Agra, which occupied him twenty days "through such a delicate and even tract of ground, as I never was before, and doubt whether the like is to be found within the whole circumference of the habitable world: another thing also in this way being no lesse memorable than the plannesse of the ground, a row of trees on each side of this way, where people doe travel, extending itselſe from the townes-end of Lahore to the townes-end of Agra, the most incomparable shewe of that kind that ever my eyes surveyed." Agra he describes as "a very great citie, and the place where the Mogall did always (saving within these two yeares) keepe his court, but in every respect much inferiour to Lahore."

Tendays journey took him from Agra to Ajmir, where he arrived in 1615, and found ten Englishmen resident at the Padshah's Court, by whom he was hospitably received and entertained, and with whom he remained diligently applying himself to the Urdu and Persian languages. Here his vanity was highly gratified by a proof that his previous history and travels were known and appreciated by his countrymen in this distant part of the

world, which was evinced by the receipt of a copy of humorous, or as Coryate terms them, pretty verses from one Mr. John Browne, a member of the Company's factory at Ahmedabad. As these verses, we believe, represent the first recorded British tribute to the muses in India, they may not be unacceptable.

*To the Odcombian Wonder, our laborious countryman,
the generous Coryate.*

What though thy *Cruder* travels were attended
With bastinadoes, lice, and vile disgraces,
Have not thy glorious acts thereby ascended
Great Brittain's stage, even to Princes' places.
Led on in triumph by the noblest spirits
That ever deigned to write of anies merits.

If then for that they did advance thy fame,
How will they strive to adde unto thy glory,
When thou to them so wondrously shalt name
Thy weary footsteps, and thy Asian story :
No doubt more ripe (as nearer to the sunne)
Then was that first that in the cold begun.

Then rest awhile, and to thy taske again,
Till thou has thoroughly trod this Asian round,
Which yet so many kingdomes doth containe
As *Deckon*, where the diamond is found ;
And *Bisnagar*, *Narsinga* ; and if you be
Not weary yet, in *Zeilan* sake the Rubie.

Then could I wish you saw the *China* nation,
Whose policie and act doth farre exceed
Our Northern climes : and here your observation
Would novelists and curious artists feede
With admiration. Oh, had I now my wishes,
Sure you should learn to make their China dishes.

But by the way forget not *Gugurat*,
The Lady of this mighty King's dominion,
Visite *Baroch*, *Cambua* and *Surat*,
And *Amdavar* ; all which in my opinion
Yield much content, and then more to glad yee,
Weele have a health to al our friends in *Tadee*.

Then crosse to *Arab*, happiest in divison ;
But have a care (at *Mecca* is some danger)
Lest you incurre the pain of circumcision,
Or *Peter-like*, to Christ do seeme a stranger.
From thence to Egypt, when the famous *Nile*,
And *Memphis* will detain your eyes awhile.

This done, at *Alexandria* seeke your passage
For England's happy shores, when *How* and *Mundy*
Will strive to make your travels out-last age.
So long as stand their annals of our country.
For Mandevill will come of thee farre short,
Either of travell, or a large report.

He remained at Ajmir until the arrival, in the end of that year, of Sir Thomas Roe, whom he had known in England and whom he was one of the first to greet, going out as far as Chitore to meet him.

Coryate's eccentricities, his love of sight-seeing,—which carried him to every spectacle and ceremony,—his poverty and peculiarities of attire, his temperate habits, and his invariably traveling on foot, had excited the attention of the Shah and his courtiers, who looked upon him as a sort of religious mendicant, and generally spoke of him as the *English Fakir*. The unexpected appearance of such a character, so little calculated to exalt the opinion of English wealth or dignity, was anything but agreeable to Sir Thomas, the more especially as he could not ignore or keep him at a distance, having been well acquainted with him formerly in the Prince of Wales's household. Moreover, knowing him to be a gentleman by birth and education, a sound scholar, the quondam companion and present correspondent of some of the leading men of letters in England, and above all being acquainted with the simplicity and perfect innocence of his character, it was impossible to receive him, save with welcome and kindness, more especially as he was remarkably touchy regarding the least slight to his vanity. These considerations must naturally have guided Sir Thomas' conduct towards him, which appears to have been kind and judicious. He was quartered in the Ambassador's household with his Chaplain, and kept as much in the back ground as practicable.

This last part of the arrangement was anything but agreeable to one so imbued with the love of notoriety, and accordingly he determined to bring himself to the notice of the Padshah in spite of the Ambassador. Having now sufficiently mastered the Persian language to be able to speak it pretty fluently and correctly, he one day made his appearance at the Royal Durbar, where he immediately attracted the observation of Jehangir, who making enquiries regarding him, Coryate stepped forward, and after due obeisance commenced a prepared harangue in Persian, of which he was so proud, that he made several copies of it both in the original and the translation, which he forwarded to England.

These we subjoin for the benefit of Persian scholars or students, as copied from Purchas, with only such corrections in the original as were evidently typographical errors, the natural result of printing in an unknown language, leaving the peculiar spelling unaltered :—

“ Hazarot Aallum pennah salamet, fooker Darueos jehaungeshta hastam ke inja amadam az wellayete door, yanne az mulk Inglistan, ke kessanaion peshem mushacas cardand ke wellayete mazcoor derra-kohs magrub bood, ke mador lamuna jazaart dunyast. Sahbebbe amadane mari inja boosti char chuez ast, arwal be dedane mobarrek

deedare, hazaret ke secte caramat ba hanima Frankestan recseed ast ooba tamam mulk Musulmanan. Der sheenedan awsaaffe Hazaret daneeda amadam be deedane astawne akdas musharaf geshtane. Duum bray deedane feelpay Hazaret kin chunin jamoosar dar heech mulk ne dedam. Seum bray deedane namwer daryae shumma Ganga ke Sordare hanima daryaha duniast. Chaharum een ast, ke yec fermawne alishaion amayet fermyand, ke betwanam der wellayete Usbeck raftan ba shahre Samarkand bray Zcerat cardan cabbre mobarrecke Sahab crawneah awsaaffe jang oo mosachere oo der tamam aalum me shoor ast belk der wellayete Uzbec cencadee moshoor neest chunan che der mule Inglizan ast, dige bishare eshtecac daram be dee dane moobarec masare saheb crawnca bray een saheb, ke awn samau ke fooker der shahr Stambol boodam ye aineb colua amarat deedam dermean ye cush bawg nasdec shahe mascoor coja ke Padshaw Ecza-wiaion ke namesh Manuel bood ke Sahab crawnca cush melhannec assem carda bood, baad as gristane Sultan Bajasetra asjunge assem ke shudabood nasdec shahre Bursa coanja ke Sahab crawn Sultan Bajasetra der Zenicra tellajo bestand, oo der cafes nahadand een char ches meera as moolke man jumbaneed ta inja. As mule Room oo arran peeada geshta as door der een mule reseedam, ke char hasar pharsang raw darad beshare dord oo mahnet casheedam ke heech ches der een dunnia een cader mahnet ne casheedast bray deedune moobarrec dedare Hazaret awn roos ke be tacte shaugh in shaughes musharaf fermoodand."

The translation as made by Coryate himself we give verbatim :—

"Lord Protector of the world, all haile to you: I am a poore traveller and worldseer, which am come hither from a farre countrie, namely, England, which ancient historians thought to have bene situated in the farthest bounds of the West, and which is the Queene of all the Islands in the world. The cause of my coming hither is for foure respects. First, to see the blessed face of your Majestie, whose wonderfull fame hath resounded over all Europe and the Mahometan countries. When I heard of the fame of your Majestie, I hastened hither with speed and travelled very cheerfully to see your glorious Court. Secondly, to see your Majestie's elephants, which kind of beasts I have not scene in any other countrie. Thirdly, to see your famous river Ganges which is the Captayne of all the rivers of the world. The fourth is this, to entreat your Majestie that you would vouchsafe to grant me your gracious passe, that I may travel into the countrey of Tartaria to the Citie of Sumarcand, to visit the blessed Sepulchre of the Lord of the Corners (*this is a title that is given to Tamberlaine in this countrie, in that Persian language; and where as they call him the Lord of Corners, by that they meane, that he was Lord of the Corners of the world, that is the highest and Supreme Monarch of the Universe*) whose fame by reason of his warres and victories is published over the whole world: perhaps he is not al-

together so famous in his owne countrey of Tartaria as in England. Moreover, I have a great desire to see the blessed tombe of the Lord of the Corners for this cause, for that when I was at Constantinople, I saw a notable old building in a pleasant garden neare the said citie, where the Christian Emperor that was called Emanuel, made a sumptuous great banquet to the Lord of the Corners, after he had taken Sultan Bajazet, in a great battell that was fought neare the Citie of Brusia, where the Lord of the Corners, bound Sultan Bajazet in fetters of gold, and put him in a cage of yron.

"These foure causes moved me to come out of my native countrey thus farre, having travelled a foote thorow Turkie and Persia, so farre have I traced the world into this countrey, that my pilgrimage hath accomplished three thousand miles, wherein I have susteyned much labour and toyle, the like whereof no mortale men in this world did ever performe, to see the blessed face of your Majestie, since the first day that you were inaugurated in your glorious Monarchal throne."

The Padshah, who appears to have been amused by this unusual address, and interested in the English Dervish or Fakir, entered into discourse with him relative to his past and projected travels, dissuaded him from his attempt to visit Samarcand, pointing out not only the difficulties of the route but the danger to be encountered there from the bigotry of the people. He then presented our traveller with one hundred rupees, which was most acceptable, for as he says in a letter to his mother, "never had I more need of money in my life than at that time, for in truth I had but twenty shillings sterling left in my purse."

As may be supposed Sir Thomas Roe was much annoyed when he heard of this proceeding; but for this Coryate was not unprepared. In the same letter to his mother, he says, "This humour I carried so secretly by the helpe of my Persian, that neither our English Ambassadour, nor any other of my countrimen (saving one speciaall, private, and intrinsicall friend) had the least inkling of it, till I had thoroughly accomplished my designe; for I well knew that our Ambassadour would have stopped and barricadoed all my proceeding therein, if he might have had any notice thereof, as indeed he signified unto me after I had effected my project, alledging this, forsooth, for his reason why he would have hindered me, because it would redound somewhat to the dishonour of our nation, that one of our contreyemen should present himselfe in that beggarly and poore fashion to the King out of an insinuating humour to crave money of him. But I answered our ambassadour in that stout and resolute manner that he was contended to cease nibbling at me." From an Armenian who was resident at the Court, he also received a present of twenty rupees when on a visit at his house, two days'

journey from Ajmir, and from Sir Thomas Roe he received an Asherfie, "a piece of gold of this king's coyne worth foure and twentie shillings;" this was given him on the occasion of his departure from Ajmir, which took place on the 12th of September 1616, when he started for Agra *en route* to Lahore, Kabul and Samarcand. After remaining a few weeks at Agra he appears to have visited Allahabad or Praag, to witness the annual *melah* or "memorable meeting of the gentile people of this country, called *Banians*, whereof about four hundred thousand people go thither of purpose to bathe and shave themselves in the river, and to sacrifice a world of gold to the same river, partly in stamped money, and partly in massive great lumps and wedges, throwing it into the river for a sacrifice, and doing other strange ceremonies most worthy of observation." From Allahabad, having given up his intention of visiting Samarcand, he returned to the royal Durbar, and joined the Ambassador at Mandu. Here the privations, fatigue and exposure which he had endured began to tell upon a naturally strong constitution. His health gave way, and his spirits also began to flag, a presentiment that he would not live to complete his travels having fastened upon him. This induced him, against Sir Thomas' advice to hasten to Surat, although suffering from dysentery. He reached Surat in a very delicate state, having endured considerable privation and fatigue on the journey; for notwithstanding his failing health, he still travelled on foot. Here he was induced to indulge in drinking sack, which had the more effect upon him owing to his ordinary temperance. The consequence was that it aggravated his disease, which rapidly gained upon him, and carried him off in the month of December 1617.

Of his Asiatic travels, there is no record except what is to be found in various letters written to his mother, uncle and some of his friends, most of which were republished by Purchas.

At the present time, with all the comparative facilities of travel, such a trip as that made by Coryate would be deemed a remarkable undertaking. But when we consider the period when the journey was accomplished, that it was made wholly on foot, that Coryate started with very scanty funds, that he was twice robbed, and that during the whole trip he appears to have spent only a few pounds, it must be admitted to have been an extraordinary enterprise. He always wore the costume of the country, and was at little trouble or expense on that score. With regard to the expenses of his diet, he writes to his mother from Agra: "I have above twelve pounds sterling which, according to my manner of living upon the way, at two pence sterling a day, (for with that proportion I can live pretty well, such is the

cheapnesse of all catable things in Asia, drinkable things costing nothing, for seldome doe I drinke in my pilgrimage any other liquour than pure water,) will manitaine me very competently three years in my travell, with meate, drinke and clothes." It is much to be regretted that he did not survive to publish an account of his travels, for he was far from deficient in observation, although his views were often quaint and eccentric, and he had the great merit of truthfulness. The Rev. Mr. Terry, "long his chamber-fellow and tent-mate," bears testimony to this virtue, and observes "as he was a very particular, so he was a very faithful relator of things he saw; he ever disclaiming that bold liberty which divers travellers have and do take, by speaking and writing any thing they please of remote parts, where they cannot be contradicted, taking pride in their feigned relations to overspeak things." He must have made good use of his time in the acquisition of the Oriental languages. In a letter written in 1615 from Ajmir, to the Right Honorable Sir Edward Phillips, Master of the Rolls, he says, "Three years and some odd days, I have spent already in this second peregrination, and I hope with as much profite (unpartially will I speake it of myself without any over-weening opinion to which most men are subject,) both for learning foure languages more than I had when I left my conuntry: viz. Italian, Arabian, Turkish and Persian, and exact viewing of divers of the most remarkable matters of the Universe; together with the accurate description thereof, as most of my countreyemen." In a letter to his mother dated from Agra, October 1616, he writes that he had spent a year at Ajmir "to learn the languages of those countries through which I am to pass—viz. these three, Persian, Turkish and Arab, which I have in some competent measure attained unto by my labour and industry at the King's Court; matters as available to me as money in my purse, as being the cheapest or rather only means to get money if I should happen to be destitute, a matter very incidental to a poor foot-man pilgrim as myselfe in these Heathen and Mahometan countries through which I shall travell."

Of his knowledge of the vernacular Mr. Terry gives a remarkable and amusing instance, when speaking of "his great mastery of the Indoostan or more vulgar language," he goes on to say "there was a woman, a landress, belonging to my Lord Ambassador's house, who had such a freedom and liberty of speech that she would sometimes scould, brawl, and rail from the sunrising to the sunset; one day he undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one word more to speak."

His curiosity and love of travel were both intense, and his

enterprise and perseverance kept pace with them. Terry describes him as "a man of a very coveting eye *that could never be satisfied with seeing*," and who "took as much content in seeing as many others in the enjoying of great and rare things." But stronger than all was the love of notoriety and the "itch of fame," which stamped every act and object of his life, rendering him insensible to difficulties, hardships and dangers, but keenly alive to the least slight or wound to his vanity. This soreness and greed of praise had long rendered him a butt to the wits of the day, who ministered to his weakness by the most absurd and high-flown mock commendation, which poor Coryate readily and gladly swallowed. Terry notices two instances of his morbid vanity. On one occasion a Mr. Steel, who had recently arrived at Mandu from England, said that in an interview with King James the 1st, when speaking of his own travels, he had mentioned meeting Coryate in Persia, on which the King remarked "is that fool living yet?" This speech greatly annoyed our poor traveller who took it much to heart. The other grievance came from Sir Thomas Roe, who, on Coryate's departure, gave him a letter of introduction and credit to the new Consul at Aleppo, in which he spoke of Coryate as "a very honest poor wretch," a phrase which gave dire offence and led to indignant remonstrance, upon which Sir Thomas altered the letter to his satisfaction.

With all these weaknesses there was much that was amiable as well as manly in Coryate's character, and he deserves a prominent place amongst the Pioneers of British enterprise in the East.

The following Epitaph was written for him by his friend the Rev. Mr. Terry:—

Here lies the Wanderer of his age,
Who living did rejoice,
Not out of need, but choyce,
To make his life a Pilgrimage.

He spent full many pretious daies.
As if he had his being
To waste his life in seeing?
More thought to spend, to gain him praise.

Some weaknesses appear'd his stains :
Though some seem very wise,
Some yet are otherwise,
Good Gold may be allow'd its grains.

Many the places which he ey'd,
And though he should have been
In all parts yet unseen,
His eye had not been satisfy'd.

Roe and Coryate.

To fill it when he found no room,
By the choyce things he saw
In Europe and vast Asia,
Fell blinded in this narrow tombe.

At the period of Coryate's death, Sir Thomas Roe's Indian career had nearly come to a close. He appears to have accompanied the Court of Jehangir about the end of 1617, when that Monarch marched from Mandu to Guzerat, but we have no record of this portion of his travels. Early in the following year he took his final leave of the Durbar, but not until he had obtained the main object of his mission, and was dismissed with honor and presents, Jehangir forwarding a complimentary letter by him to King James.

On arrival at Surat, he found the Governor, who was a nominee of Shah Jehan, disinclined to act up to the spirit of the new treaty, or to pay attention to the firmauns and other orders of the Padshah; under these circumstances he entered into direct and separate communication with Shah Jehan, who happening at that time to be at variance with, and exceedingly irate against the Portuguese, was ready and willing to come at once to terms. After some discussion a treaty was concluded, confirming all the benefits to the English granted by the Padshah, together with special privileges in the port of Surat, including the erection of a factory, the free exercise of their religion, the governing of their own laws, and the right to wear arms; in return for which they were to assist in the defence of the port.

Finding that the Company's Agents had commenced a regular trade with Persia, and established factories in Ispahan and on the coast, Sir Thomas superintended the negotiations for a treaty of commerce with Shah Abbas, which was obtained on very favorable terms.

He finally left India in the commencement of 1619, and on his voyage home, in the month of May, he met at Saldanha Bay, the Dutch Admiral Hoffman, with whom he had a long conference on the subject of the commercial animosities and jealousies of the English and Dutch in the East, which resulted in both writing to the agents of their respective establishment in India, enjoining mutual peace and good will, as being in accordance with the wishes and orders of the two Home governments, who were sending out a commission to adjust all points in dispute.

With this act Sir Thomas' career in India may be said to have terminated.

His proceedings during the whole period of his long and

difficult embassy appear to have given satisfaction both to the king and the Company at home.

Soon after his arrival in England he was elected a Member of Parliament for the borough of Cirencester in Gloucestershire. In 1621, he was sent as Ambassador to Constantinople, where he remained until 1628, holding the same situation under the Sultans Osman, Mustapha and Amurath 4th, with credit to himself and his country. He was the first English Ambassador who was enabled to establish a real and permanent influence at the Porte, and to command respect on all occasions. He secured for the English merchants several valuable commercial and civil privileges, and also by his influence and generous advocacy was enabled to benefit generally the condition of all members of the Greek Church. He made a valuable collection of Greek and Oriental Manuscripts, which he presented to the Bodleian Library, and he brought over the celebrated Alexandrian copy of the Greek Scriptures, which was presented to King James by Cyril the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, in gratitude for the benefits obtained through the influence and by the agency of the English Ambassador.

In 1629, he was sent as Ambassador to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, to whom he recommended the plan, adopted in the following year by that monarch, of making his famous descent upon Germany in defence of the Protestant liberties. In acknowledgment of this counsel, Gustavus Adolphus, after his victory at Leipsic, sent Sir Thomas a present of £2,000, addressing him as his *Strenuum Consultorem*, and acknowledging that he was the first who had advised him to undertake the campaign in Germany. He was subsequently employed in negotiations at Copenhagen and several of the German Courts.

In October 1640, he was elected member for the University of Oxford, and in April 1641, he was sent as Ambassador from King Charles to the Diet of Ratisbon, to endeavour to obtain the restoration of the late King of Bavaria's son to the Palatinate. Here he made so favorable an impression upon the Emperor, that he publicly said: "I have met with many gallant persons of many nations, but I scarce ever met with an Ambassador till now," and on another occasion, in allusion to Sir Thomas' persuasive eloquence, he said laughingly "that if he had been one of the fair sex and a beauty, he was sure the engaging conversation of the English Ambassador would have proved too hard for his virtue."

After his return to England he was unavoidably drawn into the struggle then carrying on between his Royal Master and the Parliament, which embittered his latter days, and is believed to

have accelerated his death, which took place on the 6th Novem 1644, at Woodford in Essex, where he was buried.

On his return from his last embassy to the Emperor, he was appointed Chancellor of the Garter and a member of the Privy Council, the only recompense he ever received from the monarch whom he served so long, so faithfully, and with such beneficial results to the Crown and country. Although on the Royalist side in the great national struggle, he was respected and liked by all parties. He was a man of liberal education, of a refined mind, and sound scholarship. He made an extensive and valuable collection of articles of *virtu*, including a magnificent set of medals, all of which he bequeathed to the public. As a political negotiator he was looked upon as amongst the ablest of his time, and on all questions of commerce he was admitted to have no equal. He made several remarkable speeches on commercial questions in the House, especially on the currency, and he also published several pamphlets and left numerous valuable manuscripts.

In the words of his biographer "there was nothing wanting in him towards the accomplishment of a scholar, gentleman or courtier ; and as he was learned, so he was also a great encourager of learning and learned men. His spirit was generous and public, and his heart faithful to his Prince. He was a great able and honest statesman ; as good a patriot, and as sound a Christian, as this nation hath had in many ages."

By such a man, it must be admitted, that England was well and worthily represented in her first Indian Embassy.

INDIA IN THE CLASSICS.

BY GORGE SMITH, LL. D.

Megasthenis Indica. Fragmenta collegit; commentationem et indices addidit E. A. SCHWANBECK; DR. PHIL. BONNAE, MDCCCXLVI.

WE have in this work another of the many instances that the press is daily giving us of German learning, as distinguished from scholarship; and of the fact that India is better known and understood, or at least is more studied and enquired into, by the Germans, than by ourselves who are its rulers. Thoroughly practical in mental tendencies, and with a desire to be still more so that the country may be successfully civilised and governed, the English have gone to the opposite extreme, and too much neglected, throughout almost the whole of their past connexion with the country, a *con amore* study of the habits and necessities, and beliefs and languages of its people, with a view to their harmonious government and gradual elevation. While it is well, in the present state of the country, that men who are in places of power and importance should act rather than study, and be manly, common-sense governors instead of apathetic and learned book-worms, it is not well that a stratum of foreign influence should be superinduced on the various layers of native society, ignorant of all their tastes and beliefs, and unable to bend or accommodate Western prejudices and errors to Eastern habits and tendencies. The too great disregard of oriental learning and scholarship among the English in India augurs badly for the permanence or harmony of our future rule. We trust that the day is coming, when it will not be the reproach of our nation in Continental Europe, that, conquer as we may, we cannot bind our conquests to ourselves, and that we fail as statesmen and rulers, from a wilful ignorance of those whom we govern; that Oriental learning has taken refuge in despair in the dreaming dulness of some German University, where she is wooed by book-worms and not men. It is sad to think that we play the part of the old Roman, receiving our oriental literature and scholarship from Hellenic Teutons;—knights of the sword, but not of the pen.

Dr. Schwanbeck, feeling, that on the one hand, almost no part of Greek literature has been so much neglected by the learned as that relating to India, and on the other, that much more information may be extracted from Greek writers as to the early history of India than has hitherto been done, or is generally supposed, sets himself to the task of collecting from all quarters fragments of the work of Megasthenes. From him the most accurate information may be derived, and his work was in fact the source of most of the statements that we find in such approved

writers as Arrian and Curtius. At the same time he considers the whole subject of 'India as known to the Ancients' generally, and estimates, with some degree of critical skill and sagacity, the value of the information conveyed by the writers who have touched upon India in their works. His preface thus begins :—

"Nulla fere pars est litterarum Graecarum, cuius cognitio magis a viris doctis sit neglecta, quam quae pertinet ad descriptionem terrarum gentiumque Graecis ignotarum, quae quo magis erant Graecis alienae, eo minus tempore recentiore sunt pertractatae: cuius rei exempla sat multa reperiet, qui in Graecarum litterarum historiis numerum non exiguum talium scriptorum percensere velit, quorum quidem notitia aut prorsus nulla praebetur, aut certe talis, ex qua certi vel ampli nihil fere redundet."

The work is divided into two parts. The first contains, by way of introduction to a commentary on the 'Indica' of Megasthenes, a treatise on the knowledge of India which the Greeks possessed previous to his time, on the amount of confidence that may be placed in him, and his consequent authority and value, and on those writers who wrote about India after him, coming down so far as to the name of Albertus Magnus. The second part takes up in detail the fragments of the *Indica*, accompanied in all cases by references to the authors from whom they are taken, and generally headed by titles which at once shew the nature and contents of each fragment. The whole is accompanied by notes, either written by the editor himself, in which he weighs the value of the statements in the text, and compares them with those in other works or the remarks of other critics: or taken from great Oriental scholars, such as Schlegel and Lassen. The book is concluded by three carefully prepared *Indicas*, the first of writers in whose works fragments of the *Indica* are found, the second Geographical, and the third an *Index Rerum Memorabilium*. The work is most creditable to the author, and a valuable addition to the literature of Indian subjects. It is well worthy the attention of the classical scholar, and with reference to the early history of India, will be found invaluable.

We do not, however, propose to tread in Dr. Schwanbeck's footsteps, or go over the same ground that he has taken up. We intend rather to gossip for a little on the classical legends regarding India, and the men from whom the ancients derived their knowledge of it, and in whose works accounts of it are found; leaving the far higher and more critical subject of the value of their statements, the sources whence they were derived, and the light that they throw on the dark obscurity of early Indian

history, for future consideration. If once we have a slight knowledge of these authors and the works that they wrote, we shall have a basis on which to go, in considering the more important questions.

What did the ancients think of India? Could we so far "subjectify" ourselves as to enter into the spirit of the old republics, what should we find to be their feelings and beliefs as to this orient of ours? The interest in a distant country is not always proportioned to the knowledge that is abroad concerning it. If the popular mind can get but one tangible fact on which to fasten, a fact fitting into their nature, and meeting their selfish wants, then will it form the ground of an instinct of curiosity and desire. The history of the "India Question" from the days of the traditions as to the ants and gold incorporated by Herodotus in his books, from those of Alexander the Great, whose soldiers returned with most exaggerated accounts, to the present time, has been a most curious one. Based as these traditions were on mendacious reports or total ignorance, India had a fascination for the people of the middle ages, and formed a lure to lead them to the noblest discoveries and the most splendid expeditions. India and its gold were at the bottom of their most extensive plans of discovery and adventure, and no efforts were thought too great, no expenditure too lavish, if it could only be reached. Till a very recent period, even after there were few families in Britain that had not sent forth a member to fight or to write in India, this continued: and only the magnitude of the empire, the immense interests at stake, and the position of the Central Asia question in European politics, have at last roused even the most intelligent and interested classes to accuracy of knowledge regarding it.

From the days of Herodotus to the present time India has thus assumed very much the appearance of a myth. Based as men's knowledge was on some few distinct and correct facts, every new expedition, every fresh return of an Asiatic army, added to it until it became to the ancient and mediæval world very much what the myths of the ancient and mediæval world are to us—a fairy tale, a creature of the imagination, a dream of a land where monstrous beings, supernaturally endowed philosophers, and miraculous products all existed in endless profusion.

We question much if, previous to the return of Alexander's armies, any knowledge of, or interest in, India and the adjacent countries had ever penetrated into the Hellenic mind, or reached the mass of the people. Stray travellers or scholars, like Hecataeus, Herodotus and Ctesias, might be found, who picked up a few floating facts regarding it; but the mass must have remained utterly ignorant and indifferent. True, the *demos* of the Greek

republics were men of vast intelligence for their day. They who could sit out whole trilogies of Æschylus and Sophocles from sunrise to sunset, must have been men of no ordinary mental power and acquirements. But the mention of India or the far off lands of the East affected them not at all, and the writers whose traditions regarding it were read at their games and festivals were treated more as poets than historians of the real and the actual. The national mind could be roused when the hated Persian's name was mentioned, and the news flew like wild-fire through the city when the sad fate of the Syracusan expedition was announced, but India was a subject on which the poet might dream and a visionary imagination feed.

The points of contrast and comparison between the Greeks and English are many and striking. Both were essentially practical in their genius, both proud and conceited of the national name and acquirements. John Bullism existed in Greece, and as the son of Hellas trode the street of Athens or Sparta, or visited foreign lands, he made all to feel that he was a Greek, and that it was something so to be. True, he might be defeated, and the iron heel of the Roman might be on his neck, but was he not the descendant of the heroes of Marathon and Salamis? Were not Homer and Pericles, Sophocles and Thucydides his fathers? Did not the Roman bow before him, adopt his customs, copy his literature, and worship the gods of his fathers? In the Greeks conceit was natural, and it kept them from taking that interest in other countries and developing the spirit of adventure and discovery and colonisation to such an extent as to embrace the comparatively unknown and unvisited. All were barbarous, save them; and why should they honour far off barbarous lands by noticing or exploring them?

While on its better side this conceit was a just and noble national pride, on its worse it was based on ignorance. A maritime people, many of them almost living on the sea, their boats gliding and dancing amid the glorious Cyclades, it was seldom that they ventured out far to sea, or exposed themselves to its unknown and dreaded dangers. Their natural timidity had been increased by the nature of their traditions: and as the Greek boy learned the story of Jason and the famed Argonauts, and conned over all the adventures of the heroes who, returning from the Trojan war, were tempest-tossed for years, so far from feeling his spirit roused to emulate their deeds, he shrank from hardships so prolonged and so untried. The Phœnicians, too, desirous to keep for themselves that lucrative trade which they carried on with the distant coasts of the Mediterranean, and even of the Atlantic, had added by the terror of their stories to this fear. The Greeks were also ignorant of many of those arts, a

knowledge of which is necessary to successful adventure and discovery. Unacquainted with navigation, they, in early times, knew not how to observe, or to use their eyes. On meeting with new objects they had no standard of comparison; and, like children, their generalisation was imperfect and their conclusions false. Notwithstanding all that Aristotle had done in later days for the physical sciences, he was but one man, and even his speculations were more a practical application of his *Metaphysics*, than sound scientific observation and classification. A knowledge of every science was wanting, that is now necessary for the traveller who would be useful and successful. The stars, the winds, the phenomena of the atmosphere, the relative position of places on the earth's surface, the nature of the soil, its products, the sea, its influence on temperature, health and national character; the contents of the earth, metals, stones, &c., all these were overlooked by the Greek traveller. From past ignorance he was credulous, from childish wonder at novelty he was indistinctly or inaccurately impressed, and from a love of the marvellous, his history was too often an exaggerated record of what he had actually seen and heard. In early days, moreover, the Greeks never came actually into contact with India and adjoining countries. They might have heard of the fabled expedition of Semiramis, or that of Darius Hystaspes, reaching only to its confines; they received the spoils of the east through middlemen, from the traders and caravans who brought the silks and spices by tedious journeys and through almost pathless deserts, or up the Persian Gulf and Euphrates, or through the India Ocean and up the Red Sea. One of their nation might occasionally have been in the Persian Court, and have mixed freely with men who had visited some of its outports, but it was emphatically a *terra incognita*, round which the imagination of the poet-historian might play, but which the eye of the accurate annalist could never penetrate. In early times the Greeks had thus no historical relations with India at all; and all their dim dreamy knowledge of the country and its peoples amounted very much to this, that they were a frontier state of their enemy Persia; that Persia had tried to conquer them, and had succeeded in getting a pretty large revenue from them; and that should they conquer Persia, India must follow; that from that direction came some of those luxuries for which their Persian neighbours were notorious, and which the true Greek regarded as effeminate; from India came those spices that ascended daily to the gods in the shape of sweet incense; that India was the boundary of the world on the one side, as the pillars of Hercules and Britain were on the other.

We must expect, then, to find the knowledge of India possessed by the ancients in early times, or previous to Megasthenes, to

be very limited and vague. But it was not on that account the less important, for without it the whole of that period of Indian History must, like the preceding ages, be a blank, to be estimated by yugs or ages, the extent of which only the vast imagination of an oriental can conceive. The peculiar value of the information regarding India derived from the classics is, that by means of them, and them alone, can we introduce order into native accounts, and reduce a monstrous and fabulous chronology to harmony and intelligibility. It is only at those points where India, in the course of its history, touches upon other nations that we can hope for faint rays of light, to relieve the mind that has panted through cycles of ages in search of a resting-place. It is only when a historical being, like Alexander, with his trustworthy Ptolemy and Aristobulus, steps on the misty scene, that we can find a place for the soles of our feet, and from that standpoint proceed, as best we may, to look about us in the darkness, to catch forms hitherto ærial and mythical, and to bind all by the sure fetters of an accurate chronology. Often had scholars with Arrian and his accurate history beside them, striven to identify Porus and Taxiles and Sandracottus as some of the many rajahs and princes who appear in pure Hindu tradition, but in vain. At the close of the last century Comparative Philology and the whole philosophy of 'comparison' in science, language and history, were unknown. Many a classical scholar had wasted mines of learning; and still the problem, who in Indian History corresponds to these three or any of them, remained insoluble.

Sir William Jones appeared on the scene. A thorough classical scholar, he set himself to the study of Sanscrit, and thus equipped himself for irrevocably settling doubts and questions at which the first scholars of Europe had stumbled. In his Sanscrit readings, about the year 1780, he often met with the name Chandragupta, Chadragupta, Chandra Gupta; spelt in all these modes, and not always in exactly the same way in the same author. Similarly in turning to the Greek and Roman historians, he found a king mentioned under such different names as (*Arrian*) Sandracottus; (*Diodorus Siculus*) Xandrames; (*Quintus Curtius*) Aggrammes; (*Plutarch*) Androcottus; (*Athenæus*) Sandrocuptus.

He read in the *Mudra Rakshasa* (since published by Professor Wilson in his "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus") how a Sudra king called Nanda was reigning at Pataliputra. By one wife he had eight sons, by another of low caste, one son—Chandra Gupta. The Brahmans, groaning under the tyranny and insolence of the Sudra king, revolted, murdered the nine Nandas, and raised Chandra Gupta to the throne. In this they had been assisted by a northern prince, who was promised an increase of territory for his aid. But the object having been accomplished,

they refused to implement their bargain, and assassinated their northern ally. His son who succeeded him, Malayaketa, burned with revenge, and marched against Chandragupta with a large body of Yavanas, supposed to be Greeks, in his army, but returned after a fruitless expedition. Such is the Hindu side of the story ; and it finds its parallel sufficiently complete to be pronounced so, and sufficiently distinct to be viewed as an independent account, in the histories of those later writers who have touched upon the subject of India. From Pliny, Arrian, Athenæus, Strabo, Appian, Plutarch and Justin, the following facts are gathered. In the time of Seleucus Nicator, a King called Sandracottus ruled over the tribes of the Gangaridæ and Prasii, his capital being Palimbothra. The queen, his mother, had put her own husband to death ; and marrying a man of low origin, some say a barber, Sandracottus was born. His connexion with Alexander is most uncertain, but in the troubles that ensued on that monarch's death, Sandracottus extended his power over the territories in the Punjab that he had conquered, and subjugated the Greeks who had been left there. As soon, however, as Selcucus came into undisturbed possession of that part of Alexander's dominions, or about the year 302 B. C., he undertook an expedition against Sandracottus, and whatever the character of it was, we know that it resulted in a treaty, by which, in return for 500 war elephants, Seleucus gave up all his territory in the Punjab, and a large portion of that in the hills on the other side of the Indus.

A careful comparison of these two stories, the names of the men, Chandra Gupta in Hindu Literature, Sandracuptos in Greek ; of the place ; Pataliputra in the former, Palimbothra in the latter, the position of the parties, the locality of the tribes, the origin of the Hindu prince, the troubles in the kingdom, the expedition of the northern king, the fruitless result of it,—all these point out as clear a case as history can shew. Starting then from this point, that Chandragupta is Sandracottus, and Pataliputra is Palimbothra, we have a clue at once chronological and geographical, by which we can unravel the confusion of pure Hindu history. When we find that events before and after harmonise as much as in any similar case they could be supposed to do, we have as clear a certainty as induction can possibly give, that we are on sure historical ground, and that every new discovery will but add to its certainty, and extend its sphere.

The classics did this for India ; and if they had accomplished nothing more, we might well be grateful to them. But we believe that a careful study of the language and literature of the Hindus, by a thorough classical scholar, who is more especially familiar with those Greek and Latin authors that have treated of India, will lead to harmonies and discoveries still more startling than

this, and will do for India, what has in recent times been so largely and successfully done for Egypt and Syria. If scholars could have hoped to extract from the stony Sphinx of India anything to illustrate Sacred Scripture or cast light upon its statements, then would Indian antiquities and literature have held a very different position among them from what they now do. But though we cannot hope that India, like Egypt and Syria, will ever cast much light on the Bible, is it not an object worthy of the highest ambition of the Biblicist and the Scholar, to reduce the historical records of this mighty continent to such order, that the approach of the day will be hastened when millions shall be elevated by a knowledge of the truth? Now that the foundations of criticism have been laid anew, that Ethnography and Ethnology have been raised to the rank of independent sciences, that languages are studied with a success and to an extent never known before, and that, above all, comparative Philology is every where recognised as a safe guide to the blind in the greatest difficulties, a revival should take place in Oriental Scholarship, and the old dynasties and seemingly eternal systems of Asia should be brought to light with an accuracy and a vividness, such as that which Geology has manifested in disclosing the relics of earlier creations. Sir W. Jones having thus struck upon the clue which was to lead through the labyrinth of Indian History and Chronology, it was not long in being followed up by himself and others. For a time it languished, however, notwithstanding the establishment of the Asiatic Society in 1787. But when James Prinsep took it up, he pursued it with energy and skill, till such men as he, Professor Wilson, Dr. Mill, and others, encouraged and aided by the scholars of Europe, succeeded in deciphering many old inscriptions and coins, and added immensely at once to the extent and order of India's past. The Malwa Dagoba did for India what the Rosetta stone accomplished for Egypt, and from that day the riddle was read.

This the old Greek historians have accomplished for India; thus have they restored her to her place in the page of history, and rescued her from the obscurities of the infinite. It may not then be unprofitable nor uninteresting to ask, what were the early Hellenic legends regarding India, who were the chief men that chronicled them, and what were the sources of their information?

The early allusions to India in the Classics consist of nothing more than vague epithets often used by the poet or the rhetorician to round a sentence or give pith to a figure of speech. In Scripture the name India occurs only in the book of Esther (i. 1, viii. 9) in which we are introduced to the Persian kingdom as it was in the 5th century B. C. Commentators have

supposed, and not without reason, that the travelling caravan of Ishmaelites, introduced in the history of Joseph, were engaged in the early overland India trade. We cannot, however, look upon the passage in which they are mentioned as one in which there is a direct allusion to India. In Esther it is spoken of as one of the provinces subject to King Ahasuerus, but introduced more as the boundary of his vast empire, than as an internal part of it. It is very probable that Solomon, long before this, had some connexion with the countries adjacent to it, but it was a very indirect one, as indirect as that of the court of Rome or Constantinople with the land of the Seres. There can be little doubt that the ships which landed at Eziongaber all sorts of spices, stones and costly stuffs for the use of the temple which was then being built, brought many of them from India. In the second book of Chronicles (ix. 21) it is stated that Solomon's ships went to Tarshish (Tartessus) with the servants of Hiram; and that every three years, or as we prefer to translate it with Michaëlis, every third year, they brought gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks. We know that the Phœnicians, with all their adventures and geographical knowledge, were not acquainted with the fact of the existence of India until they became thus allied with the Jews. It was after David had made the Great River and the Great Sea his eastern and western boundaries, and the Red Sea his southern, that the Phœnicians commenced the navigation of the latter, with Eloth and Eziongaber as their ports in the Ælanitic Gulf. In some places the districts which they visited are called Tarshish, in others Ophir, but wherever the former may have been—most scholars think in Spain—the latter must have lain in the direction of the south of Arabia. Solomon and the Phœnicians supplanted the Edomites in a trade which they must have carried on for a very long time, a trade by which they enriched and fertilised their otherwise rocky and barren land? and made Bozrah and Petra the greatest and most splendid cities of their day,—the former a city glorious even in that desolation predicted by Isaiah (xxxiv. 13.) "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof." Every thing shews that the Edomites were the earliest people of antiquity who traded with Ophir. The exact locality of Ophir has excited no little controversy among scholars, but the conclusion of Heeren seems to be the most sensible, that it is "the general name for the rich countries of the south lying on the African, Arabian and India Coasts, as far, as at that time, known." The time of return from the voyages made to it "in the third year" may easily be accounted for, by the existence of the periodical monsoons; and the vessels might have returned, as

Michaëlis shews, in "the third year" though they had been absent but eighteen months. The articles brought from these places, reaching probably to Ceylon, which some think to be Ophir, or at least to the Malabar Coast, correspond very accurately with those mentioned by Herodotus in the *Thalia* (114) as procured from Ethiopia.

A passage in which many commentators have pretended to find mention of India, or direct allusion to it, is Ezekiel iv. 4—15. In that splendid prophecy against the King of Tyre, the prophet numbers and names the countries from which he derived his rich revenues, and pictures the city under the figure of a great ship, exceeding in magnitude and beauty all that ever were before or since. The prophecy of Isaiah also, in which he represents the glory of Tyre as transferred to Jerusalem, points indistinctly to the vast extent of the commerce of the former, reaching even to India.

Coming further down, to the time when the Romans took a leading part in the politics of Asia, and absorbed its western provinces into their mighty empire, we find it mentioned in the Apocryphal book of the Maccabees, (I. Macc. viii. 8.) as one of the countries taken from Antiochus and given to Eumenes. Critics have attempted to show that in the passage in Acts ii. 9, in which an enumeration is given, of the various countries and cities whose representatives were in Jerusalem at the feast of Pentecost, India should be read instead of Judæa. Others again have contended for Idumœa, and certainly, so far as readings are concerned, much may be said in favour of both. *Ἰνδαίαν*, *Ἰνδίαν*, *Ἰδουμαίαν*. These readings have been conjectured to get rid of the difficulty of a statement that the people of Judæa were present at the feast in their own city. But the catalogue of countries proceeds from the north-east to the west and south, and Judæa lies immediately south from Mesopotamia. There is still greater difficulty in supposing that there were Jews in India, or that Indian Jews were present at the feast, whether we believe that by India is meant merely the Punjab and Afghanistan, or little Thibet and surrounding districts. So far as India and the Bible are concerned, we must look to a latter period, to the truth that lies at the basis of the tradition about Thomas and Bartholomew, and to the early efforts made by the Nestorians and the Syrian Church to evangelize a large part of it,—efforts, so successful, that the Portuguese found on their landing on the west coast a large Christian community. This belongs to another and most interesting period of early Indian history, which has yet to be fully investigated.

The first allusion in purely classical literature to India, or the countries that in ancient times went under that name, is in

Homer. In the first Book of the Odyssey, in the 23rd and 24th lines we have the following :—

Αἰθίοπες, τοὶ διχθὰ δέδαιται, ῥαχᾶτοι ἀνδρῶν,
Οἱ γὰρ δυσόμενον Ὑπερίονος, οἱ δ' ἀνιοντος.

This occurs in the opening passage of the poem, where Odysseus is introduced as the man who, of all others, had seen many cities and suffered many griefs. Pitied by all the gods, Poseidon alone was everlastingly angry with him, and had gone to a feast in the land of the Ethiopians. During his absence a council of the gods was held, and the poet takes occasion parenthetically to give an account of the Ethiopians in these lines. They are the most distant of men; they are divided into two parts; some dwell towards the setting of the sun, others towards the rising. It is not impossible that by the eastern Ethiopians the poet dimly alluded to the aborigines of India, who were probably of the same stock as those of Africa, and were at least, like them in many particulars, and who inhabited the country previous to the descent and occupation of it by its Arayan invaders with their Sanscrit speech and Caucasian conformation of face and limb. There can be no doubt that among such early writers on India as Scylax, Hecataeus, Herodotus, and Ctesias, with their vague curiosity and dim knowledge of foreign lands, the term Ethiopians is often used for the aborigines of India. Herodotus (vii. 70) uses the expression 'Αἰθίοπας ἀπ' ἡλίου ἀνατολέων, and says that they were the neighbours of the Indians, but again (iii. 101) he says το χρώμα φορέουσι ὁμοῖον παντες καὶ παραπλήσιον Αἰθίοψιν, in which he clearly distinguishes between the Indians and Ethiopians. In fact, throughout the whole of early geography and history, the Ethiopians and Indians are confounded, articles of Indian produce being referred to as Ethiopian, and *vice versa*. Thus Ctesias speaks of the *martichora*, a fabulous animal with the body of a lion, the face of a man, and the tail of a scorpion, as being a native of India, and translates the word ἀνθρωποφάγος—the man-eater. Professor Tychsen, in the Appendix (iv.) to Heeren's 'Asiatic Nations,' connects the word with the Persian *Mard*, man, and *Khorden*, to eat; stating that the Persians still use the expression *mardam-khor* as applied to an intrepid warrior. Pliny, in his description of Ethiopia proper, speaks of the *Martichora* as being found in it, and cites Ctesias as his authority. So Scylax, in his description of India, speaks of the fabulous nation of the *Sciapodes* as being Ethiopian, while Hecataeus term them an Indian tribe. Dr. Schwanbeck gives other examples of this continual confusion between the two countries, not the least interesting of which as a philological speculation is this: He says that the habitat of the crocodile

is, according to early writers, now in India, now in Ethiopia ; but it must have had its origin in India, as the word is evidently derived from the Sanscrit *Carataca* ; and as the Greeks continually changed the letters T and K, we have *Κροκοδείλος*, as their version or form of it. Every classical scholar knows how Alexander thought that the Nile took its rise in India, and how the products and animals of both countries are continually confounded and mixed.

In Virgil and Horace we meet with many allusions of a very vague and rhetorical character. India and Britain were the two boundaries of the world, and they both continually serve to heighten the statements of these poets. In the *Georgics* (iii. 27) the former sings the praises of Augustus, and represents himself thus :

In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephate
Gangaridum faciam. victorisque arma Quirini.

The Gangarides, who dwelt on the plains of Lower Bengal, are here brought in as being conquered by the Emperor, though in reality, no arms of any nation had ever penetrated so far. We have the Ganges mentioned *Georgics* ii. 138, and *Æneid*, ix. 31, India as producing ivory, *Georgics* i. 57, and, at still greater length ii. 116—122, and in a strong hyperbole, *Æneid* viii. 705. Horace speaks of Indian ivory, *Carm.* i. 31. 6, of the Indian in common with the Mede and Scythian wondering at the glory of Augustus, *Carm.* iv. 14. 42., and in the *Carmen Saeculare* (56) the Indians, *superbi nuper*, figure in the picture that he draws of the golden day about to dawn on the world. Augustus is represented by him as leading in triumph the Seres and the Indi, *subjects Orientis orae* (*Charm.* i., 12.56) and again, in his exquisite epistle to Numicius, in which he teaches him *nil admirari*, he says (i., 66.)

Quid censes munera terræ
Quid maris extremos Arabas ditantis et Indos.

But to quote from these and other classical poets such allusions would be an endless task. It is difficult in these days, when colonization and adventure have unrobed the most distant places of their obscurity and mystery, to draw any parallel between the feelings of the ancients towards India, and our own toward any similar distant place. But they must have been much the same as those experienced by Columbus and the thinking minds of Europe in the 15th century, when led by this one fact that India did exist and was a land of wealth, they dared danger in its most terrible form, and discovered the land of the west. The knowledge and feeling were much the same, but the practical effect how different !

When, led by this vague and semi-romantic feeling, which even yet prevails in the West regarding India, we come really to grapple with the early ages of its history, we find ourselves utterly prostrated by the impossibility of gaining from it any one certified historical fact previous to the Invasion of Darius. Egypt, with its mighty chronologies and vast dynasties, has at last given forth a sound which seems certain, and rings like that of true history; but India remains like the Sphinx, ever allowing the scholar to solve her mysteries, and unveil her hidden past, and ever destroying those who have attempted it. Egypt has had such scholars as Wilkinson, Bunsen and Lepsius, who have probed her records with untiring zeal and ripe scholarship; but India has not been behind her in this. We must ascribe the greater success that scholars have met with in reference to that country to the fact of her close connexion with the nations of western antiquity, and the undying remains of her arts that so thickly strew the uplands of the Thebaid and the valley of the Nile. But India has a primary political importance which Egypt can never have. No longer the granary of the world, as she was in the best days of the Roman Empire, the position of the latter is but secondary, as the way to conquest and empire, as the stepping-stone to power, rather than the prize with which the conqueror may rest satisfied. Even the cities of the Mesopotamian Doab have given up their dead, and their riddle is already read. Yet India, with all her increased political importance to the nations of Europe, has remained, in her early days, a sealed book.

The two causes that seem to have operated against the production of truthful records in India, and the possibility of an approach to an accurate knowledge of her early history now, are, first, the fact that such records are soon obliterated by the hand of time, if permanent and outward, as monuments and coins, &c., or are lost amid the tramp of the invader and the pillage of the maurauder, if less durable, as books and manuscripts. Secondly, the genius of the race is against the creation of such records. Thoroughly unpractical, if the natural soul of the South-Aryan race will force itself out in thought and feeling, the result will not be that of history or truthful annals, but of such epics as the Ramayan and the Mahabharat, as vast in their extent as they are gigantic in their fancies and imaginings. Hence it is, that the India of the past must be gathered from the India of the present, and that, taking our stand on the immutability of Indian civilisation, we must rest satisfied that what we now see existed in unaltered uniformity thousands of years ago. You cannot do for the early poetry and literature of the Hindu what such men as Niebuhr, Thirlwall and Grote have done for that of the Greek and Roman. You cannot,

while disbelieving that an actual Achilles fought, or a real Romulus reigned, be certain that the facts have a true basis. Were Niebuhr or Grote to apply to the Vedantic Literature or Heroic Epos of India the same Baconian tests that they have done to the history of Rome and Greece, the residuum would be monstrous fable or utter nothingness.

Without striving to attempt this for Indian literature proper, however, it may be done with some success for those portions of it where it comes into contact with the West. Previous to the first purely historical fact—the Invasion of Darius, we have four legends or myths which meet us at the very outset. They are—

- 1.—The legend of Dionysus B. C. (1457 ?)
- 2.—The legend of Semiramis, who is said to
have invaded India... 1978
- 3.—The legend of Rameses-Sesostris, according
to Dr. Hales, B. C. 1308, or according
to Lenglet... 1618
- 4.—The legend of Herakles..... 1300

The authority that we have for these legends, whom we shall presently take up, is Ctesias, as followed by Diodorus Siculus and Ælian. There can be no doubt as to their untrustworthiness, but at the basis we may find a little truth.

The legend of Dionysus or Bacchus, and his connexion with India under the name of Parashri, is one of the most famous in antiquity, while in its details it is at the same time the most varied. It has ever been a favourite of the poet in both ancient and modern times. The following by Dr. Croly, on an antique gem of Bacchus, we think exquisite. It is headed

THE EDUCATION OF BACCHIUS.

“I had a vision!—’Twas an Indian vale,
Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crowned
That never felt the biting winter gale;—
And soon was heard a most delicious sound;
And to its music danced a nymph embrowned
Leading a lion in a silken twine,
That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,
Then on his rider fawn—a being divine
While on his foaming lips a nymph showered purple wine.”

Born of Zeus and of Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, according to the common story, he has persecuted by the jealous Hera, and his infancy exposed to the most imminent danger. Accompanied by Hermes, however, he was protected, and when exposed on Mount Nysa in Thrace, was watched over by many nymphs. The Mount Nysa from which he derived his name—Dionysus or Nysa-sprung—is found in many quarters of the ancient world, and there

were few mountains where he was worshipped, to which this name was not applied. This fact is of importance in reference to his connexion with India. When he grew to manhood the jealous Hera still afflicted him, until being thrown into a state of madness, he wandered all over the East, through Egypt, where King Proteus received him, through Syria, where he slew Damascus, over the Euphrates and Tigris, where a heaven-sprung tiger assisted him, and at last, reaching India, he spent, some traditions say three, others fifty-two years in subduing its fierce tribes, and teaching them cultivation, the pleasures of the grape, and the arts of civilisation. Up to the point of his visiting the East, the general statement is borne out by all traditions, but after that they vary. Euripides in his *Bacchæ* represents the god as speaking of Bactria as the farthest limit of his travels. He says—

Leaving the Lydians' gold-abounding fields,
The Phrygians' and the Persians' sun-struck plains,
The *Bactrian* walls, and Medians' rugged land,
I came to Araby the blessed. and all
The coast of Asia, where it stretches out
Along the briny sea, where many Greeks
Mixed with barbarians dwell in fair-towered towns—
At length arrived in Greece, I here am come,
That by my dances and my solemn rites
I may assert my high Divinity, &c.

From that point, through the accounts of Pausanias, Plutarch and Diodorus Siculus, the limit is extended, until he is made to conquer all Asia and India in their widest sense, and to return in triumph as only such a god can triumph.

Arrian in his *Anabasis* introduces him at the city of Nysa on the banks of the Cophen, near the modern Cabul, which surrendered to Alexander the Great. Wearied with the series of campaigns through which they had passed, and the deserts which they had crossed, the historian, always accurate, trustworthy and common-sense, following Ptolemy and Aristobulus, represents the troops of Alexander as delighted at seeing the ivy and laurel there. Abandoning themselves to the riotous pleasures of the Dionysia, the army then *Bacchanted*, (if we may use the expression) for some days, hymning pæans of praise to the god, the limits of whose conquests they had reached, the extent of which their leader Alexander, a second, yea, a greater than Dionysus, would overpass.

“ And brighter still the glory grew ;
The wine-god drops his sparkling chalice :
Each wild Bacchante's eyes dropt dew,
As sweet as flowers by Lydian Halys.

All bow before
Such tones of power

As ne'er Tyrrhenian trumpet blew,
Nor yet were woke when Indian valleys
Heard the Panic Eillelen."

Near to the city was Mount Meros, the modern Meru, so called in allusion to the legend of the god having sprung from the *thigh* of father Zeus.

There can be little doubt but that all these adventures and names were created by the army themselves, and, as too often in later days, willingly acquiesced in and coloured by the people of the district. Thirlwall, in his History of Greece, has at this passage of it, an interesting note on the subject. Quoting Bohlen's "Indien," he conjectures that the range of Parapanisus was properly Parapanisus, or *above Nisa*. It is remarkable that the sun has the name of *Suradevas*, the wine-god, and is born of *Nis*, night. Ritter in his "Asien" prefers the derivation *Paro vami*, the mountain city. The origin of the story may be seen still farther from the fact, that nothing is so common as the grape in these districts, even in modern times, as every denizen of Calcutta knows. The fact, then, of meeting with the sunny grape of their fatherland in this far off region, a resemblance between the native names of the districts round about, and those belonging to Greece, a rumour already existing that Bacchus had conquered a large part of the East, the desire of the soldiers to praise their general and themselves, and of Alexander to gratify his own ambition as having done more than a god, and to induce his war-worn soldiers to attempt new conquests—all these may have combined, with other causes, to give rise to this part of the legend of Dionysus.

As the basis of it we have little more than this, that it represents the early longing and dim aspirations towards the East, as well as the obscure ideas entertained of it in antiquity. Dionysus is the personification of a power of nature, life-giving, joyous and ethereal. It is his spirit that fills the soul, when it is carried away from the sober and routine realities of daily life, and elevated into a region of joy and unconsciousness. It is at this point that the god becomes the patron of the tragic art, that was first based on the lyric, the chief law of which is unconsciousness. This careless joyousness was pre-eminently the character of the Greek, and hence, not in the vulgar sense of the god of drinking, but in the far higher one of the inspirer of freedom from care and joyous life, no divinity was so popular as he, no games so well attended as his. To the East, in its wide and

general extent, the Greeks looked, as the abode of such ; and hence the popular myth represents the god as overcoming it, and returning from it in gay and festive triumph, and spreading joy by means of the vine on every side. Hence the poet addresses him :—

“Where art thou Conqueror ? before whom fell
The jewelled kings of Ind, when the strong swell
Of thy great multitudes came on them, and
Thou hadst thy thyrsus in thy red right hand,
Shaking it over them, till every soul
Grew faint as with wild lightning.”

We question if any actual hero or real personage can be looked upon as the basis of the legend. Beyond this, then, the story of Dionysus tells us nothing of India,—that part of it seeming rather to be an accretion to the general and original germ, though from it later writers developed the whole.

The legend of Semiramis is almost as much overshadowed by the mythological and supernatural as that of Dionysus. Its origin is to be found in Ctesias, as rendered by Didorus, but that early writer's statements on Assyrian history are untrustworthy. The whole of the early history of both Babylon and Assyria is, except when touched upon by the Old Testament, purely mythical. The Mosaic account makes Assyria but a colony of Babylon, while Ctesias reverses the order, and represents the former, as it always was represented in Greek history, as by far the greatest empire of antiquity. The legend states that Ninus founded the Assyrian Empire, and built Nineveh. Sprung of a Syrian youth and Derceto the fish-goddess of Ascalon, she was in her origin immortal. Her whole early life was one of special preservation by the gods, seeing that from shame her mother exposed her in the neighbouring hills. Fed by doves, she was adopted by a shepherd, Simmas, who bestowed on her the name by which she is generally known. One of the King's generals married her, and while the Assyrians were engaged in the siege of Bactra, she was in the army with her husband. When the efforts of Ninus had failed to take the city, she herself with consummate courage and ability, approached the walls with a band of followers, leapt up upon them, and soon obtained possession of the town. The Amazonian character which she now gains, she preserves throughout the rest of the story. From gratitude Ninus raised her to be his queen, and on his death she succeeded to the throne of Assyria. She inaugurated her reign by building all over the surrounding district immense works which were the wonder of antiquity ; and in the desire to account for which, probably, the main features of the legend arose. Beginning, then, her career of

conquest, she subdued Egypt, overran Ethiopia, and subjugating all Asia, found her Empire limited, to the south, only by India. Diodorus lingers in evident wonder over the gigantic preparations that she made to conquer it, and over the terrible defeat with which she met. From his record, however, we have little information as to the character of Indian states, or of their products, customs, laws and government. Retiring vanquished, she continued to reign till, after forty-two years, she appointed her son Ninyas as her successor, and vanished upward in the form of a dove.

Throughout the whole of this, the vast and supernatural continually meet us, and we can treat it as nothing more than one of those myths, that, in Assyria as everywhere else, cluster round the foundation of an infant state, giving to it the lustre of poetry and the dim grey hoar of age. From the extent of the early Assyrian and Babylonian empires, there can be little doubt that they touched upon the countries generally known as India, and that contests may have often taken place on the frontier, nay, even a vast expedition may have been planned and carried out. But beyond this we cannot go, and some better authority than Ctesias must be found for the historical truth of the legend of Semiramis, the goddess of the dove, the Asiatic Aphrodite.

The legend of Rameses-Sesostris seems to have in it more of a historical appearance; but even here there is doubt and uncertainty. The researches of recent scholars have shewn, with some degree of probability, that Rameses ii., or the Great, and Sesostris are the same personage. He was the third King of the nineteenth dynasty, and a full account of his expeditions and conquests is given us by Herodotus and Diodorus. From the extent of his public works, and the whole character of his home government, not a few authors have held him to be the Pharaoh of Scripture. Be that as it may, we have sufficient historical ground for believing in the existence of some such great conqueror as Sesostris is represented to have been, from the numerous *stelae* which he everywhere erected as the memorials of his deeds, and many of which existed to a late period in the history of antiquity. Herodotus tells us of two that he himself saw in Syria, and in recent times one of these has been discovered, on the road to Berytus, with a half-defaced inscription, in which, however, the name Rameses may yet be traced. Another, though all are not agreed that it was one of the *stelae* of Sesostris, has been discovered near Nymphæum. According to the account of Diodorus, his father caused all the boys who were born on the same day to be trained along with him, that in future they might be his most able assistants and advisers. Their first

expedition was into Arabia, and afterwards into the west of Africa. When on the throne he first directed his attention to the internal government of the country, dividing all Egypt into thirty-six provinces, with a governor at the head of each. Having made immense preparations both by sea and land, he subdued Ethiopia, and crossing over to Asia, he overran the whole continent. India, in its widest extent to the east, if not to the south, was included in his conquests, so that he swept the whole Gangetic valley, and reached a spot where conqueror had never been before—the coast of the Sinus Gangeticus. Returning northward he subjugated the Scythians, left a colony in Colchis, long afterwards noted for its Egyptian manners, and was only stopped in Thrace by the scarcity of provisions. Thus the Danube was his boundary on the north-west, the Ganges on the south-east, and there were few countries where there was not a *stela* with this proud, and in his case, by no means boastful inscription:—"Sesostris, king of kings and lord of lords, subdued this country by the power of his arms." Returning to Egypt he adorned his land with the spoils of vanquished nations, and the graces of art and architecture, till becoming blind in his old age, he committed suicide, and died with the character of being the greatest conqueror of his own or any age. While from the existence of these *stelae*, and the testimony of such authors as Manetho and Herodotus in early days, and Tacitus in later, there can be little doubt as to the truth of the general outlines of this career of conquest; we have no details as to India, and no evidence as to the statements regarding it being anything more than a wide and sweeping assertion. It is said that Danaus, who colonized the Peloponnesus, was his brother, and being discovered in a conspiracy which had for its object to murder him on his return from his conquests, was obliged to take refuge in flight.

The last of the legends with which we have to do is that of Herakles; and this is as brief as it is historically unsatisfactory. Of all heroes, he is the most universal, and there are few countries and few literatures in which we do not find a trace of him. He is the cosmopolite of heroes, and hence it is by no means wonderful that he should be represented in India. He performs the same part in the early settlement and civilisation of tribes in antiquity, as Brutus does in those of the dark ages. His footsteps are everywhere, until he seems by universal consent to have been looked on as the incarnation of those who must carry out the primary processes of civilization, such as clearing the woods and jungle, subduing wild beasts, and destroying all that is inimical to the existence of man, as well as to his safety and comfort. He is not, therefore, in all his deeds and characteristics one being, but the representative

hero of antiquity. Pliny in his "Natural History," gives to him in his Indian form, the name of *Δροπύνης*. Arrian in his "Indica" alludes to him, and the Greeks believed, in this case as in so many others, that there was a correspondence between the mythologies of their own land and those of India, and that in him they recognised their own Herakles. In India, he is said to have married Pandæa, and to have become the founder of a long dynasty of kings. The great war between the Kooroos and Pandoos, and the battle fought on the plains of Koorookshetra were taken part in by him. He, along with Krishna, Judisthir and his four brothers, was the hero of those glorious exploits which form the chief subject of the Mahabharat. Throughout the whole of the legend regarding this we find continual references to countries beyond the Indus and Himalayas, and traces of customs which are new to the Hindus and evidently of Scythian origin. The whole of the lunar race of kings was of Scythian origin, and Bhuddistic in their belief. Certain it is that the Greek army of Alexander continually recurred to him as well as to Dionysus, and that in the dreadful struggle at the rock Aornus, so graphically and fancifully related by Curtius, Alexander rejoiced that he had reduced a stronghold which Herakles himself had not been able to take. When Alexander had reached the Hyphasis, and his soldiers refused to advance further, the conqueror, foiled in his ambition, was forced to return; and as he dropped down the river, amid mighty sacrifices and sacred libations, he invoked Herakles to assist him and favour the remainder of his enterprise. When he reached that point at which the Hydaspes falls into the Acesines, he encountered a tribe who from their name seem to have been followers of Shiba, and from the use of clubs and the sacred mark in their faces, were thought by the Greeks to be the descendants of Herakles. Curtius thus speaks of them. (IX. 14) "*Hinc decurrit in fines Siborum. Hi de exercitu Herculis majores suos esse memorant; aegros relictos esse, cepisse sedem, quam ipsi obtinebant. Pelles ferarum pro veste, clavae tela erant; multaque, etiam cum Græci mores exolevisset, stirpis ostendebant vestigia.*" And when, having overcome this tribe, they entered the country of the Oxydracæ and Malli, and saw new dangers before them, Alexander encouraged them by saying that they should pass the limits of the conquests of Father Bacchus and Herakles, and their retreat from India should seem to be not a flight but a triumph. "*Herculis et Liberi Patris terminos transituros, illos regi suo, parvo impendio, immortalitatem famæ daturus. Paterentur se ex India redire, non fugere.*" (IX. 16.) Herakles appears in the Hindu Pantheon as Bulurama or Buludeva, who founded the famous city of Patuliputra, and the dynasty that there afterwards rose to such

eminence. He is said to have also founded Muhavelipûr in the Carnatic and Balipûr in Beder.

Such are the four legends in which India seems to be connected with the West, but which yet give us almost no intelligible or valuable information regarding it. If we adopt the theory of most modern Ethnologists and students of Comparative Philology, that the Indi and Pelasgi are but the southern and northern branches of the same Indo-European stock, which sprang from the plains of Iran and constitute the great Aryan race, then we have a sure basis on which to rest the common origin of these traditions. However different the characteristics and civilisation of these two races may now be, in early days, when both were progressing in the race of refinement, they seem to have very much resembled each other.

The great difference arose thus: when the southern race reached a certain platform of civilisation, it ceased its social organisation, became stereotyped, and its beliefs immutable, so that all was conservative and as it were fossilized; while the northern, in more favourable climatic circumstances and in closer contact with the first depositories of knowledge—the Semitic race, went on from one degree of polish to another; empire succeeding empire, and literature literature, till the salt of Christianity was introduced, and new triumphs were achieved. The progress of the race now seems capable of indefinite extension, while the highly civilized South-Aryans seem to be but savages. If there is any truth at the bottom of this theory, as we believe that there is, then we have at once a reason for these legends. They are the product of minds strongly resembling and having an affinity for each other, and springing from a common source, they have a common character.

We now come to firm historical ground—the expedition of Scylax, and the consequent invasion of India by Darius Hystaspes (B. C. 508.) This introduces us to the conclusion of our subject,—a short account of the principal authors from whom the ancients drew their knowledge of India. We cannot give the slightest credit to the statement that Cyrus the Great invaded India and met with a repulse. The whole details of the life of that prince are involved in obscurity and romance. Darius was a king in every way fitted to consolidate that empire which the genius of Cyrus had founded, and the ambition of Cambyzes had extended. Having fitted himself for government by careful training in the court of Cyrus and the camp of Cambyzes, and under the eye of his father Hystaspes who was satrap of Persia, he was ready to seize the throne as soon as there should be an opportunity. Quelling a revolt of the Babylonians in 513 B. C., he undertook his great expedition against the

Scythians, who even then began to threaten the peace of the southern provinces. Desirous to extend the limits of his empire also to the south, he fitted out an expedition under Scylax, a Greek of Caryanda in Caria, with whom he associated other men of ability and adventure. This started from the city of Caspatyrus and the country of Pactyice, and sailing down the Indus to the sea and keeping to the westward, they passed through the straits of Babelmandeb, up the Red Sea, and seem to have ended their voyage at a place near the modern Suez. This was not the first great voyage of adventure and discovery. Herodotus in the Melpomene (42) tells us that Neco of Egypt having finished the digging of the canal, though the Isthmus of Suez, sent certain Phœnicians in ships to circumnavigate Libya. Setting out from the Red Sea, they sailed through the southern ocean. Every autumn they landed and sowed the coast with corn, waiting for harvest. Having reaped it, they put to sea again. Thus having spent two years, in the third they doubled the pillars of Herakles and arrived in Egypt, relating things, which Herodotus naively remarks, "do not seem to me credible, but may to others, that as they sailed round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand." An attempt was afterwards made to circumnavigate Libya by one Sataspes, of the Achaemenidae or royal family of Persia, but unsuccessfully.

Having received the report of Scylax and his co-adjutors, Darius prepared a vast expedition against India, and entering it seems to have rendered the whole of the Modern Punjab and Sinde tributary to himself. All that Herodotus says is, that Darius subdued the Indians and frequented this sea. But in the list of the thirty Satrapies that composed the Persian empire, he afterwards mentions India as paying tribute to the value of 600 talents of gold, or as Major Rennell more probably conjectures, of 360, a sum four and a half times as much as the revenue yielded by the rich provinces of Babylon and Assyria, and equal to about £500,000.

Scylax then meets us as the first author who has pretended to give a historical or descriptive account of India. The question has, however, been much agitated by critics, as to whether this Scylax really did write or was only a discoverer. Niebuhr distinctly inclines to the opinion that there was a second Scylax who lived in the reign of Philip of Macedon, about 350 B. C., and who wrote a Periplus. The matter is settled by Niebuhr on internal evidence, while other critics hold that the author of the Periplus is the navigator of Darius. We know that Scylax of Caryanda was specially sent to report on the state of the southern seas and coasts ere Darius should commence his expedition, and whether the report given in by him is extant or not, it

must have been in the time of subsequent writers on India, who have drawn from it most of the statements current regarding that country till the time of Megasthenes. Dr. Schwanbeck has the following passage on the subject:—

“Scylacem de hoc itinere librum conscripsisse, ex eo apparet, quod complures eius loci afferuntur, et quod a Stephano Byzant. (s. v. *Καρύανδα*) *Σκύλαξ παλαιὸς λογογράφος*, a Strabone (p. 658.) *Σκύλαξ παλαιὸς συγγραφεὺς* commemoratur, quamquam alio loco (p. 583.) periplum quoque eum, qui superest, Strabo non recte ei attribuit. Intelligimus autem ex illis locis, Scylacem præter Indum, Casparyrum et Pactycam terram plura de fabulosis Indiae gentibus dixisse, ex quibus apud Philostratum memorantur, *Σκυιάποδες, Μακροκέφαλοι*, apud Ptolemaium *Σκυιάποδες, Ὀτόλικνοι, Μονόθραλμοι, Ἐνωτοκοῖται* vel *Ἐνωτίκτουτες*”

By whomsoever the Periplus may have been written, it seems, as it appears in the “Geographi Græci Minores” of Hudson, to have come down to us in the form of an abridgement. Previous to Scylax, whose date is generally fixed at about 508 B. C., Anaximander the Milesian was the only great geographer (B. C. 608.) He is said by Diogenes Laertius not only to have first invented or introduced the use of the gnomon into Greece, but to have first constructed maps. We have no evidence as to this, beyond the statement of Diogenes, and none as to whether, if he really did construct maps, he was aware of the existence or locality of India. He was more of a philosopher than of a geographer, and as the disciple and pupil of Thales, holds an important place in the history of the Ionian School.

The report given in by Scylax to Darius Hystaspes, and the early traditions previously afloat regarding India, seem to have been the sources of the Indian knowledge of the next writer on this subject—Hecataeus the Milesian. He was at once a logographer or annalist and geographer: Born B. C. 550, he was in the prime of life about the outbreak of the Persian war, against the revolts that led to which, he, with wise prudence, dissuaded his countrymen. Although his advice was rejected both at the beginning and throughout the whole conduct of the war in Ionia, he yet did his utmost to mitigate its severity and bring it to a favorable conclusion. A man thus of action, and also a man of wealth, he was well fitted to be a successful and an accurate historian. His two great works are his geographical treatise *Periegesis*, and his historical *Genealogia*. He stands before us as one of the greatest writers of early antiquity, whose accuracy and style have been alike praised by subsequent authors, and from whom Herodotus drew much of his information, while at the same time he controverts many of

his statements. Had his works come down to us, he, rather than his rival, might have been viewed as the Father of History. He was much more of a critical historian than Herodotus, while his accuracy is seen in the particular attention that he pays to the distance of places from each other. His *Periegesis* was divided into two parts,—the one confining itself to Europe, the other, in which he treats of India, takes up Asia, Egypt and Libya. He must not be confounded with Hecataeus of Abdera, who accompanied Alexander the Great on a part of his expedition, and also wrote a work on Egypt. The writings of the Milesian Hecataeus have unfortunately come down to us only in fragments. Contemporary with this author was Dionysius of Miletus, whose great work was a History of Darius Hydaspes, in which he probably introduced India. Other works are ascribed to him, but without sufficient reason.

As Hecataeus follows Scylax in his statements regarding India, so Herodotus seems to have followed Hecataeus. Modern critics do not however go the length of Porphyry, who asserts that Herodotus took whole passages from the *Periegesis* only slightly altering the language. Hecataeus is mentioned by Herodotus only four times throughout his History under the name of *λογιστοῖς*, a name which Arrian applies to both. Herodotus followed Hecataeus more as a guide than leader, more as one whose recent statements he could compare with the information that he himself procured, and perhaps occasionally supplement. Moreover, every reader of the old Father of History is aware how often he speaks of himself as an eye-witness of the wonders that he describes,—a thing in many cases not impossible; so that we must either generally admit the originality of his work, or at once take from him all pretensions to honesty and credibility. After the attention given to Herodotus and his statements regarding India in a previous number of the *Review*,* it will be unnecessary to enter fully into the subject now. Born in the Doric colony of Halicarnassus in Caria B. C. 484, he grew up as a boy near to the scenes of the Persian war, and lived on through that century till the beginning of the Peloponnesian struggle. The statements regarding his travels, and the places at which he wrote his history, are most contradictory, and need not delay us here. The account of Pliny is perhaps that with which we should rest satisfied, that he wrote his work in his old age at Thurii, whither he had retired after the first colonists, and where he died.

While the main object of his work is to give an account of the war between the Greek and Persians, he has collected in it the

fruits of his reading, which seems to have been co-extensive with the literature of his country as it then was, and the results of his large personal experience. While there can be no doubt that the part of his work on Egypt is the most full and extensive of all, and that his statements regarding far distant countries, such as Scythia and India, are to be the less credited in proportion to their distance, yet even in reference to the latter, succeeding writers and discoverers have shewn a wonderful accuracy in outline, if not in detail. He himself does not seem to have visited any place in the interior of Asia more distant than Susa. The information that he gives regarding frontier countries is introduced as a digression from the main object of his history. His account of Persia leads him to India as one of its Satrapies, and the history of Darius Hystaspes to Scythia, against which he made his great expedition. The facts that he gives us regarding these must have been derived from purely Persian sources, in addition to his predecessors Scylax and Hecataeus.

Contemporary with Herodotus, but working probably independently of him, we have three historians, who in their works seem to have treated more or less of India. Hecellanicus of Lesbos is the most eminent of them. His times embrace almost the whole of the 5th century B. C. We know little of him, and that little as given by Suidas is very confused. His life seems, like that of contemporary logographers, to have been spent chiefly in writing and travelling. His works are very numerous, but the only one with which we have to do is his "Persica." It exists now in a few fragments, but originally contained the history of Persia, Media and Assyria, from the mythical times of Ninus to the age of the writer. Of the three divisions of his works given by Preller, the genealogical, chorographical, and chronological, it comes under the chorographical. As a historian he enters more into detail than Herodotus, and Thucydides says that his chronology is far from accurate. He seems to have been more of a compiler than a historian. Damastes of Sigeum is the second of this group, whose works in their entirety are lost to us, and who is known rather as the authority and source of the information of later writers. His history of Greece, and Catalogue of Nations and Towns, were his two principal works, but it is his "Periplus" that gives him a place in our list of classical authors who have written about India. In this work he is said to have chiefly followed Hecataeus. Eratosthenes the great mathematician, geographer and critic of Alexandria in the time of the Ptolemies (200 B. C.) follows him in some of his works, and is censured by Strabo for so doing. Charon of Lampsacus completes this group of early logographers. His exact age is very doubtful; some critics putting him before Herodotus. He

flourished B. C. 464. Amid many other works he wrote the 'Ethiopica' and 'Persica,' in both of which he seems to have treated of India, probably repeating what former writers had stated.

We pass from these men, who are to us mere shadows, and exist only in the fragmentary quotations of later writers, to Ctesias, who has ever formed an object of interest and discussion to the historian and critic. Born at Cnidus in Caria, he was trained to the profession of medicine, in that, the most famous medical school of early antiquity. He bridges the distance between Herodotus and Xenophon, and may be said to have been the contemporary of both. He became physician to the Persian King Artaxerxes Mnemon, even as his countrymen Democedes and Hippocrates had been before him. Xenophon in his 'Anabasis' tells us that he was present during the war between the king and his brother Cyrus. He continued at the Persian Court for seventeen years, but finally returned to his native Cnidus, where he systematized and arranged the information that he had been heaping up in Persia, and wrote out his works. We cannot expect from Ctesias anything more than a view of history and of the past such as the Persians themselves had, and their ancient annals contained. His post as private physician to the Emperor—one of great responsibility, activity and confidence, seems to have opened to him sources of information never before accessible to any Greek historian.

There is no reason to doubt his trustworthiness in the use of these records, and of the information that he had personally obtained; but we must doubt the correctness of the records themselves. They were Persian, they gave an account of Persia and her frontier and subject countries as painted by the Persians themselves. With the mendacity peculiar to Orientals, with the high-flown rhetoric and bombast which are no less their characteristics, with the natural tendency to exalt themselves at the expense of all other nations, we cannot expect to find in these accounts of Ctesias a fair, and in all respects historical, account of the subjects on which they treat. Hence it is that the early Assyrian history seems to be purely mythical. The chief works of Ctesias are his 'Persica' and his 'Indica,' both thus viewed from a Persian stand-point. His object in writing the former was to give to the Greeks—what he believed the work of Herodotus was far from giving them—an accurate knowledge of the Persians. Hence between the two, the truth may possibly be found. In his account of India, he seems to have largely followed Scylax, and may have read in the Persian archives the original report drawn up by him for Darius Hystaspes. The work exists only in the very wretched epitome of Photius, and

the part of it that he has preserved is the most fabulous. Yet a subsequent knowledge of the north-western parts of India has served to shew that the statements of Ctesias, as well as those of his predecessors, are by no means without a foundation of truth.

The period between Ctesias and the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, which opened up new sources of information, is filled up by two historians of whom we know little more than the names—Ephorus of Cumæ and Eudoxus of Cnidus. The former is the first who made an attempt at writing a Universal History, beginning with the return of the Heraclidæ, and continuing till the year 341 B. C. It contained thirty books in all. He flourished in the times of Philip of Macedon, and was a most successful pupil of the orator Isocrates. His work contained an account of the barbarian nations and included India. It was finished by his son Demophilus, and continued still further by Diyllus. He is looked upon by later writers, as Polybius and Strabo, as a clear and accurate historian; though many charged him with wilful inaccuracies in the places where he differed from preceding authorities. Eudoxus of Cnidus is better known as a philosopher and geometer than as a geographer, as the pupil of Plato and afterwards his enemy, than as an adventurous traveller. He lived about B. C. 366. His observatory at Cnidus was a famous one, and he is said to have invented and constructed many astronomical instruments. The work in which he seems to have mentioned India, and of which Strabo speaks, is his *Γῆς Περιόδος*, though some think that this was written by a different Eudoxus.

The next great historical event, in which India and the West come into contact after the invasion of Darius Hystaspes, is the expedition of Alexander the Great. Undertaking it, not merely because its north-western districts were embraced in the Empire of Darius, but because it presented a new world to him worthy of his conquest, he furnishes us with one of the grandest pictures in the history of antiquity. Wearied with previous campaigning, covered with wounds and the toil of war, when the general and his soldiers entered upon its fertile plains, they seemed to renew their youth and their strength. Alexander's intention was not merely to subdue what had formerly been subject to Darius, and, like Nadir Shah in succeeding times, appear like some terrible meteor for a time and then vanish away: he seems to have formed a regular scheme of conquest, and to have set his heart on not merely equalling, but surpassing all the fabled deeds of father Dionysus, all the exploits of Semiramis and Sesostris, all the wonders of his ancestor Herakles. Even when his eager ambition received a check on the banks of the Hyphasis, when his soldiers refused to advance further and

overcome the Prasii and Gangaridæ,—of whose power and splendour the young Chundra Gupta, who seems to have visited his camp, had told him—even when he reluctantly turned his steps to the West, and looked towards home, he but settled on new schemes yet to be accomplished. His reason for accompanying Nearchus down the Indus and fitting out the great maritime expedition which that admiral successfully conducted up the Persian Gulf, was that thus he might have information, and a new world for future conquests and future commerce. When after his terrible march through the burning deserts of Gedrosia and the jungles of the Doab, he was seized with fever and was dying at Babylon, his design was clear—to get rid of his Macedonian veterans who had opposed his ambitious wishes, and by a mixed army of disciplined Persians under Greek officers,—like our British Sepoy-army now—and new recruits from Macedonia, to return once more to the banks of the Hyphasis, and thence to commence a career of triumphant conquest, that should not cease till the Macedonian standard should wave over Palimbothra and the Gangetic valley, and he should take possession of the Bay of Bengal in the name of the gods, as of old he had of the Indian Ocean.

The expeditions of this pupil of Aristotle were not merely warlike, they were scientific. Attended by men who had received the first education that Greece could afford, and himself of high ability and powers of observation, if the full results and records of his campaigns had come down to us, we should have had a knowledge of Central Asia and Northern India, far superior to that possessed by Europe at any time till fifty years ago. But it unfortunately happens that, notwithstanding the number of Greek *savans* and writers by whom he delighted to be accompanied, we have our information but at second-hand; and were it not for the accurate and trustworthy Arrian, who lived four centuries after, we should have had nothing but a mass of fable and conjecture. Though, however, the original records of that great expedition have not come down to us, to Alexander and his army must we ascribe the popular myths that were afterwards current in antiquity regarding India, and which, increasing as they grew in age, gave rise to and nursed the adventurous spirit of the Italian Republics, the spirit of discovery of the Portuguese, the dreams of a Prester John and a land of gold, the enquiries of an Alfred the Great, and the travels of Sir John Mandeville and other early chroniclers. Every old veteran, as he retraced his steps homeward through the populous cities of Persia and Asia Minor, or as he sat under his own vine and his own fig-tree, fought all his battles o'er again, had his own ever-new story to tell of the wonders that he had

seen, and his own little knot of interested listeners, who magnified them as they extended them. The last relic of this strange spirit of curiosity, based in early days on unavoidable, and in later times on wilful ignorance—a curiosity and an ignorance fostered by the British and the East India Company until a recent period—is seen in the Indian novels of the early part of the present century, where every old Indian was of necessity a Clive, whose ill-gotten wealth was untold, whose crimes had been of the blackest die, and whose just fate was that of the suicide.

Of all the authors who accompanied Alexander, and who were eye-witnesses of, and actors in, many of the events that they relate, Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, and Aristobulus, the son of Aristobulus, were the most trustworthy. Arrian, in his introduction to his 'Anabasis,' gives sufficient reasons why he should trust their accounts above those of all others. Ptolemy, though of ignoble origin on his father's side, speedily raised himself to a high position at the Court of Philip, and when Alexander set out on his Asiatic expedition, was one of his most intimate friends and advisers. He took a prominent part in all the exploits of the Indian campaign, and on one occasion saved the life of Alexander himself. On the death of his master, foreseeing that the empire must be broken up, he secured Egypt for himself, and after a series of wars with the other generals, laid in security and splendour the foundation of that dynasty, which received liberty and literature when they fled from Greece, and which became finally extinguished in the person of the beautiful Cleopatra. When he was fairly seated on the throne of Egypt, he became a most munificent patron of literature and the fine arts, a taste which he handed down to his favourite son and successor, Ptolemy Philadelphus. He seems to have employed the later years of his life in writing the history of Alexander and his expedition, in circumstances very favorable at once to its truthfulness and graphic fullness. He died B. C. 283. Of Aristobulus we know much less. He belonged to Cassandreia; accompanied Alexander in all his campaigns; lived till the age of ninety years; and like his contemporary, wrote his history during the last six years of his life. So much Lucian tells us; and Athenæus, besides Arrian, often refers to his work.

Baeton and Diognetus were both employed in the scientific *suite* of Alexander, accurately to measure the distances in his various marches. They are hence called *βηματιστάι*, and are both mentioned by Pliny. The name of the work of the former is *Σταθμοὶ τῆς Ἀλεξάνδρου πορείας*. Cleitarchus was another of the historiographers who accompanied Alexander in his expedition.

He was the son of Deinon of Rhodes, the writer whose work on Persia Cornelius Nepos considered so trustworthy. Many critics have supposed that the work of Cleitarchus formed the basis of that by Quintus Curtius. He seems to have been more of a clever rhetorician than an accurate historian, and is often censured by later writers for his inaccuracy. Strabo and Arrian speak of an Androsthenes of Thasus, who was an admiral in the fleet of Nearchus, and wrote an account of the voyage as well as a work entitled *τῆς Ἰνδικῆς Παράπλους*. Another and more famous admiral in that expedition was Onesicritus, who was with Alexander throughout the whole of his campaigns, and was distinguished especially for his skill in seamanship, a knowledge of which he must have derived from his native island of Ægina. It was he (for he was a disciple of the Cynic philosophy) who had an interview with the Brahmans or Indian Gymnosophists; and in the fleet he seems to have been second only to Nearchus, since he held the important post of pilot of the King's ship, for his services in which capacity he was rewarded in the same way as Nearchus, with a crown of gold. Diogenes Laertius gives us a full account of the work of Onesicritus. Beginning with the youth of Alexander, he traces up his whole history, interspersing with it many stories that are purely fabulous, or that do not rest on sufficient evidence. His is the honour of having been the first author to mention Taprobane or the island of Ceylon.

Of all these men, however, Nearchus was the most famous. A native of Crete, we find him holding high office in the Court of Philip of Macedon; and like Ptolemy, whom in many respects he resembled, one of the chosen companions of the young Alexander. Joining his master in the course of his Asiatic expedition at Bactria, he was afterwards appointed to the command of the fleet of the Indus and the Persian Gulf. Throughout the whole narrative of Arrian he is highly praised for his tact, his skill, his firmness. Even when attacked by the Oritæ, when he had to put back into one of their harbours, he shewed himself to be something of a general; leading the fleet through unknown seas and hidden dangers, when the fabulous and the superstitious combined together to render everything terrible. He at last reached the Anamis in Harmozia, and there met Alexander. Continuing his voyage up the Gulf, in February (324 B. C.) he finally reached Susa, and was nobly rewarded by his master. Vincent, in his work on the "Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients in the Indian Seas," has tracked Nearchus in all the details of his voyage, and has also entered fully into the interesting question as to the authorship of the work that bears his name, and from which Arrian has taken the greater part of his Indica. The best geographers of later days bear evidence to the accuracy of his geographical details; and succeed-

ing discoveries by travellers have only tended to confirm statements that before seemed to be utterly fabulous.

The only other writer of this age, of whom we need now speak, is Evemerus. Born in Sicily, he flourished at the Court of Cassander in Macedonia, about 316 B. C. He was previously trained in the school of the Cyrenaic philosophers, and to such an extent had their religious scepticism become attached to him, that among his contemporaries he was viewed as an Atheist. He was certainly the arch-rationalist of his time. Eusebius tells us that Cassander sent him on an expedition of discovery down the Red Sea, and along all the coasts washed by the Indian Ocean until he reached the distant isle of Panchæa. The work in which he gives an account of his travels is his *Ἱερά Ἀναγραφή*, a title in which he lays claim to, having taken the facts of his history from public documents. In many of his statements he seems to have been far in advance of the age in which he lived, and he betokens that decline in the hold which the popular religion took on the minds of educated men, and which prepared the soil for the introduction of the truths of Revelation.

The information which antiquity gained regarding India from the expedition of Alexander was soon increased and rendered more accurate by the third great historical event—the Invasion of its Gangetic districts by Seleucus Nicator. On the departure of Alexander from the provinces that he had conquered in India (B. C. 327), Philip, son of Machatas, was left as Satrap. The Malli and Oxydracæ afterwards conquered, were also added to his Satrapy. At the head of only an insufficient number of mercenaries, and with Chandra Gupta stirring up the neighbouring tribes to revolt, we need not wonder that he was removed by assassination. Meanwhile Chandra Gupta, the early part of whose life we have already alluded to, completely expelled the troops left by Alexander. That monarch, becoming aware of those changes, appointed Eudemus, another of his generals, to act along with Porus, until another Satrap should be sent. Having treacherously murdered his colleague Porus, he marched to the assistance of Eumenes with a large army, and fought with him at the battle of Gabiene. Taking advantage of his absence from the seat of Government, Chandra Gupta roused his countrymen, expelled the Greeks from their provinces, became master of the Punjab, and marching southward, overran the whole of the Gangetic valley, laying the foundation of the Mauryan dynasty of Maghada. This probably occurred about B. C. 315. Meanwhile Seleucus had been

engaged in holding and adding to the dominions that fell to him after the death of Alexander. He recovered Babylon from Antigonos on the 1st of October B. C. 312, which is the great era of the Seleucidæ. Having now little to fear from Antigonos, who was occupied with his own affairs in Western Asia, he resolved to recover his lost possessions in North-Western India, and if possible to extend them. But he found that he had no series of petty chieftains to deal with, whom he might subdue one by one, or set to oppose each other. He found Chundra Gupta at the head of a powerful empire, with an army, as Plutarch tells us, of 600,000 men. As might have been expected, even Seleucus could make but little impression on such a power: and so, wisely and in time, he seems to have secured an honourable retreat, forming a treaty by which, for 500 elephants, he gave up to the great Mauryan monarch, the provinces on the west of the Indus, which probably he could not longer hold with advantage. To cement the alliance Megasthenes was sent by Seleucus as his ambassador at the Court of Palimbothra. He had thus the best opportunity for becoming acquainted with India, at a period when its whole Northern districts constituted one great empire. His "*Indica*" was in four books. We have it now only in fragments, to collect and make quotations from which is the main object of the work before us. Dr. Schwanbeck thus sums up the information given by Megasthenes:—

"*Geographiam Indiae scribere coepit finibus recte enumeratis. Deinde transit ad magnitudinem Indiae describendam, de qua primus inter omnes Graecos rectius judicavit, neque eam postea ullus, si univ-
ersum spectas, accuratius definivit. Item primus et Daimacho excepto solus ex omnibus Graecis novit Indiae formam, de qua ii, qui ante Alexandrum scripserunt, nihil omnino, quod sciamus, certius dicere erant ausi, et cuius Macedones tam fuerant ignari, ut errore maximo longitudinem ab occidente ad orientem, a septentrionibus meridiem versus esse latitudinem putarent. Latitudinem dicit XVI. millia stad. explere, addens quo modo hoc spatium computaverit: ab Indo enim usque ad Pat'aliputram columnas milliarias X. mill. stad. indicare, reliquum spatium usque ad mare porrectum VI. mill. stad. ex computatione nautarum efficere. Quod spatium, etsi re vera media Indi pars a Gangis ostiis non amplius XIII. mill. DCC. stad. abest, tamen si computationis illius rationem habemus, videtur quam accuratissime indicavisse. Quanto autem intervallo Himalaja mons ab australi Indiae fine distaret, Megasthenes iam minus accurate poterat dicere, quum in hoc spatio terrae natura illi computationi minus conveniret. Quod igitur intervallum, quod recta via non amplius XVI. mill. CCC. stad. explet, et si Taprobanen insulam annumera-*

veris, XVII. mill. D. stad. aequat, XXII. mill. CCC. efficere contendit, qui tamen numerus illi modo computandi satis accurate videtur respondere.

Altero quoque modo Indiae magnitudinem Megasthenes descripsit. Asiam enim ad Africam situm in quatuor partes sibi dividit, ex quibus contendit eam, quae a mari ad Euphratem pateat, esse minimam, alias duas, quae terras inter Indum et Euphratem comprehendant, conjunctas vix pares esse Indiae.

Postremo astronomice indicavit terrae situm et ambitum, apud Strabonem 76. memorans haecce : *ἐν τοῖς νοτίοις μέρεσι τῆς Ἰνδικῆς τὰς τε ἄρκτους ἀποκρύπτεισθαι, καὶ τὰς σκιάς ἀντιπίπτειν.* Alterum fieri in extrema Indiae parte, quae meridiem versus sita est, alterum in omnibus regionibus ab tropico ad meridiem sitis, nemo est qui nesciat."

The date of the work must be placed previous to B. C. 288, at which time Chandra Gupta died. We have every reason to trust the accounts of Megasthenes, and nothing can be more interesting than for the scholar in India who has read Herodotus, Arrian, Strabo, and Quintus Curtius, and who has detailed knowledge of the manners and customs of the Hindus around him at the present day, to read these fragments which Schwanbeck has collected, and compare them with what he already knows. The accuracy is most striking.

Chundra Gupta was succeeded by his son Vindusára or Bimbisara : a second embassy was sent either by Seleucus or his son Antiochus Soter to this king. The ambassador, whose name is given us by Strabo, was Daimachus. The king to whom he was sent is called by the Greek geographer Allitrochades or Amitiochates. This name is supposed by Lassen to be the same as Amitraghâta, the Sanscrit for "foe-killer." Strabo considers him the most inaccurate of all the historians who have written regarding India, and hesitates not to apply to him the polite term *ψευδόλογος*. Vindusára was succeeded by his great son Asoka, B. C. 263, and in his reign a third ambassador of the name of Dionysius was sent to his court by Ptolemy Philadelphus, who reigned in Egypt from B. C. 285 to 246. This third embassy, however, is involved in great obscurity. Pliny in his Natural History (vi. 17) only says "Dionysius a Philadelpho missus." It may be necessary to mention in this period the name of Patrocles, a Macedonian attached to the service of Seleucus, and holding under his successor Antiochus, the satrapy of the eastern provinces of Syria bordering upon the frontiers of India. As Strabo terms Daimachus *ψευδόλογος*, so he applies to this writer, the name of whose work has not come down to us the phrase *ἡμισυ ψευδόλογος*.

From this period on to fifty years after Christ, we have a series

of authors who are more critics than accurate historians or independent travellers. Phylarchus (B. C. 215) probably of Athens, in his *Ἱστορίαι*, seems to have begun with the death of Alexander, and in doing so to have treated of India. Polemon of Athens (about B. C. 200) was a geographer who travelled all over Greece, and wrote a work from which he has received the title *ὁ περιηγητής*. Mnaseas was a topographer or antiquarian like the preceding, and having the same surname, who wrote a "Periplus" in three books, in which he treats of Europe, Asia and Africa respectively. Eratosthenes, the great geometer who first measured the magnitude of the earth, (died B. C. 196) is said by Arrian and Plutarch to have written on the expedition of Alexander the Great; and certainly in his great map of the earth, which he drew according to his own measurements of distance, it would be interesting to know where he placed India relatively to other countries. A Eudoxus of Cyzicus, a geographer, was employed in Egypt by Ptolemy Euergetes, and is said to have undertaken many voyages to India by way of the Red Sea. Under the enlightened and fostering care of Ptolemy Soter, the trade between Egypt and India became most important. Not merely were Alexandria and Tyre its emporia, but the city of Berenice was built in an admirable situation on the west coast of the Red Sea. Hence goods were sent through the Thebaid to Coptos, where they were put in boats and conveyed to Alexandria by the Nile.

We now meet with no original notices regarding India till after the time of Christ. Soon all intercourse between the Syrian kings and the Indian tribes ceased, and the Scytho-Bactrian empire was established. Our knowledge of it is almost entirely derived from coins. Prof. Lassen and other scholars have entered fully into this subject, and to treat of it is beyond our province. In the year B. C. 144, we find that Appollodorus a Greek grammarian of Athens, wrote a work called *Περὶ Ἰνδοῦ*. It is remarkable as having been written in Iambic verse (*κωμικῶς μέτρῳ*.) It must have embraced most of the geographical knowledge then current regarding India. His example was followed (about B. C. 70) by Scymnus of Chios, whose "Periegesis" was dedicated to a king, supposed to be Nicomedes III. There is, however, much doubt as to the authorship of the poem, the probability being that it was taken from an original work of Scymnus written in prose. We shall see that afterwards Dionysius published a similar work. Alexander Cornelius, better known by his surname of Polyhistor (about B. C. 90) wrote a work to which the name of *Παντοδαπὴς Ὑλη* has been given. It consisted of 42 books, each of which professed to give a historical and geographical account of one of the chief countries of the Ancient World. Josephus, in his Jewish

Antiquities, and again in his answer to Apion, makes mention of a Philostratus, who wrote accounts of both India and Phœnicia. He says, when speaking of the greatness of Nebuchadnezzar and his public works, "Megasthenes, in the fourth volume of his history of India, speaks of these garden works, and sets forth the king both for his enterprise and his performances, to have been much superior to Hercules himself, having subdued the greatest part of Libya and likewise Iberia. Diocles makes mention of this king in the second book of his Persian history, and so does Philostratus, in the account he gives of the Phœnicians and the Indians." This is a very different man from the great Philostratus, to whom we shall presently have occasion to allude.

Another of the men of talent and adventure whom the Ptolemies gathered around them at the Court of Egypt was Agatharcides of Cnidus. He lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philometer (who died B. C. 146) and tells us that he was appointed guardian to one of the Egyptian kings during his minority. His work on Asia in 10 books, and more especially that on the Erythraean Sea, composed in his old age, gives him a place in our list. The last was especially valuable, for in the fifth book "he described the mode of life amongst the Sabæans in Arabia, and the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, the way in which the elephants were caught by the elephant-eaters, and the mode of working the gold mines in the mountains of Egypt near the Red Sea."

After the time of Megasthenes we have but few additions to the classical literature on India, but what are copied from preceding writers. The Romans had their attention directed more to the west than the east; and although an Indian ambassador is said to have visited Augustus and Claudius, and the hyperbolical flattery of the literati of the court of the former may thus have had a slender foundation, yet we cannot see that there was much new information on the subject. The dreaded Parthi were the limit of the empire in the east. Polybius (died B. C. 122) in his history (xi. 34) mentions a king Sophagasenus, who formed an alliance with Antiochus the Great. Schlegel translates the name *Subhagasen*, which in Sanskrit means "the leader of a fortunate army." He was probably a successor of Sandracottus. When Egypt came under their power, they did little more than continue that trade which the Ptolemies had established. The Sicilian Diodorus, having travelled largely in Asia and Europe, set himself to write a Bibliotheca or Universal History. He seems to have industriously copied the chief statements in the works of original historians, and to him are we indebted for much that we know of Ctesias and Megasthenes. He is indebted also to one Iambulus, who wrote a work on the physical appearance of the Indians. The story connected with this writer

seems to be a fabulous one, *viz.*, that he was taken prisoner by the Ethiopians, and kept as a slave on a happy island in the east, where he became acquainted with the Indians. He must have written his history in the time of Augustus.

The industrious and accurate Marcus Terentius Varro, who has well been called the "most learned of the Romans," died 28 B. C. In his geographical writings, his *Libri Navales*, and his work *De Ora Maritima*, he chiefly followed Eratosthenes. These works seem more likely to have been his than to have been the production of P. Terentius Varro Atacina, the author of the *Argonautica*, with whom he is often confounded. M. Vipsanius Agrippa, the great friend of Augustus, must have treated of India in his "Commentarii." Pomponius Mela, who lived immediately after the time of Augustus, in his treatise "De Situ Orbis" takes up India and the adjacent countries in the course of his descriptive catalogue, following Megasthenes as his chief authority. The Universal History of Nicolaus Damascenus, the friend of Augustus, seems to have contained passages from Megasthenes. The two Senecas mention a historian of the name of Timagenes, who was brought as a captive to Rome, but rose from the meanest employments to be the friend of Augustus. Under his protection he wrote several historical works, a Periplus of the whole sea in five books, and a work called *Περὶ βασιλέων*, in which he gave an account of Alexander the Great and his successors. Strabo, who also belongs to the age of Augustus, devoted the 15th book of his "Geography" to a description of India and Persia. As he had not, in all his travels, himself visited these, he is indebted to previous writers, whom he draws upon very largely but very judiciously. In his writings he refers to Juba II., King of Mauritania, who was in his time lately dead. His peaceful reign was devoted to the arts of peace and pursuits of literature, and his historical and geographical works were valued by later writers. It was to be expected that Pliny in his "Historia Naturalis" would not overlook India, and accordingly he considers it in the 6th book of that work; but his statements evidently shew that he could have given us much more information regarding it. He contented himself with saying that the accounts are conflicting and fabulous. He might have left his readers to judge of that. From him we learn that Seneca wrote a work on India. Pamphila, the great authoress of Nero's time, made an epitome of Ctesias in three books. Plutarch, also in Nero's time, has occasion to speak of India very fully, in his life of Alexander. Tacitus in his "Annals" also speaks of India.

The date and events in the life of Quintus Curtius Rufus have been a cause of much controversy and conjecture among critics. From a flattering allusion to the *Principes* of the Roman people in

the 10th book of his work "De Gestis Alexandri Magni, Regis Macedonum," it is generally agreed that he lived in or near to the time of Augustus. This work is one of the greatest interest, and well known to every school-boy. Its sources were no doubt the historians of Alexander's expedition, and in later times Ptolemy and Timagenes. Another historian over whom a perfect obscurity rests is Trogus Pompeius. We know his great historical work only from the abridgement or rather Anthology of it by Justin. He probably lived, however, in the time of Augustus; while Justin, who is first quoted by Jerome, cannot have been later than the 5th century after Christ. The original work was entitled "*Liber Historiarum Phillippicarum*," and contained forty-four books. It approaches somewhat to the character of a Universal History, and by way of introduction or digression, takes up the early history of the Assyrians and Persians, and the expeditions of Semiramis and Darius Hystaspes.

Marinus of Tyre flourished about B. C. 150. He has been called the "founder of Mathematical Geography," seeing that he was the first to measure and describe places according to their latitude and longitude. One who so accurately studied the writings of preceding geographers and travellers as he did, must have had more clear ideas regarding India than any of his predecessors. We know him best through the great Ptolemæus Claudius, who immediately succeeded him, and who often refers to his works. He gives us the names of writers consulted by Marinus, of whom we are otherwise entirely ignorant, Diogenes, Theophilus, Alexander of Macedon, Dioscurius, Septimius Flaccus, Julius Maternus, Titianus of Macedon, also called Maes, and "many others." The *Γεωγραφικὴ ὑφήγησις* of Ptolemy contains the whole geographical knowledge of the ancients, reduced to order and scientific completeness. The ancient world may be said never to have advanced beyond it, until the Portuguese and Columbus inaugurated a new career of maritime adventure and conquest. His projection of the sphere is bounded on the east by the Sinæ and the people of Serica, and on the south by the Indian Sea. In the 7th book of his work he gives an account of India, the Malayan Peninsula, Ceylon and China. In the *Varia Historia* of Ælian, with its fabulous stories and gossiping style, we find many statements regarding India, chiefly taken from Megasthenes.

Arrian of Nicomedia is perhaps, in all respects, the best of the authors of antiquity who have written regarding India, and whose works have come down to us. He flourished in the second century after Christ, and is known in literature as a follower of the Stoics and a successful imitator of Xenophon. His works, in respect both of subject and style, resemble those of the latter.

His value consists in the fact that he is perhaps the best historical critic of antiquity. He holds the first place in the rank of the historians of Alexander. He was not merely careful in choosing the best writers as his authorities, but exercised a rare sagacity in reconciling differences, discerning errors, and putting that which was important in its proper place. His statements regarding India at the end of his *Anabasis*, and his fuller work on the subject—" *Indica*," contain a succinct account of almost all the important facts that the ancients knew regarding India. Both the subject and style of this work, and that of Curtius, fit them admirably as text-books for our public schools; and in Germany, England, and in some cases in India, they are now read. In his *Indica*, he seems to follow Ctesias and Megasthenes, and to have embodied the *Paraplus* of Nearchus, of whom he speaks in very high terms.

To Arrian has been often ascribed the authorship of two works—a *Periplus* of the Euxine and also of the Erythraean Sea. The latter work is of some importance with reference to India, but it must have been written at a much later date. It is the work, evidently, of one well acquainted with the subject, who had probably himself made the voyage. It tells us of one Hippalus, who, as he sailed down the Red Sea and entered on the wide Indian Ocean, discovered the regularity of the monsoons, and taking advantage of the fact sailed right across the ocean to the Malabar coast. It gives us a fuller account of the Eastern coast of India than is met with in previous writers. The south of India seems to have been partially known, and Comorin (Comar) the Cavery (Chaberis) Arcot (Arcati Regia), &c. seem to have been familiar. Solinus, (A. D. 238) in his *Geography*, gives an account of the various countries in the world, and seems to have brought together many interesting details regarding them. His work contained quotations from Megasthenes.

Philostratus of Lemnos flourished in the time of the Emperor Philip, about A. D. 250. His largest work is the lives of the Sophists, but that which has caused him to be best known is his biography of Apollonius of Tyana. It is this book, filled with incredible fables and absurdities, that gives great importance to the name of Apollonius, in the early history of the Christian Church. In most of his fabled miracles, and in the wonders of his extraordinary life, he was brought forward by heathens, such as Hierocles, as a greater than Jesus Christ. The whole work seems to be a collection of the more wonderful parts of the history of Ctesias and previous writers on the 'East, and to be in many cases "a parody of some of the Christian miracles." He is represented by Philostratus as

being of noble birth, and born in the city of Tyana, about 4 B.C. As a youth he went through the whole circle of philosophy and the sciences as then known, and ended by becoming a Pythagorean. Anxious to emulate the fame of his great master, he underwent a course of ascetic discipline, distributed his patrimony among his poor relatives, and set out on his travels, when he had passed the five years of his noviciate in perfect silence and mystic contemplation. After traversing Asia Minor, he set out for the East at the age of fifty years. At Nineveh he was joined by the Assyrian Damis, on whose life of his master, that of Philostratus was probably based. At Babylon he had many conversations with Arsaces (Bardanes), then king; and was initiated into the rites of the Magi. Thus equipped he passed into India, where, at a place called Taxila, of which Phraortes was king, he entered into disputation with the Gymnosophists, and with Iarchas, the chief of the Brahmans. After five years spent in his Eastern travels he returned to Greece, and set up as a miracle-monger. He is said to have met with Vespasian, then ambitious for the Roman Purple, and to have incited him to make efforts for it. He was tried for sorcery before Domitian; but vanished, and was afterwards found in Greece. His prediction regarding the death of the tyrant was literally fulfilled. He finally died at Ephesus, though Rhodes and Crete also claim the honour of his dust. Such is an outline of the wonderful life of Apollonius of Tyana, so clumsy a fiction that we can now only wonder that even some of the Christian Fathers, such as Eusebius allowed its truth.

The remaining notices of India in the Classics are soon disposed of. Dionysius surnamed Periegetes, lived probably in the 4th century after Christ, and wrote a *Περιήγησις τῆς Γῆς* in hexameter verse; in which he chiefly follows Eratosthenes. As he professes to take up the whole world in it, India naturally occurs. It was highly valued in ancient times, and is still extant. Nonnus, a Greek poet of Panopolis in Egypt, wrote a poem called the "Dionysiaca" about the beginning of the 5th century after Christ. He is spoken of by Agathias, who immediately succeeded him. His work is an epic of more than oriental length and bombast. It is in forty-eight books, and professes to trace the career of Dionysus. Wilford in the Asiatic Researches (vol. ix., p. 93) supposes that the poetaster borrowed at least the subject of his poem from the Mahabharat. Heeren, however, says "this must be understood only of the expedition of Bacchus into India. But even where the scene is laid in that country, it is not easy to discover in this poem anything of the true Indian character." Cosmas, surnamed Indicopleustes, lived under Justinian (A. D. 535.) He was an Egyptian monk, though in early life he followed

the pursuits of a merchant, and traded extensively in the Red Sea, along the east coast of Africa, and the whole southern coasts of Arabia, Persia and India. Having amassed a fund of knowledge and experience, he withdrew from the cares of life, and that he might embody his knowledge in a permanent form, entered a monastery. He published a work entitled *Τοπογραφία Χριστιανική*, with the object of proving that the world is an extended surface. In it he tells us that he travelled to Adule, a port of Ethiopia, belonging to the king of Auxume. It was here that he fell in with a certain Sopater, who had just returned from Ceylon, and who furnished him with full information concerning that island, which he has embodied in his work, and which proves it to have been then the "common emporium of southern commerce."

In many of the works of the early Christian Fathers we find allusions to India. The subject on which they chiefly write is that of the Brahmins, Gymnosophists and religious sects and castes. At a time when superstition and persecution led the whole of Christendom to be infected with a desire for the austerities of Monachism, when even such a great and manly soul as that of Augustine admired them, we need not wonder that they were led to other countries and other literatures for examples of similar asceticism. Palladius, the famous author of the *Lausiac History*, which was composed about A. D. 420, wrote a work *Περὶ τῶν Ἰνδῶν ἐθνῶν καὶ τῶν βραχμάνων*. Much doubt, however, rests on the authorship. Whoever the writer was, he visited India along with Moses, Bishop of that Adule above mentioned. A work "*De Moribus Brachmanorum*" is ascribed to St. Ambrose, but without reason. It is rather a free translation of that by Palladius. Porphyry, the celebrated antagonist of the Christians, who wrote about the beginning of the 3rd century, treats at some length of the Indian Gymnosophists, dividing them into the two classes of Brachmanes and Samanaei. To him this must have been a favorite subject: as in all respects of belief, and many of life, he corresponded with the latter class. All the descriptions of these men point to the fact that Buddhism was the prevailing religion of India at that time. Between Porphyry and Palladius, there was a Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, whose descriptions agree with those of both these authors. Porphyry mentions a Bardesanes Babylonius, who wrote on the Gymnosophists. He seems to have been a different man from the great Syrian Gnostic of the same name.

The early history of Christianity in India does not at present fall within our province, otherwise it would lead us to consider somewhat fully those Fathers and Ecclesiastical historians who have written regarding India, such as Sozomen, Theodoret, Epiphanius,

Valesius. We have Pantæus the first Missionary to India (A. D. 181) whose finding of St. Matthew's gospel there, probably gave rise to the traditions of Thomas and Bartholomew having converted it. The fact of a Manichee, of the name of Thomas, having visited Syrian Churches in the third century, may have further given rise to this tradition. The writings of Pantæus have not come down to us, but we have his pupil Clemens Alexandrinus, also Origen, Rufinus, Jerome, Eusebius and Socrates Scholasticus, who speak of him. Cyril treats of the Gymnosophists and makes quotations from Megasthenes. In the acts of the Council of Nice we find one of the Bishops who subscribed himself as *Ἰωάννης Ἡεραγης, τῆς ἐν Ἡερσῶν πόλεως, καὶ τῇ μετὰ τὴν Ἰνδία*. The latter part, in the Great India, may refer merely to his having jurisdiction over the Church there, and not to his actual labours in the country. Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem in the seventh century, states that Christianity was introduced into Ceylon by the Ethiopian Eunuch, of whose conversion Philip was the means. The story of Frumentius and Edesius, as told by Rufinus, is full of interest; and there is no reason to doubt its truthfulness. Wretched as are the epitomes made by Photius of Constantinople (about A. D. 863) of Ctesias and other writers on India, his name should not be passed over. Nor should that of Nicephorus Callistus, (died A. D. 1450) whose Ecclesiastical History is a compilation from the work of Eusebius and other early Church historians. In the "Speculum Universale" of Vincentius Bellovacensis, and the writings of Albertus Magnus in the thirteenth century, we find many of the ancient stories regarding India reproduced.

We would refer our readers for fuller information to Hudson's collection of the Minor Geographers, to Vincent's admirable work on "the Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients in the Indian seas," and to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology," to which, in this article, we have been indebted. Dr. Schwanbeck's work is one of laborious research, and is exhaustive on Megasthenes. The whole subject, however, of India in the Classics, yet requires to be fully taken up by some ripe scholar. It will amply repay a minute study, and we believe much light through it may yet be thrown on the early history of India. So far as classical studies are pursued in the public schools for Christians in India, it would be well to accomplish two objects at once, and study the Indian portions of the works of such admirable writers as Arrian, Strabo and Curtius. This would be at once done were they to be chosen as the text-books for examination in the various Indian Universities. They are largely read in our English public schools.

From the 5th to the 10th century a dark veil enshrouds the history of India, to be withdrawn only by an attentive study of topes, monuments and inscriptions, as illustrating and illustrated by written records. Time plants her ruthless heel on all such memorials, and hurries them off to decay, or covers them under jungle and vegetation. Even the early British period is retreating into dim obscurity, and our history in India a hundred years ago has become a matter of research for the antiquary. Let us raise India to her proper position in the page of history. Then will China follow, the dark vapours of a priest-created antiquity will be dispelled, and God's purposes of mercy to the world will be more and more accomplished, by the union of the various tribes in the bond of Christian brotherhood.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

BY REV. T. SMITH, D.D.

Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., late Envoy to Persia, and Governor of Bombay. From unpublished letters and journals. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, &c., &c. 2 vols. London, 1856.

IT is with a feeling of great sadness that we enter upon the task of reviewing these volumes. The task had been assigned to, and had been undertaken by, one who could have done infinitely more justice to the subject than we can expect to do. If there were in all India, perhaps we might say in all the world, a man who could have entered with fullest sympathy into the character and achievements of the chivalrous soldier, the wise diplomatist, the enlightened governor, the light-hearted playmate of children, the judicious counsellor and animating leader of youth, the affectionate brother, the loving husband, the fond father, the constant friend, the large-hearted philanthropist, the honest man, the earnest Christian—that man was one whom India and the world have lately lost, Sir Henry Lawrence. It was he that ought to have reviewed this book; and we have reason to believe that he was actually engaged upon it until the time when public duty, and care for the safety of the beleaguered band, for whom he watched so earnestly, and fought so bravely, and died so nobly, occupied and engrossed all his thoughts. As well in the peculiarities of their characters as in the circumstances of their careers, there was a remarkable similarity between Sir John Malcolm and Sir Henry Lawrence. The one a Scotchman, and the other an Irishman, each exhibited a combination, as rare as it is graceful, of those qualities that are generally regarded as characteristic of these two nationalities; though perhaps in each, the characteristic of the other's nation predominated over that of his own. The Scottish Malcolm seems to have had even more than Lawrence of the almost reckless buoyancy of spirits and love of adventure and fun, which are generally considered as distinctive of an Irishman; the Irish Lawrence had decidedly more than Malcolm of the calm reflection, and practical sagacity, and determined perseverance, that are regarded as the birthright of a Scotchman.

With respect to the circumstances of the careers of these two men, it may not be without interest to notice that each had an elder brother in the civil service, and was himself in the military service of the East India Company;—that each was one of several brothers that achieved high distinction; that each was employed in high political and diplomatic service; and that each, in the course of that service, had an opportunity of distinguish-

ing himself also in his proper military capacity; that each was employed in administering and civilizing a vast country, and impressing his own stamp on its institutions. Thus, alike in many of the prominent circumstances of their lives, it were vain, and perhaps wrong, to regret that they were not alike in the circumstances of their deaths. Malcolm died in a fresh old age, attended by the wife of his youth, and the children who regarded him not only as a father, but also as a companion and a friend. Lawrence, after several years of widowhood, and with no child near him, in the prime of his manhood, died a soldier's death.

Mr. Kaye has been very felicitous in the choice of subjects for the exercise of his admirable talents as a biographer.* Mr. Tucker might not indeed be a great man in the ordinary sense of that term; but he was a man on whom very great responsibilities devolved in the administration of Indian affairs, in this country and in England; and he was always equal to the task of sustaining these responsibilities. Lord Metcalfe *was* a great man: and he too bore an important part in the acquisition and administration of our Indian empire. Sir John Malcolm also was a great man; though his greatness was of a different order from that of Lord Metcalfe, and perhaps not of so high an order. Their biographer has done full justice to their various characters, and has contrived to render them almost as well known to his readers, as if they had been their personal associates. But he has done more than this. As people generally learn most of what they know of the history of England from Shakespeare, Scott and Bulwer—or did so before the publication of Mr. Macaulay's history—so we believe that any student will get a much more inward, hearty knowledge of the history of India under the British rule from these three works of Mr. Kaye, than from any formal history that has yet been written, or is likely to be written for a long time to come. The three men's lives run like a connecting thread through a whole rosary of most important transactions, extending over a very long period. Tucker began his Indian career in 1787, only thirty years after the battle of Plassey; and three-score years after, as Chairman of the Court of Directors, he sent out Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General; nor did his connexion with India cease until 1851. Metcalfe was born in Calcutta in 1785, nine days before Warren Hastings left India; but his proper Indian career began in 1801; and he was mixed up, in a more or less important way, with most important transactions, almost from his first arrival, down to the day of his departure in 1838. In 1783, two years

* For reviews of Mr. Kaye's lives of Tucker and Metcalfe, see *Calcutta Review*, Vols. XXII. and XXIV.

before Metcalfe was born, Malcolm arrived in India; and he to like Metcalfe, was very early employed in important affairs. He left India in 1830; but like Tucker, he took an earnest interest in its affairs down to the day of his death in 1833. Thus these three lives cover the whole period from the close of Warren Hastings's administration down to the annexation of the Punjab. And then their departments were so different, that the treatment of their lives separately does not lead to repetition, but only to greater fulness, and a more distinct exhibition of the various events of the time. And what country can exhibit so stirring a history? India has not had the happiness—whatever other happiness she may have had—which is said to appertain to the land whose annals are blank. No: truly hers have been written on all four pages of the sheet, and crossed like a young lady's letter.

We have said that Malcolm was a Scotchman, but it was not "Caledonia stern and wild" that gave him birth, but the rich vale of the Esk, where the scenery resembles the richest English landscape. His father had been educated for the ministry of the church, but had been prevented by a defect of utterance from entering it. He was tenant of Burnfoot, a farm of considerable extent, partly arable and partly pastoral. But he was not content to abide by his short-horns and his black-faced; but entered into speculations, in which, like so many others who have "too many irons in the fire," he burned his fingers. But his character did not suffer. "A close investigation into his concerns revealed only the just dealings of the man." "He felt the burden that was upon him, for he was a man by nature of an anxious and sensitive temperament, but, sustained by a good conscience, he bore up bravely beneath it. There was not perhaps a day of his life in which he did not remember his misfortunes—but he suffered with true Christian resignation, and was thankful for the blessings that remained." Such was "Auld Burnfit," a noble specimen of that proper middle class which Scotland alone possesses; a class which is a middle class, not because it stands between the higher and the lower, and belongs to neither, but because it belongs to both, so that its members can associate with the higher class without servility, and with the lower without arrogance. And the "guid-wife" of Burnfoot was worthy of her husband; "a woman of high principle and sound understanding, but womanly in all; of quick parts and ready resources; strong in doing and in suffering; but gentle and affectionate, a support in adversity to her husband, and to her children a tender, a watchful, but not an over-indulgent mother. How much they all owed to her, it is difficult to say. She lived to be the mother of heroes, and was worthy

“of such a race” Yes! difficult to say, as it is difficult to count the sand-grains. To have such a mother is not a matter for *saying*, but for feeling, and for evincing thankfulness, not so much with the lips as in the life.

The quiver of the farmer of Burnfoot was filled with a goodly sheaf. Ten sons were ready to speak with his enemies in the gate,—only the worthy man had no enemies;—while seven daughters were ready to give a hearty, homely welcome to his friends, of whom he had many. John, the fourth of the sonse was born on the 2nd of May 1769, and thus was a day younger than Arthur Wellesley. He got his education in the parish school of Westerkirk, and still more in the parlor and the kitchen of Burnfoot. From his pious father and mother he learned much; and not little from the stalwart ploughmen and shepherds of the border. He might have been a good scholar, if he had chosen; but scholarship was not the quality which he then held in highest esteem. His energy expended itself mainly in mischief. One of those light-hearted, restless boys who *will* always break through all rules, but with whom it is impossible to be angry, or to be angry for any length of time. We are pretty sure that it was neither with very intense anger, nor with very intense sorrow, that the worthy school-master came to the conclusion that, whenever any mischief was perpetrated, he could not be wrong, however appearances might point in another direction, in assuming that “Jock’s at the bottom o’t.” And when, many years after he received from the Persian envoy a copy of his history, with the inscription, “Jock’s at the bottom o’t,” we may be very sure that it did not take him by surprise to find Jock at the bottom of something else than mischief.

We have said that Mr. Malcolm was of that middle class which in Scotland, stands between the higher and the lower, and belongs to both, as distinguished from the middle class elsewhere, which, standing between the higher and the lower, too generally belongs to neither. To this he was indebted for the means of setting his sons on the ladder which so many of them climbed so manfully. Robert was a civilian in the Madras presidency; James, afterwards Sir James Malcolm, K. C. B., was in the Marines, and Pulteney was on the way to the Red Flag at the Fore, determined, doubtless, to be what he in due time became, and what so many midshipmen determine to be, but never become, (but are all the better for the determination) an Admiral and a G. C. B. And now came John’s turn. He had not quite attained the age of twelve years, when Mr. Johnstone of Alva intimated to Mr. Malcolm that his brother, the well-known Governor Johnstone of Ceylon, could procure for John an appointment in the military service of the Company. All felt that the ap-

pointment would have been more desirable at a later period ; but it was not certain that it could be got then ; and so the boy must take the tide at the flood. Still it seems to have been resolved that as much delay should be interposed as could be permitted. In the summer of next year, Mr. John Pasley, a London merchant, brother of Mrs. Malcolm, paid a visit to Burnfoot, and proposed to take his nephew with him to London, to have him brushed up a little before his presentation to the Honorable Court to pass for his cadetship. " So mere a child " was he, (says Mr. Kaye) that on the morning of his departure, " when the old nurse was combing his hair, she said to him, " Now Jock, my mon, be sure when ye are awa,' ye kaim ye'er head " and keep ye'er face clean ; if ye dinna, ye'll just be sent haim " again." " Tut, woman," was the answer, " ye're aye sae feared, " ye'll see if I were awa amang strangers, I'll just do weel " aneugh." When we first read this anecdote, we were disposed to regard it as apocryphal ; but we landed, after deep cogitation, in the conclusion that it is authentic, but that the deduction which Mr. Kaye draws from it is erroneous. He supposes that John's hair was combed every day by the old nurse ; but we know enough of Scotch farm-house life to be sure that a boy of his stamp must have performed this office for himself at a very much earlier age. It was only because he was starting for London that the faithful old woman thought it her duty to " mak the callant a wee thocht dacent," and this she would have insisted on doing, if he had been a score instead of a dozen years old.

And Jock did " weel aneugh " among strangers. After seeing the wonders of the great metropolis, he was sent to school for a short time ; but apparently the appointment which Governor Johnstone had secured for him, must be taken up within the year. There was no minimum age at that time prescribed for entrance into the Company's service ; but each cadet was required to present himself before the Court of Directors, and receive their consent to proceed to India. " So, towards the end of that year, 1781, John Malcolm was taken to the India-House, ' and was, as his uncle anticipated, in a fair way to be rejected, when one of the Directors said to him, ' Why, my little man, ' what would *you* do if you were to meet Hyder Ali ? ' ' Do Sir ! ' " said the young aspirant, in prompt reply, ' I would out with ' my sword and cut off his head.' ' You will do,' was the rejoinder, ' let him pass.' " And so the matter ended. Now we presume that we ought to be very indignant at this scene, and to congratulate ourselves on the fact of our living in these days of competition, and the Philosophy of History, and the Differential Calculus. Well, these are all very well in their place ; but it

would be well if a few "marks" could be given for such juvenile spirit as was displayed in Malcolm's answer.

Although his commission, as a cadet of infantry in the Madras army, was dated in October 1781, Malcolm did not sail till the autumn of the following year, and did not reach Madras till the 16th of April 1783, when his age was a fortnight short of fourteen years. Although his life on the braes of Eskdale had made him large and strong, his appearance was juvenile even for his years. The fresh bloom of his undowny cheeks, and the merry twinkle of his bright eye, and his unsophisticated manners, were those of childhood. He soon became a favourite with all who came into contact with him. Under the designation of "Boy Malcolm," a *soubriquet* that long adhered to him, he gained quite a reputation, in a small way, as being "at the bottom" of all the pranks and mischief in which young ensigns are wont to indulge. We are afraid that he did not stop here; but that at this period of his life he passed over the line that separates mischief from vice. If so, he soon returned. He had been trained up as a child in the way of goodness, and the promise was fulfilled to his faithful parents, that he should not long wander from that path. By the beginning of 1788, we find him speaking of his career of folly as a thing of the past; and his good resolutions was not like the morning cloud, or the early dew. During all the rest of his life, while he retained an unusual share of the buoyancy of youth, he seems never to have strayed from the paths of virtue. One effect of his youthful folly was the contraction of debt. An ensign's pay in those days was very small; but he ought to have been able to live upon it. He had applied to his uncle in London for a remittance, and he had sent him £200. But the letter came into the hand of his brother Robert, who judiciously withheld the money, and allowed the young ensign to work his way back to independence. "Do not" (says Robert Malcolm, writing to his mother in February 1789) "blame John, poor fellow. Nothing but distress led him to what he did. It was even unknown to me till I received my uncle's letters, which I suppressed, and wrote to John in a different style than his uncle had done. Had he got the money my uncle ordered,—viz., £200—he would effectually have been ruined. But I knew too well his situation to give him a shilling. He has now cleared himself from debt, and is as promising a character in his profession as lives." We see, then, that in the course of six years, he got into debt, and got out of it. Now we know that the former process is easy enough, but that the latter is not specially easy for any one, and that it must have been specially difficult for a young man on an ensign's pay, as an ensign's pay was in those days. If, then, we suppose that for half of the six years

he was getting *into* debt, and for the other half getting *out* of it, it will follow that he only exceeded his pay during the first three years, by as much as he was able to save out of that pay in the second three years; and it is scarcely supposable that that was so much as fifty rupees a month. But suppose he were only two years in getting into debt, and four years in getting out of it, at the rate of fifty rupees a month, he must have overspent his income to the extent of Rs. 100 a month.

In 1790, Malcolm got a taste of soldiering in earnest. In that year, Lord Cornwallis went to war with Tippoo Sahib, and Malcolm's regiment was part of the force appointed to co-operate with the Nizam's troops, and was first employed in the siege of Copoulee. This fort stood out for six months, and at last capitulated in consequence of the taking of Bangalore. Malcolm's corps was then "ordered to join the main body of "the Nizam's army, which, accompanied by the Resident, Sir "John Kennaway, was then assembling to march upon Seringapatam, and co-operate with the British forces under Lord "Cornwallis." Here he was brought into acquaintance with "Sir John Kennaway, Mr. Græme Mercer, and others of the "diplomatic corps, then representing British interests at the "Court of Hyderabad." And this was the turning-point of his career. Through his intercourse with those gentlemen, his ambition was fired. He resolved to distinguish himself in the diplomatic line; and from this time he is to be regarded as an aspirant to be numbered amongst those "politicals," whom it has become fashionable of late years to decry, but to whom India owes a large debt of gratitude. His first step was to study Persian, and for this purpose, Mr. Mercer lent him his Moonshi. The defection of the "Boy Malcolm," from the ranks of the all-day idlers, was a calamity which they strove, by all the enginery of banter and cajolery, to prevent; but like Mr. Longfellow's excelsior, he turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer. At the same time he studied, with characteristic earnestness, the complicated questions of our relations with the native powers, and left no means unused to prepare himself for serving the State in the line that he had now marked out for himself. After a short leave of absence, on sick-certificate, he joined the camp of Lord Cornwallis before Seringapatam, and was appointed by His Lordship, probably on the recommendation of Sir John Kennaway, interpreter to the Nizam's troops. But his stay there was short. His health again broke down, and he was obliged to go again to the sea-coast on sick-certificate. He seems to have remained there till the end of 1793; when he was obliged to apply for leave to Europe; and in February 1794, he sailed for old England, and reached it in such vigorous

health, that it was difficult to persuade people that his sick-certificate was aught else than a "*bonao*."

Malcolm had been a dozen years absent from home when he revisited it. And this is just the proper time for an Indian to be absent from home. If he return earlier, he has not felt enough of the longing which makes him fully estimate the blessing. If he be much later, the changes that have occurred during his absence, are so marked, as greatly to sadden his enjoyment. Malcolm seems to have found things at Burnfoot pretty much as he left them. All that he had left behind were a dozen years older ; but the change on them was not nearly so great as on himself. We presume that there must have been also a considerable addition to the flock during his absence ; for it is not likely that all the seventeen Malcolms were born, before the fourth son was thirteen years old. Be this as it may, we may be sure that there was joy in Eskdale on the day that young Malcolm put his foot over the threshold of Burnfoot. Father and mother, and brother and sisters, and cousins of all degrees, and neighbours and dependents, rejoiced with no faint jubilation. We know something of the joy of such a return from exile ; but the more we know of it, the less do we feel disposed to speak or to write of it. The joy of his visit was enhanced by the circumstance that his brothers Pulteney and James arrived from the West Indies during the time of John's being at home. But there was a dash of bitterness in the cup of bliss,—as in what cup of earthly bliss is there not ? Three sons had gone to the West Indies, and two had gone to the East. Robert was still in the East, but he was well. Two had come from the West, but one, George, a fine young sailor, had fallen a victim to yellow fever in the beginning of the year. It was the first time that death had invaded the Burnfoot circle.

During his residence in England, Malcolm entered with characteristic zeal on the advocacy of the rights of the Company's officers, and did good service to a good cause ; and by his letters in the newspapers on this subject, attracted the notice of men in power. But the months sped on as only months of furlough do speed. His health was quite re-established ; indeed, the home voyage had been sufficient for that ; and his duty lay not at Burnfoot, but at Madras ; and to Madras he must go. He had reached England in July 1794, and he left it in May 1795. He had the advantage of going out as Secretary to Sir Alured Clarke, who was proceeding as Commander-in-Chief to Madras. On their way they stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, and brought to a close the war that was then being waged between the Dutch and the English. It is so delightful to catch a historian of Mr. Kaye's almost finical accuracy "tripping," that

we cannot resist the temptation of "shewing him up." He states, truly enough, that the fight in which General Clarke defeated the Dutch, gave the Cape Colony to the English : but he adds, not truly enough, that by the English it has ever since been retained. Now, of course, Mr. Kaye, knows very well, though he seems for the moment to have forgotten, that the Cape was given up to the Dutch in 1802, that it was re-taken by an Indian hero, Sir David Baird in 1806, and even then was held rather as a province than a colony till 1814.

After a stay of some two months at the Cape, the voyage for India was resumed, and was brought to a close somewhere about the end of 1795. For a little more than a year, Malcolm seems to have remained with the Commander-in-Chief at the Presidency. His hands were of course full. "The employment," he says writing to his mother, "is of that nature as to leave me hardly one idle moment ; all the better, you will say ; and "all the better I say ;"—and all the better *we* say. He was now twenty-seven years old, he had got a fresh impulse, physically and mentally, during those ten months at home—and all the better, we repeat with all the circumstance of editorial oracle, that he had hardly an idle moment. In the beginning of 1797, Sir Robert Abercromby resigned the Command-in-Chief of the Bengal army ; Sir Alured Clarke succeeded him ; and General Harris succeeded Sir Alured Clarke in the command of the Madras army. Clarke was unable, for some reason which Mr. Kaye professes himself unable to explain, to take his secretary with him to Bengal ; but Harris was happy to retain him, and although he would have liked to accompany his old master, he was happy to remain. "It may be gathered (says his biographer) from his letters, that John Malcolm was never more in "a 'laughing' mood than at this period of his life. He had "good health, good spirits, and good prospects. He was still " 'Boy Malcolm' : and he wrote, both to his friends in India and "to dear old Burnfoot, in a strain which must have imparted "something of its own cheerfulness to the recipients of his "laughing epistles." But while he was thus joyous and light-hearted, he was not idle. This was emphatically his period of study. He had marked out for himself the career of a "political," and while people who only casually saw him, regarded him as only the light-hearted and gay "Boy-Malcolm," he was carrying on an extensive correspondence with the best-informed men of the country, getting from each his views on various points of policy, and digesting these views into elaborate "minutes." Some of these he submitted to Lord Hobart, who received them graciously, and encouraged him to proceed with his self-imposed task.

In February 1798, Lord Hobart resigned the Government of Madras, and General Harris acted during the interregnum. The Town-Majorship of Fort St. George was, in those days, an office of greater honor and emolument than it is now, and it was regarded as a perquisite of some one of the Governor's suite. It was therefore given by General Harris to his secretary, and Malcolm held it till the arrival of Lord Clive in August. In this year also he attained his captaincy. And in this year, Lord Mornington landed at Madras on his way to Calcutta; and Captain Malcolm took the liberty to forward to "the glorious little man," some of those papers that he had submitted to Lord Hobart, and to solicit that "when opportunity" offered, he might be employed in the diplomatic line of his "profession." And opportunity offered soon: on the 10th of September, he received a letter from the Governor-General, announcing his appointment to be assistant to the Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, and at the same time requesting to see him as soon as he could possibly present himself at Calcutta. But it would seem that Malcolm must have received the official announcement of his appointment, and started at once for Hyderabad, before getting this letter from the Governor-General; and once at Hyderabad, his hands were filled for some time.

The Nizam had for a long time had a difficult part to play. He was on terms of friendly alliance with the English. He was also on terms of friendship with the French. But the English and the French were at war with each other. He had no very special preference for either of the parties. The only question with him was as to the probable advantage of maintaining the one or the other friendship. One of the first acts of the administration of Lord Mornington was to compel him to a choice. He had in his pay a body of 11,000 troops, under the command of French officers, and devoted to French interests. The Governor-General insisted that these troops should be disbanded, and their officers given up as prisoners of war into the hands of the English. This order had just reached Captain Kirkpatrick, when Malcolm joined him as his assistant. The work was one of importance. It was one also of difficulty and danger. It was admirably executed, and Malcolm had a fair share in the credit of the execution:—

"That the dispersion of the French troops was a very important stroke of policy, and that it tended materially to secure our subsequent successes, is not to be denied. Malcolm shared with Kirkpatrick the credit of the achievement. But the experience which he had gained was of more worth to him than the honor. In the course of the fortnight which he had spent, by accident as it were, at Hyderabad, he had seen more of busy, stirring public life—more

of the strife and turmoil of oriental politics—than many men see in the course of years. The lesson that he learnt was never forgotten. That little reliance is to be placed on the word of an Indian diplomatist, that no native court is willing to fulfil the conditions of a treaty except under strong compulsion, Malcolm may have known before. But the great practical truth which he carried with him from Hyderabad, to be much pondered by the way, was, that the most vigorous policy is, at the same time, the most humane—that there is nothing so merciful, when strong measures are to be carried out, as an over-awing display of force at the outset. Had Kirkpatrick wanted resolution—had he hesitated, and flattered, and shewn himself to be a man of weak-nerved humanity, slow to resort to extremities, in all probability before the end of October, the French lines would have been running crimson with blood. There is an ill odour about the word “dragooning,” but there is more real kindness in the *thing* itself than is readily to be believed.”

And so, deeply pondering this and other lessons, and bearing with him the colors of the disbanded French regiments, John Malcolm proceeded to Calcutta.

Any one reading Mr. Kaye’s account of the reception that awaited him there, and of the place which he occupied in the viceregal court and councils of Lord Mornington, without having much previous knowledge of the character, and tastes, and peculiarities of that nobleman, will be apt to think that Mr. Kaye unduly magnifies his hero, and represents his advent to Calcutta as a more important event than it really was. But, in point of fact, the Governor-General, the “glorious little man,” was one of those few men to whom, being in office, it was of no consequence whether a man were old or not, whether he were a cadet or a colonel, provided he had eyes that could see, a brain that could think, a soul that could feel what was right and what was noble; and a hand that could hold a sword or a pen. In fact, we think that, upon the whole, other things being equal, he would have preferred a young man to an old one; at all events, he seems to have surrounded himself with men whom many would have despised as youngsters; but whose energies, and whose unsophisticated ways of looking at affairs, he knew how to turn to account. It was not because he despised the wisdom of the ancients; but because he had a peculiar liking for a set of men who combined, in a wonderful way, the wisdom of experience with the energy and the fearlessness of youth. There are men who are never young;—calculating, planning, plotting, far-seeing in regard to the interests of self, from their boyhood. No man likes, or ought to like them. And there are men too, who never grow old; who retain the frivolity and the puppyism of boyhood, till, for their years, they ought to be old men. These are neither liked nor

likeable, neither esteemed nor estimable. But others there are, who, without any deficiency, yea with a superabundance of the characteristic qualities of youth, require only to have responsibility laid upon them, in order to call forth the faculties and powers which in others are only developed by time and experience; and these men often retain the freshness and the vigor of youth until a good old age. These are the men who are fittest for the work of this world in whatsoever of its departments. Those who know how to appreciate men, make much of such, when they find them. Blessed is the governor who has his quiver full of such.

And such an one was Malcolm, and such ones were many of those whom Lord Mornington gathered around him in Calcutta. He knew how to appreciate them. He made much of them, in a judicious and manly way—and these fine young hearts beat joyously at the sound of his voice; and very gladly would they have poured out their life-blood for their noble chief.

Doubtless Malcolm at this time was very happy. Nor less so, when the Governor-General announced to him that he was to accompany himself to the Madras Presidency, and take such part as might be assigned to him in the events that were "looming in the distance." In the Governor-General's suite he arrived at Madras, and thence he was despatched to join the Nizam's force, and accompany it to Seringapatam. It consisted of two portions, the British troops in the pay of the Nizam, commanded by Colonels Roberts and Hyndman; and the Nizam's own troops under Meer Allum. They were all sepoys alike, but the one body was directly under the command of the Company's officers, while the other owned no master but the Nizam. It was with the latter portion of the force that Malcolm had mainly to do. He found these troops then in a state of mutiny; Meer Allum acknowledged himself unable to control them, and Malcolm felt himself justified, in offering to take the command. His offer was accepted; and by a manly and determined bearing, he subdued those rude spirits, and reduced them into a state of obedience and efficiency. With this force of the Nizam, H. M.'s 33rd regiment was associated; and it was this that brought Malcolm into contact with the Honorable Arthur Wellesley; and thus a friendship was begun, which ripened into cordial intimacy, and which never slackened on either side till the last day of Malcolm's life. Indeed, we may say in passing, that we do not know that the Duke of Wellington was ever on more intimate terms with any man than with Sir John Malcolm.

The capture of Seringapatam, the death of Tippoo, and the subversion of his dynasty, belong to the history of India rather than to the life of Malcolm. But there are two anecdotes

related by Mr. Kaye, that we must transfer to our pages. On the morning of the final assault on the city, "Boy Malcolm" went into General Harris's tent, and addressed him as "Lord Harris." The old hero thought the joke mistimed, and answered him gravely. Yet we may be sure that he did not particularly dislike to be reminded by one whom he knew to be as sagacious as he was buoyant, of coming events casting their shadows before. The other story is equally characteristic. When the *loot* of Seringapatam was put up for sale, it was not unnatural that General Harris should wish to become possessor of the *Spolia opima*. But Tippoo's sword was knocked down to another bidder, to Captain Malcolm. Was he going to keep it for himself? No, he was not selfish enough for that. Was he going to send it Burnfoot? This would not have been inconsistent with his intense regard for his father and mother. But this, too, would have been selfishness; for what right had *they* peculiarly to a trophy which *he* had not peculiarly taken? No! he bought the sword, and presented it to Sir Alured Clarke. Harris liked him all the better for this tribute of respect for a hero, of gratitude to his first patron.

In General Harris's despatch, Malcolm has a whole paragraph devoted to his praise; and, indeed, his services were of no ordinary kind. But for his exertions, and the confidence that the Nizam's officers and soldiers reposed in him, this large branch of the army would have been almost certainly lost to the cause. Lord Mornington was as willing to listen to the recommendation, as General Harris was to recommend "Captain Malcolm to the particular notice of his Lordship in Council;" and when a Commission was appointed for the settlement of the Mysore territory, consisting of General Harris, Arthur and Henry Wellesley, Colonels Kirkpatrick and Close,—John Malcolm and his friend "Tom Munro," were appointed secretaries. When a Governor-General nominates such a commission and such secretaries, it is not to be doubted that he means it to be a working commission; and such was this. In a month, the work was done, and done well. Much has been written on a point to which Mr. Kaye does not allude, or alludes only so slightly that the allusion will not be understood except by those conversant with the history of the period. We refer to the slight supposed to have been cast upon Sir David Baird by his exclusion from this commission, and by the appointment of Col. Wellesley to the command of the city, to which Baird was thought to have a superior claim. We have no wish to revive this controversy; but we do think it is scarcely fair to admit, as seems to be sometimes admitted as an element in the discussion, the subsequent career of Colonel Wellesley. It is forgotten

that the controversy took place in the eighteenth, not in the nineteenth century; that the parties were not Sir David Baird and the Duke of Wellington, but Sir David Baird and Colonel the Honorable Arthur Wellesley. That Colonel Wellesley's appointment was a good one is doubtless true; and it may be true also, that Baird's temper and habits fitted him better for the head of an army than for the settlement of a province; but we have not been quite convinced, either that Wellesley had showed so pre-eminent qualifications, or Baird so striking disqualifications as to justify the Governor-General in passing over the fine old hero, and appointing his own brother.

The business of the Mysore Commissioner was scarcely wound up when Captain Malcolm was informed by Lord Mornington that he intended to send him as ambassador to the court of Persia. With what joy he received this announcement we need not tell. Since the days of Elizabeth, when Sir Anthony Jenkinson was sent to the court of the Shah of those days, no British envoy had proceeded to the Persian court. Malcolm himself thus states the objects of his Mission;—"To relieve India * from the annual alarm of Zemaun Shah's invasion, * * * to "counteract the possible attempts of those villainous but active "democrats, the French; and to restore to some part of its "former prosperity, a trade which has been in a great degree "lost."

Zemaun Shah was at this time king of Affghanistan, who had been for years blustering about an invasion of the British territories, and a junction with the Mohammedan princes of India. It was considered a good stroke of policy to enlist Persia on our side, so that if he should attack us, Persia might attack him. The French were no doubt at this time ready for mischief of any sort; and it was probably necessary to check-mate them by all possible means. The trade with Persia had never been great; but it was considered desirable that it should not be allowed to fall wholly into disuse. Such were the objects of Malcolm's mission to Persia. As it was desirable that no time should be lost, and as his own temperament was never such as to lead him to lose time, he set off at once for Hyderabad, and spent a busy fortnight in closing his accounts there. He left Hyderabad on the 1st of November 1799, reached Poonah on the 19th, and after a very short stay at Bombay, sailed thence on the 29th of December, two days before the end of the century. His first destination was Muscat, where he entered into a treaty between the Imaum and the English. He then started for Bushire, which he reached on the 1st of February 1800.

Malcolm was strongly impressed with the conviction that his success in Persia would be greatly dependent on the liberality of his presents, and on the pertinacity of his standing up for his rights and dignities. Now, the former was as much in accordance with his tastes as the latter was contrary to them. The giving of a present has the effect of putting people into good humour, the standing up for ceremony has that of putting them into bad humour. Still the one was as necessary as the other. Thus says his biographer:—

“The stickling for forms was more repellent to a man of Malcolm’s temperament than the present-giving. He knew enough of oriental courts to recognise its necessity; but it was not less distasteful for the recognition. Eager as he was to advance with the work before him, it was vexatious in the extreme to be delayed by disputes about ceremonial observances—the style of a letter, or the arrangement of an interview. He was personally a man of simple habits and unostentatious demeanour. Left to his own impulses, he would as readily have negotiated a treaty in his shirt-sleeves, and signed it with a billiard-cue under his arm, as arrayed in purple and gold, under a salute of artillery, and with a guard-of-honor at his back. But as the representative of a great nation, he was bound to uphold its dignity to the utmost. He was now among a people out of measure addicted to pomp and ceremony, with whom statesmanship was mainly a matter of fine writing; who stickled about forms of address, as though the destinies of empires were dependent upon the color of a compliment or the height of a chair; and who measured the grandeur of other nations with their own Chamberlain’s wand. Any concession upon his part—any failure to insist upon the strict observance of what was due to him in his ambassadorial character, would have been construed, not only to his own disadvantage, but to that of the nation which he represented. So Malcolm resolved to do in Fars as is done in Fars, and to stickle as manfully for forms as any Hadjie in the country.”

In fact, it was merely a carrying out of the promise that he had made to the old woman at Burnfoot. She had urged him to be more careful about his “adonization” in London than it was necessary to be in Eskdale, and he had promised that when amongst strangers he should do “just weel aneugh.” And now he was among strangers, and he strove to accommodate himself to their ideas. Only the old woman had held out the threat that, if he did *not* adopt London manners in London, he should be sent home again; and *by adopting* Persian manners in Persia, he narrowly escaped that penalty;—a penalty which, as our readers may remember, more than once followed a like course of procedure on the part of our ambassadors to China. Having remained at Bushire for more than three months, await-

ing the settlement of his claims as to ceremonial etiquette, he set forward for the Persian Capital on the 22nd of May:—

"His suit consisted of six European gentlemen,* two European servants, two surveying boys, forty-two troopers of the Madras native cavalry, forty-nine Bombay grenadiers, sixty-eight Indian servants and followers, a hundred and three Persian attendants, and two-hundred and thirty-six servants and followers belonging to the gentlemen of the Mission."

His first stage was at Shiraz, where the Prince-Regent held his Court. Here the ceremonial controversy was renewed. Malcolm insisted upon what he regarded as his rights, and they were conceded, though with a bad grace. For whatever was amiss, he insisted upon, and obtained apologies. "Malcolm made a magnificent present to the prince,—a present of watches and pistols, "mirrors and telescopes, shawls and table lustres, knives and "tooth-picks, filagree-boxes and umbrellas, cloths and muslins, "with an unlimited supply of sugar, sugar-candy and chintz." The quantity of sugar alone was portentous—339 maunds,—upwards of 27,000 lbs.,—besides two tubs of sugar-candy! and yet the Prince-Regent was but imperfectly sweetened after all.

He was detained at Shiraz longer than he expected, the cause of the delay being highly characteristic of the country in which it occurred. At last quitting it, he reached Ispahan on the 23rd of September, the autumnal equinox. Here Malcolm was received with great magnificence, and here also he dispensed presents on a princely scale. With all this, it was not till the middle of November that he reached the Capital of Persia. As since the days of good Queen Bess and of Anthony Jenkinson, till the days of good King George and John Malcolm, no British envoy had stood before a Persian king, we may be allowed to extract our author's account of Malcolm's first presentation:—

"On the 16th of November, the English ambassador was presented to the Persian monarch. After the ceremonies had been arranged, Malcolm, with all his suite, proceeded towards the palace, the drums and trumpets of his escort heralding his approach. One of his chief Hindostani servants carried the letter of the Governor-General. On reaching the inner gate, having dismounted, the ambassador was conducted to an apartment in which the Dewan-Beg was sitting,

* From another part of the narrative, we learn that these were:—

Capt. William Campbell.....	<i>First Assistant.</i>
Lieut. Charles Pasley.....	
Mr. Richard Strachey.....	<i>Assistants.</i>
Lieut. John Colebrooke.....	
Mr. Gilbert Briggs.....	<i>Commanding Escort.</i>
Mr. William Hollingberry.....	<i>Surgeon.</i>
	<i>Writer.</i>

and desired to seat himself on the other end of the same cushion. The Governor-General's letter was then placed between them. Coffee and pipes were introduced; and after the lapse of nearly an hour, it was announced that the king himself was seated on the throne, and that he was prepared to receive the English envoy in the Dewan-Khana, or hall of audience.

"Conducted by the Chamberlains, or masters of the ceremonies, Malcolm advanced, wearing the uniform of an English officer.* The audience-chamber was at the further end of a great square, in various parts of which the officers of the court were marshalled according to their respective ranks. It was a lofty chamber, profusely ornamented, in one corner of which the king, gorgeously attired, and one blaze of jewellery, was seated upon his cushioned throne.† As Malcolm advanced, attended by the masters of the ceremonies—one of the officers of the court bearing the Governor-General's letter on a golden salver—he uncovered his head whenever they made obeisance. As he neared the throne, a herald proclaimed that Captain John Malcolm was come from the Governor-General of India to see his Majesty of Persia. "He is welcome," replied the king. Then Malcolm walked up to the door of the audience-chamber, made a low bow, advanced to the centre of the room, and then took the seat provided for him. The gentlemen of his suite sat at a distance below him. The prime minister received the Governor-General's letter, and presented it to the king, who ordered it to be opened; and one of the secretaries of State then broke the seal, and read it with a very loud voice, in a clear and distinct manner.

"Having repeated his expressions of welcome, the king enquired after his Majesty of England; hoped that King George was in good health; asked how many wives he had; and put some perplexing questions respecting the manners of our Court. Then having inquired after the treatment which the ambassador had received on his journey, and how he liked the climate of the country, his Majesty spoke of the friendship which had always subsisted between Persia and Great Britain, and of the pleasurable feelings with which he contemplated its establishment on a firm basis. But beyond these general expressions of good feeling, nothing passed at the interview relating to business of State. Malcolm, however, had every reason to congratulate himself on his reception. The affability with which the king had discoursed with him was declared to be "gracious beyond example."

On the 27th of November, the ambassador was again received by the monarch, and on this occasion, presented the magnificent

* "Mehedi Ali Khan had endeavoured to persuade Malcolm to array himself in costly apparel, more in accordance with the ideas of the people than his plain soldier's uniform. But he laughed to scorn all such mummery, and declared that he would appear at the Persian Court as an Englishman and a soldier."

† "'The King,' wrote Malcolm in his journal, 'has a fine countenance and an elegant person. He was dressed with a magnificence which it is impossible to describe—being covered with jewels, many of which are those of Nadir Shah. His dress could not be worth less than a million sterling.'"

presents with which he was charged. These were graciously accepted, and the king spent an hour in affable conversation with the ambassador.

We cannot dwell upon the various events that occurred during the sojourn of Malcolm at the Persian Court. Enough to say that a commercial and a political treaty were prepared, discussed, altered and re-altered, and at length concluded, signed and sealed. Malcolm gained golden opinions for himself. The nobles vied with each other in sumptuous hospitality. The king himself was evidently pleased with his manly and joyous spirit; 'and when,' says his biographer "he assured Malcolm, at parting, that he should "ever feel the warmest interest in his welfare, the words were more "truly spoken than are commonly the compliments of kings." The treaties being concluded at the end of January 1801, Malcolm set out at once on his return to India, *via* Baghdad, Bussorah and Bushire; and after various adventures, and a stormy voyage in a leaky ship, he reached Bombay on the 13th of May.

On his arrival at Bombay, Malcolm was summoned to Calcutta to give an account of his mission, and had the satisfaction of receiving from the Governor-General assurances of his unqualified approbation of his proceedings. Lord Mornington, now become Lord Wellesley, also promised him the first appointment worthy of his acceptance, that might be vacant. *En attendant*, he appointed him to act as his own private secretary, during the absence of his brother, Mr. Henry Wellesley. This office is one whose holder may be every thing or nothing, according to the disposition of his chief. With Wellesley, Malcolm was every thing, "*dimidium melius sui*." Honored and trusted by his Lordship, sharing with him the cares and the labors of the government of a great empire at a critical time, it is refreshing to see the constancy with which Malcolm's thoughts reverted to the old parlour at Burnfoot. It was now in his power to contribute handsomely to the increase of the material comforts of his parents and sisters; but we may be sure that his liberal remittances had little share in the production of the intense joy that his letters diffused in the old home. It is said that success is, with the public, the sole test of generalship. With the public it may be so, but not with mothers and sisters; and if Malcolm had been, not the most prosperous man in India,—as he was—but suffering under reproach and penury, these kindly judges would have brought in a verdict, finding him, as an Indian Court, at a later period, found a notable character, "the victim of circumstances." But when they learned that "Jock," who twenty years before had been "at the bottom" of half the boyish mischief in the parish of Westerkirk, was now very near the top of the Government of a vast empire, they could only wonder and thank God.

Shortly after Malcolm's appointment to the Private Secretaryship, he accompanied the Governor-General on a trip to the N.-W. Provinces, the main object of which was the settlement of Oude, that "Ireland" of India, whose management has, for half a century, been the grand test of the powers of each successive administration. In the course of the slow journey up the river, Malcolm was the confidential adviser of his Lordship, in regard to matters of great moment, which were then pressing upon his mind. These related not only to the settlement and administration of the country, but also to the relations between the home and the local authorities. We may state, generally,—for we cannot afford to enter at all on the discussion of the matter—that the Court of Directors had conceived a strong prejudice against the officials at Madras; especially against Lord Clive, the Governor, Mr. Webbe, the Chief Secretary, and Mr. Cockburn, the president of the Revenue Board. Lord Wellesley was led, both by principle and interest, to stand by these men;—by principle, because he regarded them as the victims of injustice,—by interest, not selfish but patriotic, because he considered their remaining in the country to be essential to the good of the country. It was too evident that a most disastrous collision between the Court and the Indian Governments might ensue. Thus there were long and earnest conferences, every day and all day, between the Governor-General and his Private Secretary. At last it was deemed necessary that Malcolm should proceed to Madras; and he parted with the Governor-General at Allahabad, and returned by dāk to Calcutta, whence he sailed at once for Madras, and reached it on the 26th of January 1802. Employed there in a matter of exceeding delicacy and considerable difficulty, Malcolm acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the Governor-General who had sent him, and of those to whom he was sent. One point in the negotiations involved no little self-denial on Malcolm's part. It was Lord Wellesley's earnest desire that Mr. Webbe should remain in India. But as Chief Secretary at Madras, he could not remain because the Court of Directors had sent out a gentleman expressly to supersede him. Now the Residency of Mysore was about to become vacant, by the removal of Col. Close to Poonah. It had been fixed that Malcolm was to succeed to this office, one of the best in point of remuneration, and one of the most honorable in point of distinction, in the service. Now Malcolm was instructed to urge upon Mr. Webbe the acceptance of this office, to which he had himself been all but appointed; and he did plead with Webbe to accept the office, and pleaded so earnestly that he prevailed. We do not give him extravagant praise for this self-denying conduct; because we have never in India

been without men willing to sacrifice their own interests to those of the public service. But we ought to mention that there were two circumstances which made the sacrifice peculiarly trying to Malcolm. The first was that Lord Wellesley did not intend to remain long in the country, and there might probably be no other vacancy to which he could appoint Malcolm, and certainly none so desirable in every way as this. The other was that he had already informed his friends in Scotland of his nomination to this office ; and it was impossible to make them understand the reasons why the appointment had not taken place :—

“ I know, my dear Colonel,” said he, writing to Col. Kirkpatrick, “ that you will feel this arrangement most severely in many respects, and in none more than as it affects me. This you must explain, particularly to Mr. John Pasley and my other friends, as they are under an impression, from letters which I cannot now re-call, that I am actually fixed as Resident at Mysore. Assure them that I consider my interests as little affected by the circumstances that have occurred, and that I continue to preserve—what Mr. Pasley knows has ever been my primary object—Lord Wellesley’s favor and confidence.”

As we shall not advert to this matter again, we may mention here that Mr. Webbe, in the course of a few months, hearing that Mr. Henry Wellesley was about to return to the Private Secretaryship, sent the resignation of his office to Lord Wellesley, for the express purpose of enabling His Lordship to make a permanent provision for Malcolm before his departure from India. But ere this, Malcolm was occupied in other matters.

Having brought his negotiations at Madras to a satisfactory termination, Malcolm set off at once for Calcutta, and thence to join the Governor-General, who was then on his return from Lucknow. Early in March, he joined his Lordship, and again took possession of the Private-Secretary’s seat. And so through the hot weather of 1802, he labored at his desk in Calcutta, winning golden opinions from all descriptions of men. But this was not long to continue.

The King of Persia had sent an ambassador to India, to return Malcolm’s visit to Teheran. At Bombay, a body of Company’s sepoy was appointed to attend on him. A quarrel ensued between them and his own Persian attendants. The quarrel led to a scuffle, and the scuffle to a fight. Musket-balls were flying “ quite promiscuously,” when the ambassador unwisely went out to attempt to quell the disturbance. No sooner had he appeared on the scene than a bullet struck him, and down he fell

dead. This was an emergency. The effect produced by this disaster is thus described by Mr. Kaye :—

“It would be difficult to describe the sensation which this incident excited in the minds of all the European inhabitants of Bombay, from Governor Duncan down to the youngest ensign in the service. The whole settlement went into mourning. A frigate was despatched immediately to Calcutta to bear the melancholy tidings to the seat of the Supreme Government, and to seek for counsel in so unprecedented a conjuncture. The strongest minds in India were shaken by this terrible intelligence from Bombay. Even Lord Wellesley for a time was stunned and stupified by the disaster. A general gloom hung over the Presidency. Some spoke of the danger, some of the disgrace. To Malcolm the accident was peculiarly afflicting. He could not help feeling that the ambassador, though the guest of the nation, was peculiarly his guest. It was Malcolm's visit to Persia, which Hadjee Khalil Khan was returning, when he thus calamitously and ingloriously lost his life in a broil at the hands of one of our own people. He knew and he liked the man ; but, beyond all, his heart was in the object of the Persian's mission. He saw now that all his own work was undone at a blow, just as the crown was about to be set upon it, and he knew not how long a time it might take to remedy the evil, even if the outrage did not lead to a total rupture with the Persian Court. ‘It brings sorrow to all,’ he wrote to Lord Hobart ; ‘to me it brings the most severe distress. I see in one moment the labor of three years given to the winds (and that by the most unexpected and unprecedented of all accidents) just when it was on the point of completion.’”

Now Malcolm was the favorite adviser of Lord Wellesley on all occasions ; and, of course, on a matter relating to Persia, his opinion was of the highest importance. So, after long and earnest conferences, it was agreed that the Private Secretary should proceed to Bombay, with a *carte blanche*, to do all that he might think necessary, in order to avert threatened calamity ; and on the 30th of August, he embarked at Calcutta for Masulipatam. Thence he went at once to Hyderabad, where he had some work to do in conference with the Resident, Mr. Webbe. From Hyderabad he proceeded to Poonah, where also he had to hold conference with the Resident, Col. Close. In the course of his journey from Poonah to Bombay, an incident occurred, which would have tried the temper of most men ; but Malcolm had the secret of being “jolly,” under the most creditable circumstances. As he was quietly proceeding on his journey, dreaming of Burnfoot and Teheran, his palankin was surrounded by a body of cavalry and infantry, and he was made prisoner. It appeared that a petty chief, expecting a general action between Holkar and Scindiah, had conceived the idea that the possession of a man of Malcolm's standing would enable him to make ad-

vantageous terms with the victor, and so he had sent out a party to apprehend him. He was taken to a remote village among the hills, where only one inhabitant had ever seen a white face. He managed to get a note sent off to Poonah, and remained without fear as to the issue. As this was the first time since he left Eskdale, that he had an opportunity of witnessing unsophisticated village-life, he entered with great zest into the spirit of it ; and perhaps the time that he spent here, passed as pleasantly as any that he ever passed out of Eskdale. He ingratiated himself with men, women and children ; and we should not wonder, if any traveller should now visit this village, though he found a tradition handed down through the half-century that has passed since then, of the sojourn of such a guest among them. But such pleasure could not last long. Fifteen hundred men were sent from Poonah, and Malcolm was allowed to proceed on his journey. He promised to the Chief to inform the resident at Poonah, that, though detained, he had been treated with kindness. For the detention this Rob Roy was condemned to a fine ; for the kindness, to a fine only.

Without further adventure, Malcolm reached Bombay on the 10th of October, and found the Persians very clamorous on account of the death of their master, and the Europeans very much alarmed at their clamours. But Malcolm's arrivals soon put matters to right. He understood the Persians, and they partly understood him, or were soon made to do so. By the end of the month, he had sent off the body of the ambassador to Persia, had expressed in a letter to the king, and in letters to many of the nobles and the relatives of the deceased, the extreme regret of the Governor-General, the Governor of Bombay, himself, and the whole community, at the melancholy occurrence, and had liberally expended presents and promised pensions to relatives and attachés. Perhaps the last step was the most effective of all. The Persians, king and people, acknowledged that the death of the Hadji was such an accident as *will* happen in the best-regulated families, and the *entente cordiale* suffered no interruption. Having brought this matter to so satisfactory a termination, Malcolm left Bombay about the end of November, and the close of the year 1802 found him in deep conference with Lord Wellesley in Calcutta.

Matters of no ordinary magnitude formed the prevailing subject of these conferences. The great Mahratta war was about to blaze out, and Malcolm was to have his fair share in the dangers and the glory of it. Mr. Webbe had resigned the Residency of Mysore at the end of the year, and Malcolm had been appointed to succeed him. But he was destined for a time to be a non-resident Resident. We must now endeavour, as

briefly as may be, to give our readers an idea of the position of the pieces on the board in the great game that was about to be played. Lord Wellesley was Governor-General ; Lord Clive was Governor of Madras ; General Lake was Commander-in-Chief in India ; General Stuart was Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army ; and under him General Arthur Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson were in command of divisions of the army ; Colonel Close was Resident at the Peishwa's court at Poonah ; Colonel Collins (our old friend Jack Collins*) at that of Scindia ; Mr. Webbe had been appointed to the Residency at the court of the Boonsla, or Raja of Berar, at Nagpore ; and Major Malcolm stood appointed, as we have said, to succeed him as Resident at the court of the Raja of Mysore. Now some time before this, Scindia and the Peishwa had gone to loggerheads with Holkar, who had defeated their united forces in a smart action in the neighbourhood of Poonah. Holkar took possession of Poonah, but respected the flag on the British Residency. The Peishwa fled, and after various adventures, threw himself on the protection of the English, by whom he was conveyed in a British ship to Bassein. Here, on the last day of 1802, he signed a treaty, which was intended to be the basis of a great league of the chief Indian powers, the English, the Peishwa, Holkar, Scindia, the Boonsla, and the Nizam, on the footing of the English being acknowledged the paramount power. The first step to be taken was therefore to reinstate the Peishwa at Poonah ; and it was hoped that this might be effected by a mere demonstration of force, with out actually letting slip the dogs of war. General Wellesley therefore marched for Poonah, and was joined on the way by Col. Stevenson from Hyderabad. Holkar had quitted Poonah, leaving it in charge of Amrut Rao, one of his generals, with orders to burn it if a British force should approach. General Wellesley prevented this by the rapidity of his movements, and Amrut Rao marched out with his garrison of 1,500 men. This was on the 20th of April 1803. On the 27th, the Peishwa left Bassein, attended by Colonel Close, and escorted by a body of British troops under the command of Col. Murray, and on the 13th of May, he took his seat on the Musnud in Poonah.

Malcolm had left Calcutta in the beginning of February, but did not reach Madras till about the end of the month. After a short stay there, he joined General Stuart's camp, and after spending two days with him, he pushed on to join General Wellesley, who was on his march for Poonah. With him he remained in a non-descript position. He was nominally Resident at Seringapatam, and in that capacity he had no business in

* See *Calcutta Review*, Vol. XXIV. Art. " LORD METCALFE."

General Wellesley's camp. But both from his knowledge of the position that Malcolm held in the Governor-Generals confidence, and from his own respect for his judgment and skill in oriental diplomacy, General Wellesley desired to have him with him. It is evident, also, from the Governor-General's letters addressed to Malcolm at this time, that he expected of him the performance of the duties of Governor-General's Agent, though it does not appear that he was formally appointed to this office. His official position was not very clearly defined, but he had abundance of work to do, and that was enough for him.

The position of the "pieces" was now this: The confederation was complete between the English, the Peishwa, and the Nizam. Holkar was hovering on the frontiers of the Nizam's territory, which Stevenson had been detached by General Wellesley to defend. Scindia and the Boonsla were each in the field, and it did not yet appear what steps they were to take. The months of May, June and July were spent in negotiation; but without effect. On the 3rd of August, Colonel Collins quitted Scindia's court; on the 6th, this intelligence reached General Wellesley; Scindia and the Boonsla had thus deliberately chosen to stake their fortune on the hazard of the die of war. On the 8th, General Wellesley took up his position before the walls of Ahmednugger, and on the 12th, the British bunting was floating over the citadel. But Malcolm had no share in this capture. He was on a sick-bed. He had been for months suffering from dysentery, and although he had been now up and now down, and had been able to do a vast amount of most important service, the insidious foe had been steadily gaining ground. After struggling long, sustained by his constitution, his spirit, and the excitement of his work, he yielded at last to the solicitation of his friends and left the camp on the day after the capture of Ahmednugger. He proceeded to Bombay, and there he speedily recovered, so far that we find him writing to General Wellesley on the 7th of September: "I have been at my desk, writing letters to England, for six hours, and am not fatigued." I am not yet permitted to ride." Whether the favorable symptoms had been deceptive, or whether he had over-taxed his strength and brought on a relapse, we do not know; but it was months after this ere he was able to rejoin Wellesley's camp; and he missed the glorious battles of Assaye and Argaum. It was, indeed, a sore trial to a soldier to be doomed to inactivity while Lake fought Laswari, and Wellesley fought Assaye and Argaum. But these trials are not without their uses, and we doubt not that this trial was useful to Malcolm in various ways. At length, better, but not yet well, he rejoined, his old friend on the 16th of December. He was just in time to be too late, and too late to be in time. He heard from a

distance the firing at Gawilghur, and pushed on with all possible speed ; but the fort had fallen before he came. And this was the end of the war. Two days after, the Boonsla acceded to terms similar to those granted to the Peishwa. "Malcolm's arrival in camp," his biographer informs us, "was like a sudden burst of sunshine." And we can well believe it. All work and no play was making dull boys of General Wellesley and those about him. But the Man Malcolm lessened the work by sharing it, and the Boy Malcolm greatly augmented the play.

The Boonsla had now joined the league, but Scindia had not yet. He now, however, began to treat, and after more than even the usual oriental amount of wriggling, evasion, and falsehood, a treaty was at last, on the 30th of December, concluded on terms proposed by Malcolm, to whose judgment General Wellesley had on some points sacrificed his own. This treaty was concluded by Scindia's agents, and there was no doubt of its being ratified by himself. It was agreed between Malcolm and General Wellesley that as soon as the ratification was completed, Malcolm should proceed to Scindia's camp, in order to "conclude a "supplementary treaty for the establishment of a subsidiary "force in the Maharajah's dominions." To the camp he accordingly resorted, and a very difficult piece of work he had to perform. He was sick, and Scindia was sick : or when he was well, he would not attend to business. Add to this that there were two parties among his advisers, who always, as a matter of course, pulled in opposite directions, and agreed in nothing but in opposing each other. Take an instance of the way in which native diplomacy was conducted in those days, and would be conducted now, if there were any native powers with whom to diplomatize. Malcolm had given to the ministers of Scindia a draft of a treaty, containing only such articles as he had understood to have been already agreed on in conference. When it was returned to him, he found that "almost all the expressions, 'and some of the most essential principles," had been altered, and that the following article had been added to it :—"That the "English Government agreed, out of respect for the *firman* of "the king,—out of regard for the tribe of the Peishwa,—out "of friendship for the Maharajah,—and with a view to increase "its own reputation with the natives of the country, to allow "no cows to be killed in Hindustan !" With thus making and rejecting proposals, shifting, winding and wriggling, about two months passed over, and it was not till the last day of February that the negotiations were brought to a close. Malcolm had the gratification of receiving from the Governor-General privately, and from the Governor-General-in-Council publicly, the most cordial assurances of entire satisfaction with his services, and

approbation of the treaty which he had concluded. This was an immense relief to his mind; for he had received assurances that Lord Wellesley was not disposed to be easily satisfied. Even after the treaty was concluded, but before it reached Calcutta, his Lordship had written to Malcolm, threatening that if the treaty contained certain articles which he supposed it to contain, but which fortunately it did not contain, he would have recourse to the extreme measure of disowning the act of his own agent, and refusing to sanction Malcolm's proceedings.

The supplementary treaty being concluded, it now fell to Malcolm's lot to arrange some important details, in order to the carrying into effect of the original treaty, concluded by General Wellesley. In the interpretation of that treaty a great difficulty arose. It had reference to various points of lesser moment, but mainly to the possession of Gwalior. If we understand aright the nature of the dispute,—and we have earnestly endeavoured to do so—it arose in this wise. By the treaty it was agreed that “such countries formerly in the possession of the Maharajah, “situated between Jypore and Joudpore, and to the southward “of the former, are to belong to the Maharajah.” By another article it was stipulated, “that whereas certain treaties have “been made by the British Government with Rajahs and others, “heretofore feudatories of the Maharajah, these treaties are to “be confirmed; and the Maharajah hereby renounces all claims “upon the persons with whom such treaties have been made, “and declares them to be independent of his Government and “authority, provided that none of the territories belonging to “the Maharajah, situated to the southward of those of the Rajahs “of Jypore and Joudpore and the Rana of Gohud, have been “granted away by these treaties.” This article referred to the treaties which had been made with the feudatory chiefs by General Lake, and of which General Wellesley did not know the contents when he concluded the main treaty with Scindia. The questions for consideration then were these two: *To whom did Gwalior belong before the war?* If to the Maharajah, *Was there any thing in General Lake's engagements with the feudatory chiefs, which prevented our giving it back to him?* Now the facts of the case were these: On the breaking up of the Mogul empire, Gwalior had fallen into the hands of the Rana of Gohud. From him it was taken by the Mahrattas before their breaking up into the great rival houses. It was taken by the English in 1780, and given to the Gohud Rana. In 1784, it was taken by the grandfather of Scindia, with the tacit consent of the English, to whom the Gohud Rana had been unfaithful. We do not see then on what possible ground it could be denied that at the commencement of the war, Gwalior was in possession

of the Maharajah. He had possessed it *de facto* for twenty years ; and the English had never objected to his possession of it. This we think was tantamount, in all fair reason, to their acknowledgment of his right to possess it. There can be no doubt that Scindia signed the treaty with the understanding that it secured to him the possession of Gwalior ; and if this were not the understanding of General Wellesley also, it seems almost incredible that nothing should have transpired in the course of the negotiation to rectify the apprehension of his astute plenipotentiary. This point then we consider settled.

How then did the treaties with the feudatory chiefs affect the settlement of the question ? Two of these treaties touched upon it ; that with Ambajee Inglia, and that with the Rana of Gohud. The account of these treaties we extract from Thornton's history, because it is fuller than that given by our author :—

" Ambajee Inglia was a powerful servant of Scindia. * * * Part of the territories which Ambajee had been authorized [by Scindia] to administer, formed the ancient possession of the house of Gohud, which had been conquered by Scindia some years before.* Ambajee made overtures to the British Government, offering to detach himself from the service of Scindia, and become tributary to them. It was desirable to afford him encouragement, and the difficulty of reconciling his claims with those of the Rana of Gohud, was got over by dividing the country, and assigning the independent possession of part to Ambajee, in consideration of his surrendering the right of administering the whole ; a negotiation with this view was opened, and, after much evasion, a treaty was concluded, by which Ambajee agreed to surrender all the territory north of Gwalior, together with the fortress of that name, the British Government guaranteeing to Ambajee the remainder of the territory which had been under his management. A force was despatched to take possession of the fortress, and Ambajee readily gave an order for its delivery. The commandant, however, refused to obey the instruction of his master, † and measures were taken for the reduction of the place by force. When a breach had been effected, the garrison offered to surrender in consideration of the sum of Rs. 50,000. This being refused they demanded the value of certain stores as the price of submission, which being granted, possession of the fort was obtained by the English.

" By the treaty with the Rana of Gohud, Gwalior was ceded to,

* In 1784 as stated above.—ED. "C. R."

† Mr. Kaye says that this was by secret orders from Ambajee himself, whom he therefore designates "a double-dyed traitor." This is very likely ; but it does not bear on the settlement of the question in hand.—ED. "C. R."

the Company, by whom the territories restored to her * (him) under the arrangement with Ambajee were guaranteed."

It appears, then, that both Ambajee and the Gohud Rana had given up all rights which they might have possessed, or might have been supposed to possess, to Gwalior, and that it, had been, so far as they were concerned, ceded to the East India Company. Now, surely the meaning of the treaty with General Wellesley was, not that we should keep territory which Scindia claimed, on the ground of its being given up to us by his vassals, but only that we should be saved from the obligation to fulfil any portion of the treaty with him, whose fulfilment should put it out of our power to keep faith with those who had concluded treaties with General Lake. The article that we quoted above, would have justified the Company in withholding Gwalior from the Maharajah, if it had been by Lord Lake given over either to Ambajee or to the Gohud Rana; but not at all as the case really was.

On this point three distinct views were taken. Malcolm's was that it was both our duty, in terms of the treaty, and our interest politically, to allow Scindia's claim. General Wellesley's was that the duty was doubtful; but that in a case of doubt it was infinitely better to yield the point than to incur even the semblance of bad faith; and that, moreover, no harm could ensue from putting the Maharajah in possession of Gwalior. Lord Wellesley's was that good faith did not require our cession of Gwalior, and that policy imperatively demanded its retention. We give our vote unhesitatingly on the side of Malcolm, and cordially endorse Mr. Kaye's commendation of the firmness with which he sacrificed, what was to him a paramount object of desire, the friendship and favor of the Governor-General.

We know well what a "glorious little man" Lord Wellesley was; there never was a man whose friendship was more honorable or more delightful to those who enjoyed it. But his wrath was terrible. He would not have been a Wellesley else. And against Malcolm his wrath was fairly kindled. And then, at this time especially, he was peculiarly irritable. He was in bad health, and we all know that biliousness does not generally improve the temper. The Court of Directors were openly opposing the policy that he had so nobly and so conscientiously pursued. The ministry, from whom he had good reason to expect support, had abandoned him. He was about to leave the country, to save

* Mr. Thornton makes a lady of this potentate, evidently confounding the word *Rana* with *Rani*; a mistake which we should scarcely have expected on the part of one so conversant with Indian affairs.—ED. "C. R."

himself from the ignominy of a recall ; and he did not know but that he might be met on his return with an impeachment, and a second edition of Warren Hastings' trial. It was, therefore, peculiarly displeasing to him to have that very line of policy which was condemned by the Court, and not defended by the Crown, disputed and thwarted by one in whom he had placed such unbounded confidence as he had reposed in Malcolm. The controversy was only stopped by the arrival of Mr. Webbe, who relieved Malcolm of the office that had now become extremely distasteful to him. The Marquis afterwards wrote him a very long letter, which he intended to be conciliatory ; but of which the plain English is simply this : " I have always encouraged you " to give me advice, and have always had the highest possible " opinion of you. But you must not give me advice which is distasteful to me." We dismiss this subject with the declaration that we do most thoroughly disapprove of Lord Wellesley's conduct in this matter, but that it was an exceptional case ; indeed, the only case we know in which he acted in a manner unworthy of himself.

We were anxious to place this matter in a clear light, and have therefore presented it in a single view, passing over events that occurred contemporaneously with its progress. Malcolm's health continued to be very indifferent, and it seemed impossible that he should get rid of his complaint without a change of climate. He was therefore desirous to be sent to England with despatches, announcing the termination of the Mahratta war. In this desire he was warmly supported by General Wellesley, who had urged it upon his brother ; and it would most likely have been gratified, but for the unfortunate collision that ensued. But before this an event had occurred at home which deepened the gloom that had been induced by wearing indisposition, and the harassment of contending from day to day with chicanery and falsehood. " A letter from his uncle, John Pasley, announced the death of his venerable father. The sad tidings came upon him with painful suddenness. A few weeks before " he had received a letter from his younger sailor-brother " Charles,* announcing that all were well at Burnfoot ;—and now " he learned that the head of the family had been gathered to his rest. Mr. George Malcolm died peaceably in his own home, surrounded by his own people. He died as the Christian dieth, " with an assured belief in the efficacy of his Redeemer's merits. " To John Malcolm this thought—confirmed as it was by some " beautiful letters from his sisters—brought great consolation. " But still how deep was the sorrow which these tidings struck

* The late Sir Charles Malcolm.

"into his heart, may be gathered from"—a letter which his Biographer quotes at length, but which we need not quote, seeing that both we and the majority of our readers are exiles, as he was, and know, without being told, the effect of such tidings from our distant home. It is a solemn thing under any circumstances to lose a father, recalling as it does all the instances,—long forgotten it may be by the son, and heartily forgiven by the father,—in which the thoughtlessness, or indiscretion, or sins, of the son may have grieved the heart of the father. He must have been a better son than probably any of us have been, who has not many such instances to recall; he must be a worse son than we hope, any of us have been, who does not on the occasion of his father's death, recall them. But if it is a solemnizing and a saddening thing to stand by the death-bed of a parent, it is ten-fold more so to hear long after that a parent has died in our absence. How we reproach ourselves with every laugh and jest that we have uttered, every gaiety in which we have indulged, even the eagerness with which we have engaged in our ordinary studies or business, as if it were an insult to the memory of those for whom we ought to have been mourning. All this, it will be said, is unreasonable. It may be so: but it is not of reasoning, but of feeling, that we are speaking.

Very glad was Malcolm, we may be sure, according to the measure of gladness that is competent to a man suffering under chronic dysentery, and mourning the death of a revered and beloved father, and lying under the severe displeasure of a master whom he has served with intensest zeal, when Mr. Webbe's arrival allowed him to quit the camp of Scindia. Immediately he took leave on sick certificate, and went to pay a visit to his brother Robert at Vizagapatam. It was a great thing for Malcolm to be able at this time to hold quiet conference with his elder brother. A sister, or a more excitable brother, might have unmanned him; but Robert was grave and sensible, perhaps rather commonplace; but kind and warm-hearted, and equally with John, venerating and loving the father whom they had lost. In his society, and with nothing to do, Malcolm recovered his health and spirits insensibly. But it is proverbial, how difficult it is to get out of "mournings;" and although we do not in India indulge much in "the trappings and the suits of woe," the mere millinery and tailorly of grief, yet it would seem as if there were truth in the proverb. We suppose that it is with this as with many matters of the same kind. People note the cases in which such coincidences occur, and disregard the cases in which they do not occur. Be this as it may, the two brothers learned at Vizagapatam of the death of another brother, William, a London merchant.

Meantime public events were running their course. There had been more change in the names than in the position of the "pieces" on our board. General Lake had become Lord Lake ; General Wellesley was now Sir Arthur Wellesley, K. C. B., and Major Malcolm had become Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm. The only substantial change was, that Lord Clive had left Madras, and had been succeeded in the Government of that Presidency by Lord William Bentinck. Holkar, who had unaccountably and most accommodatingly kept quiet while we had Scindia and the Boonsla on our hands, threw down the gauntlet when we had nothing to interfere with our "polishing him off." Lord Lake was, as before, kept in the north : and Sir Arthur Wellesley, as before, was sent to the south. Being in Calcutta, he wrote to Malcolm that he wished to take him with him into the Deccan, and that he would pick him up on his way down the Bay. Accordingly, early in November, Malcolm joined his friend on board the *Bombay* frigate off Ganjam. Thence they proceeded to Madras, and after a few days' stay there, to Mysore. Malcolm found that things were getting on swimmingly under the able superintendence of his Assistant Major Wilks, and that there was nothing requiring his presence at the Residency. But it became more and more evident that there was to be no fighting in that part of India. Although the opening of the campaign was inauspicious for us, Lord Lake was now pressing Holkar so hard, as to require him to concentrate his forces towards the north. So Sir Arthur resolved to go to England, and Colonel Malcolm resolved to settle down in his Residency, and to occupy himself with the composition of the History of Persia. But this was not to be,—at least not yet. At the close of the year he took formal charge of the Residency, intimating the fact to Lord William Bentinck on the 23rd of December ; but Lord Wellesley required his services elsewhere, "so in the month of March, Malcolm quitted "Mysore, and in the course of April (1803) again found himself "deep in the councils of Government House in Calcutta." The matters under discussion are brought clearly into view in the following passage :—

"To what extent and in what manner it was desirable to interfere with the concerns of the Holkar family ;—whether it were expedient to apply to the state of things which had arisen, in consequence of the growing power of Jeswunt Rao (Holkar) the principle of counterpoise, and to depress Holkar by elevating Scindia ;—whether it were advisable to interfere in the internal relations of the former family, and by supporting another member of it to the injury of Jeswunt Rao, secure the allegiance of the former ;—or whether it behoved us to regard Holkar as any other prince, and deal with him for good or for evil, for peace or for war, as the circumstances of his

own conduct might suggest, were questions which, at this time, were warmly discussed by Lord Wellesley and his advisers, and debated by the authorities at home."

The first of these lines of policy Malcolm had proposed and advocated in letters from Scindia's camp, and the idea had then been scouted by Lord Wellesley. But at that time Scindia was on friendly terms with us, and had evidently a disposition favorable to the maintenance of peace. In the course of little more than a year that had elapsed since then, he had fallen entirely under the influence of his father-in-law and prime minister, Surjee Rao Ghuatka, who had contrived to convert him from a somewhat thoughtless, but withal not a disingenuous youth, into a depraved and hopeless scoundrel. The advice that Malcolm gave in 1803, was therefore altogether inapplicable in 1805. But unfortunately Lord Wellesley, who had scouted it then, was too willing to act upon it now. Even Mr. Kaye, who has for Lord Wellesley a veneration and an affection of no ordinary strength, is obliged to differ from him. He can only apologize for him; and the apology must, to a certain extent at least, be sustained:—

"Lord Wellesley was now on the eve of retirement from office. He was every day expecting to hear of the appointment of his successor. He was weary and heart-sick of the long continued strife which he had maintained with the authorities at home. It was easy to say that the "glorious little man" was losing all his old courage, was shaken in his high resolves. But it was not easy to bear up against the irritating assaults of his enemies, and the galling desertion of his friends. Whatever may have been the sympathy and support which a steady adhesion to his old policy would have secured to him from the statesmen of India, he knew that he could look for neither sympathy nor support from England; and to England he was now carrying his reputation. The "great game" may have suited those who were not responsible for its success or failure. And Lord Wellesley would still, perhaps, not have shrunk from it, if he could have seen it played out. But he knew that he would have been held responsible for measures initiated, but not prosecuted to their completion, by himself; and there were many considerations which enveloped the issue of another war with a mist of doubt and uncertainty."

We have said that this apology must be sustained to a *certain extent*, but to a certain extent only. In fact it would have been more applicable to the close of 1803, than to the beginning of 1805. At the former of these dates, no less than at the latter, Lord Wellesley supposed himself to be on the eve of retirement. And his unpopularity at home had greatly decreased in the interval. While the thanks of Parliament had been cordially given to all engaged in the war, on purely military grounds, so far as

regarded its *conduct*, there had been but a slight grumble uttered by a few members against its *origination* on political grounds. The Crown had raised General Lake to the peerage, and General Wellesley to the knighthood of the Bath. "I am not certain," we find him writing to Malcolm on the 2nd of November 1804, "of the views of the present administration with regard to the "system of government and policy in India, although I have "received a very kind and flattering letter from Mr. Pitt." This surely indicates that the tide had turned in his favor, and shews a different state of things from that which prevailed in 1803, respecting which General Wellesley wrote to Malcolm on the 21st of January 1804, as follows :—"The Governor-General has "received a letter from Henry, in which Henry informs him "that he had had a long conversation with Mr. Addington "on the subject of the support which the Governor-General was "to expect from ministers hereafter, in which Mr. Addington said "plainly that they could not support the Governor-General "against the Court of Directors."

Be all these things as they might, Lord Wellesley was glad to remain at peace with Scindia, if it could be maintained without dishonor ; and Mr. Jenkins, (afterwards Sir Richard Jenkins, who died lately) then acting Resident at his court, was instructed to inform him, if he thought fit, that either Col. Malcolm or Mr. Græme Mercer, or both, would probably soon be deputed on a special mission to his court. And so, after a fortnight's residence in Calcutta, Malcolm proceeded to Lord Lake's camp, with discretionary powers to act as the course of events might render expedient. In this mission, Malcolm rejoiced on various accounts ; but mainly because it showed him that he still retained, or had completely regained, that place in Lord Wellesley's confidence, which had been his joy and his pride, and the loss, or supposed loss of which had grieved him so bitterly.

And so Malcolm set out from Calcutta, to attempt to unravel the tangled skein of Mahratta politics. After visiting Lucknow, he joined Lord Lake on the banks of the Chumbul, and shortly after proceeded with him to Muttra, "He now found himself among "new friends, and, for the first time, on service with the Bengal "Army. His arrival had created no little sensation in the camp. "There were many there familiar with his name and his reputation, "who had long desired to see the man of whom they had heard "so much, and who were not disappointed. He was doubly welcomed at Lord Lake's head-quarters. He was welcome on his own account. His fine personal qualities ever rendered him popular "both with young and old ; and his presence contributed much "to the cheerfulness of the camp. But he was welcome also "as one who was believed to be at the head of the war-party—

"or rather one who would not willingly consent to any peace "but an honorable and a lasting one." In laying plans for vigorous action in peace or in war, the hot months of 1805 were passed away, when Malcolm was put to a severe test by a request from Lord Wellesley that he should accompany him to England. What his Lordship's purpose might be in making this request, we cannot quite understand, nor does the work before us give us any aid. Being left to conjecture, therefore, we suppose that his Lordship, expecting to be assailed with a storm of censure on his return to England, was anxious to have one with him, on whose talents and whose hearty sympathy he could count with certainty, as at once an able and a zealous vindicator of the policy that he had pursued. It was a difficult matter for Malcolm to decide whether he should or should not comply with this request; he decided in the negative; and we think few will doubt that he decided wisely.

On the 30th of July 1805, Lord Cornwallis arrived in Calcutta, and Lord Wellesley shortly afterwards took his departure, carrying with him the respect of all, even of those who did not approve of the principles of his administration. At this distance of time we can judge impartially of those principles. They have given its character to the history of India during the last half-century; and we do not hesitate to say that an opposite line of policy would have produced a worse result. By saying this we do not intend to commit ourselves to the advocacy of a "war-policy" in all circumstances. But at the end of last century, and the beginning of the present, it was a question of our existence or non-existence in India. It is to Lord Wellesley that we owe our existence as a great Asiatic power; and he would be a bolder man than we, who would venture to say that our existence in that character has not been advantageous both to England and to India.

One of Lord Cornwallis's first acts was to forward to Malcolm an explicit outline of the course of policy which he intended to pursue. He was avowedly sent out to alter that of his predecessor, and to introduce a peace-policy,—mainly on financial grounds. He therefore frankly asked Malcolm whether he were willing to co-operate heartily with him in effecting his purposes. Perhaps some may think that Malcolm's office was so far a political one, where so much was necessarily left to the judgment of the actual officer, that it would have been wiser for him to have resigned it, and either to have returned to his Residency at Mysore, or to have volunteered for military service under Lord Lake. And Malcolm soon felt that this was the only course left to him to pursue. He therefore determined to beg to be relieved of his office. But at present he did not feel this; and

he replied to Lord Cornwallis, that he would, as a public servant, render a cheerful obedience to His Lordship's commands, and do all that he could do to merit his approbation. But he soon found that the views of Lord Cornwallis, and indeed, the conditions of his appointment, were still more directly opposed to the policy of his predecessor than he had at first supposed ; that they were not only opposed to annexation, but that they comprehended the cession of whole kingdoms already annexed. His view as to the nature of his office, and the necessity of its being held by one whose sentiments were in accordance with those of the Governor-General, are very clearly stated in a letter to his friend, Mr. Edmonstone, part of which we extract :—

"Your station and mine are, my dear friend, widely different. As an officer of Government, acting immediately under the Governor-General, you have in fact, only to obey orders, and are never left to the exercise of your own discretion and judgment, as you have a ready reference in all cases that can occur to the superior authority, with whom, of course, every responsibility rests. Under such circumstances, a secretary that chooses to be of a different opinion—that is to say, to *maintain* different opinions—from a Governor-General, has in my opinion, no option but to resign ; and his resignation would, on such occasion, appear extraordinary to every person acquainted with the nature of his office, which is obviously one of an executive, not of a deliberative nature. New look at my situation. Placed at a great distance from the Governor-General, and acting upon instruction of a general nature—obliged constantly to determine points upon my own judgment as there is no time for reference—liable to be called upon by extraordinary exigencies to act in a most decided manner to save the public interests from injury, it is indispensable that the sentiments of my mind should be in some unison with the dictates of my duty ; and if they unfortunately are contrary to it, I am not fit to be employed, for I have seen enough of these scenes to be satisfied that a mere principle of obedience will never carry a man through a charge, where such large discretionary powers must be given, with either honor to himself or advantage to the public."

On the day before this letter was written, Lord Cornwallis died at Ghazipore,—“one of the best and noblest of men who ever gave his life to his country.” Colonel Malcolm, on personal grounds, deeply lamented this event. Lord Cornwallis was his earliest patron. Even in the days when he was in reality, as for so long he was in name and in feeling, the Boy Malcolm, his Lordship had befriended him. And now, in the few weeks of his second tenure of the Governor-General's office, he had treated Malcolm with that frankness and manly confidence which is alike creditable to the man who displays it, and to the

man towards whom it is displayed. Lord Cornwallis was a gentleman, and knew that, in dealing with Malcolm, he had a gentleman to deal with. But while Malcolm shared the grief which all India felt at the loss of the venerable veteran, and shared in the addition the grief which his personal friends felt with double keenness; he did not conceal his belief that, for the interests of the public service, especially as regarded the conduct of those difficult negotiations in which he was himself engaged, it was better that the viceregal sceptre had passed into another hand. The hand destined to receive it was that of Sir George Barlow, a man who had been deep in the confidence of Lord Wellesley, and who had supported him in those measures which Malcolm believed to be essential to the good of India. Malcolm therefore hastened to recall his resignation, and to assure Sir George of his willingness to be employed in his present situation. But Sir George was in a difficult position—one of the most difficult in which a public or a private man can be placed. Nothing can be done without money, and the Indian Government had no money, nor the means of procuring any. "Why don't you rob the butler?" said Sheridan to his son Tom. "I have robbed him already," was the lugubrious answer. "Then rob the cook." "It is done, sir." The story is true with respect to the Government of India at that time. With reference to this subject, we have already written at some length in our Review of the life of Lord Metcalfe, and can add nothing to the following sentence which we then wrote: "We believe that peace was in 1806 a necessity. Without money the war could not be carried on, and money there was none. It was not a question of giving or withholding what was. It was the necessity of not giving what could in no way be procured." Still we were not reduced to the ignominy of suing for terms. Malcolm concluded with Scindia a treaty which, if it would not have pleased Lord Wellesley in the days when he was in the heart of the "great game," was yet upon the whole advantageous to us. Lord Lake pursued Holkar so closely, that his army was discomfited without a battle. He sued for peace, and it was granted to him on terms, which, while more favorable to him than would probably have been granted, had there been a few crores of rupees in the treasury at Calcutta, were yet advantageous to the British interests. There is no doubt that it is mainly to Malcolm that we owe that these treaties were so favorable to our interests as they were. His services on this occasion were of the most laborious and the most disinterested kind. He had done all that could be done to raise money, and had succeeded to a certain extent; and had not been convinced that both the butler and the cook were "cleared out." In a word he was a

soldier and a diplomatist ; but he was not a financier. He probably did not know the full extent of the financial difficulty with which Barlow had to contend ; and if he had known it, he probably would not have been willing to acknowledge that it could not be surmounted.

But while we are prepared to vindicate Sir George Barlow thus far, we cannot but think that he passed over the line that separates moderation from pusillanimity, when he resolved to withdraw the shield of British protection from those petty states with whom he had been in alliance. This was simply ceding their territories to Holkar ; and was, in our estimation, at once a crime and blunder. So thought Lord Lake and Colonel Malcolm ; and many a "wigg" was administered to the latter for the freedom with which he expressed his sentiments. That these sentiments were always expressed with perfect temper, and with due official deference, we will not assert. Malcolm was indeed a Tory, and therefore well disposed to submit to legitimate authority ; but still he had stood his ground unflinchingly against the man in all the world whom he most venerated, and whom he regarded with feelings which, in these days of independence and "the points of the charter," will probably be regarded by some as verging upon servility ; and it was not very likely that he would defer more, or so much, to a man whom he must have regarded as belonging to his own class, and with whom he had been accustomed to associate on terms of familiarity and equality. Moreover Malcolm must have regarded Barlow as a renegade from the principles of the Wellesley administration : and this was what he could not tolerate. The "wiggings" that he received therefore, fond as he was of approbation and applause, and sensitive as he was of blame or censure, he learnt to regard as honorable to himself, and thought himself in some sort, a martyr for those principles to which he was "faithful found, 'mid many faithless." It was with sore hearts that Lord Lake and he heard the remonstrances of the agents of the native chiefs against our breach of faith, and could not deny that the accusations were just. "It is the first time," said the agent of one of these chiefs, "that the British Government has ever abandoned an ally from motives of mere convenience." And Malcolm echoed the sentiment with a bitter sense of shame and humiliation. "This is the first measure of the kind," he wrote, "that the English have ever taken in India, and I trust in God it will be the last." With these feelings, obliged to act ministerially in a case against which his heart and his judgment alike revolted, with his health broken by incessant toil, it may be easily supposed that Malcolm longed for the time when he might return to Mysore, and occupy himself with the history of Persia.

"Malcolm himself was eager to return to Mysore, and be quiet.

"His health was failing him again; he had overworked himself, and he could look only to rest as a restorative. But there was one special and highly important duty which detained him in Upper India. After the conclusion of the peace with Holkar, the army had marched back to the provinces, and Malcolm, still at the elbow of the Commander-in-Chief, had accompanied it. Not merely were the final arrangements of which he was the unwilling agent, with respect to the Western Alliances, to be carried out, but the great work of reducing the irregular troops was to be accomplished under his directions. Among the many services which he rendered to the State, this—though it makes little show in a work of biography—was not the least arduous in performance, or the least important in result. His efforts in this direction were unwearied, and they were crowned with a success which exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the Government. By the 1st of April, little remained of the immense body of irregulars which had so encumbered our finances, beyond a single corps (Skinner's), and the monthly expenditure had been reduced from four lakhs to 35,000 rupees.

"At the same time the provincial battalions, to which the internal defence of Upper India had been entrusted, were being disbanded. A vast amount of other detail-business also devolved upon Malcolm—business connected with the numerous claims of individuals for reward or compensation for services rendered or injuries sustained during the war. Jagheers were to be granted to some; pensions or gratuities to others. Every man's claim was to be sifted to the bottom. The Governor-General might differ in opinion from Malcolm regarding the political system most advantageous, in its application, to the interests of the State, but he could not withhold his approbation from the zealous and successful exertions which that good and faithful servant was making to wind up all the multitudinous affairs, political and financial, which remained to be adjusted,—the *sequelæ* of a three years' war. Lord Lake had ever delighted to acknowledge the important assistance he had received from Malcolm; and now the Governor-General-in-Council declared that 'they had great pleasure 'in expressing their high approbation of the activity, diligence, 'ability, and judgment manifested by Colonel Malcolm in discharge 'of the arduous, laborious, and important duties connected with the 'arrangements for the reduction of the irregular troops, and for the 'assignment of rewards and provisions to such individuals as had 'received promises, or had established claims upon the Government 'by their conduct during the war, and concur in opinion with his 'Lordship (Lord Lake) that Colonel Malcolm has accomplished 'these objects in a manner highly advantageous to the interests, and 'honorable to the reputation, of the British Government; and consider that officer to have rendered essential public services by his 'indefatigable and successful exertions in the accomplishment of 'these important arrangements.'"

At the end of June, Malcolm left Lord Lake at Cawnpore, and proceeded by boat to Calcutta. Here his reception by his numerous friends was cordial, and by the Governor-General.

polite and respectful. Between Barlow and Malcolm, there was decidedly what is very conveniently termed a misunderstanding, which, while it prevented any great amount of personal cordiality between them, made them both doubly careful to fail in no point of public and official recognition. Malcolm's desire and intention were to proceed, without delay, to Mysore, and Barlow would have been glad on some accounts to have him there. But he could not dispense with his presence in Calcutta. Holkar was shewing his teeth again; and although Barlow would not consent to act upon Malcolm's advice, he felt that he would not be justified in declining to avail himself of his knowledge. "I do not think it probable," says he, in a letter to Lord Wellesley, "that any opinions of mine will ever be adopted in a manner beneficial to the public interests; every statement is favorably received, and its truth and justice acknowledged; but it is first modelled with a view of reconciling its adoption to prior proceedings, and next with that of suiting it to the palate of the Directors; and after undergoing this alterative course, it cannot be supposed to retain much of its original character." Altogether, Malcolm was at this time under a cloud, and his main consolation seems to have been in unburdening his mind in long letters to the Marquis and Sir Arthur Wellesley. In addition to the apprehensions that he felt for the safety of the State as threatened by Holkar, he shared with all men in those days, the alarm excited by the mutiny of Vellore. The threatenings without, and the troubles within, our borders, led him to look with eager desire to the Wellesleys, and he earnestly desired that Sir Arthur should be sent to Madras, as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. This measure he agitated with characteristic zeal. "Sir Arthur Wellesley would have returned to India if he had been invited; but his friends thought that he could render more essential service to his country nearer home." The following extract of a letter from Sir Arthur has an affecting interest in these days:—

"Alas! my dear Malcolm, what is come over the army of Fort St. George? What are we to believe? Is it possible that the princes at Vellore can have corrupted the detachment at Hyderabad at the distance of 500 miles? Surely these princes, in confinement, and possessing but limited pecuniary means, could never have had the power of creating a general interest in their favor throughout the whole of the native army of Fort St. George, dispersed as it is over thousands of miles! I am all anxiety upon this subject, and yet I have not received a line from a soul. Nobody believes the accounts which have been received from India upon this subject, notwithstanding the character and credit of those who have transmitted them; and the mind of every man is filled with suspicion

and alarm. Surely the brave fellows who went through the difficulties and dangers of the Mahratta campaign, cannot have broken their allegiance! I can never believe it till I see it proved in the clearest manner."

Thus in these latter days, men have been reasoning *a priori*, believing in part, yet striving to unbelieve, considering things to be impossible whose possibility has been vouched by their actuality. In the same letter from which this extract is taken, Sir Arthur intimates that the Government had some thoughts of sending an embassy to Persia, and that Sir Arthur was exerting himself to secure that the ambassador should be, not Mr. Harford Jones, as was proposed, but Colonel Malcolm.

At length, nothing loth, Malcolm left Calcutta, reached Madras on the 14th of January 1807, and on the 21st of March, left it for Mysore. His purpose now was to remain quietly at his Residency for a year, recruit his finances, which had been somewhat impaired by the expenses which he had been obliged to incur in Northern India, and then retire to old England and *otium cum dignitate*. We cannot, at this stage of our article, afford to indulge in disquisition, else we might shew that Malcolm was in error; that the true *otium* for him was *negotium*; that the *dignity* that was most suited to his taste, was what is called in these days the *dignity of labor*. He soon felt this himself. Mysore was too quiet for him. He was not the kind of man who, when there was nothing to do, could do it well. And in Mysore there was nothing to do but to let well alone. We find him, therefore, suggesting that he should be sent at the head of a small force to Bussorah, in order to divert the attention of Turkey, and compel the Sultan to withdraw from his connexion with Buonaparte. This proposal was made on the 6th of May, and repeated on the 25th. How then are we to account for the change that seems to have come over the mind of the writer, when Lord Minto arrived at Madras in the course of the following month, and when he wrote to his son and private secretary, begging him not to put him in the way of active employment, as his desire was now to spend a short time quietly in Mysore, and then to retire to a cottage on the lovely banks of the Eske? The solution is not difficult. There was to be love in that cottage. To make a long story short—and after the manner of India in those days, it was not a *very* long story—Malcolm had become acquainted with Miss Charlotte Campbell, daughter of Colonel Campbell, of H. M.'s 74th regiment, (afterwards Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart. and K. C. B., and Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army.) The acquaintance had sprouted up into friendship, the friendship had grown up into, love

and the love was about to effloresce into the orange-blossoms of marriage. And accordingly on the 4th of July, Miss Charlotte Campbell became Mrs. John Malcolm, the soldier's daughter became the soldier's wife,—an help-meet for her husband. "After so many years of stirring and trying work, the enjoyment of a few months of repose was, perhaps, the best service he could render to the State. But he soon felt that he was again ready for a life of action. There was a new incentive to exertion. The once cherished idea of a speedy return to England was abandoned. So Malcolm again turned his thoughts towards some extensive scene of action, on which new honors might be gained to ennoble the name he had given to his wife." And such a scene was soon to offer itself. The peace of Tilsit had brought France and Russia into alliance; and it was not doubtful that they contemplated a combined attack upon India. To resist such an attack, Lord Minto determined to strengthen our alliance with the powers on our western and north-western borders; and in order to this end he resolved to send Charles Metcalfe to the Punjaub, Mountstuart Elphinstone to Affghanistan, and Colonel Malcolm to Persia. A few pages back we stated that it was the design of the Home authorities to send an ambassador to Persia, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley had exerted his influence to secure the nomination for Malcolm in preference to Mr. Harford Jones. Mr. Kaye, after stating that it seemed a mere matter of course that Malcolm should be selected for the Persian embassy, goes on to say:—

"But there were other and higher authorities, and it *was* possible for them to ignore, or to reject, Malcolm's claims, and to think of another ambassador. Lord Minto, before leaving England, had urged those claims upon the King's ministers and the Court of Directors, and Sir Arthur Wellesley had done the same. But they had failed. The fact is that Malcolm, though perhaps the most popular man in India, was not popular in the regions of Leadenhall Street and Whitehall. He had the reputation of being an able, an energetic, but an unsafe man. By *unsafe* they meant *extravagant*. They believed that on his former mission to Persia he had spent a large sum of public money; and they determined now to despatch to Teheran one with less magnificent notions of the greatness of England and the dignity of an ambassador. There was a gentleman then in England ready to their hand and fit for their purpose. Mr. Harford Jones had resided for many years in a mixed political and commercial capacity on the shores of the Persian gulf; he was not without a certain kind of cleverness, but it had never obtained for him any reputation in India, and among the Persians themselves his standing had never been such as to invest him with any *prestige* of authority, or to secure for him general respect. What it *was*

that particularly recommended him to the authorities at home—except that he was in almost every respect the very reverse of Malcolm—it is difficult to say; but they made him a Baronet, and despatched him, with large powers from the Crown, as ambassador to Persia, to counteract the influence of the French, and to conclude a treaty with the Shah. It was at first designed that he should proceed to Teheran by the way of St. Petersburg; but the peace of Tilsit necessitated the abandonment of this project, and when Lord Minto arrived in India, he was altogether ignorant of the manner in which, under these altered circumstances, the representative of the Court of St. James would shape his movements in the east.

“In this state of uncertainty the Governor-General believed that there was still room for Malcolm to be beneficially employed (pending the arrival of Jones at Teheran) in that part of the country, which the influence of the latter would hardly reach. It was proposed, therefore, to despatch him at once to the Persian Gulf, with a commission of a somewhat general and not very defined character.”

We must say that we question the wisdom of this. Had Lord Minto not proposed in England the mission of Malcolm to Persia,—had the matter occurred to him for the first time in India, it would have been different. But the Court of Directors and the King's Government having distinctly refused to send Malcolm, nothing but the most pressing necessity could have justified the Governor-General in exposing his envoy to the collision which must have infallibly ensued. And we do not think that such necessity existed. It is true that the French had already an embassy in Persia, and it may be true that Russian diplomacy was at work in a less open manner. But it is also true that the Shah had hitherto valued the English alliance, and that there was no reason to believe that the habits of the Persian Court would permit a very speedy change of his policy.

Of course Malcolm accepted the appointment. On the suggestion of Sir George Barlow, who was now Governor of Madras, and who seems to have forgotten the little “tiff” he had had with Malcolm while he temporarily held the office of Governor-General, he was gazetted as Brigadier-General, with a view to the increase of his influence in Persia. On the 17th of February, 1808, Malcolm, accompanied by his wife, embarked at Madras for Bombay. He reached this port in the first week of April, and here he made the acquaintance of Sir James Mackintosh,—an acquaintance which soon ripened into a lasting friendship. On the 17th of April, he embarked on board the *Psyche*, a frigate lately captured from the French. Mrs. Malcolm was left at Bombay. It appears that Malcolm's spirits were not high when he set out on his mission. The counteraction of French influence was all in the way of his duty, and not incompatible with his

tastes. But it was no pleasant prospect that was before him, in having to maintain his position as affected by the presence of Sir Harford Jones, about whose movements he seems to have been uncertain, and who might arrive in Persia before him, or while he was there. And then he was a man and a husband, as well as a public officer ; and it was not pleasant to leave his wife, after nine months of married life, among strangers.

Why dost thou look so pale ?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
Or shiver at the gale ?
Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?
Sir Childe I'am not so weak,
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

* * * * *
Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay.

But his depression did not last long. At Muscat he did not land, but received a kind message from the Imaum, which was brought by an old friend, whose kindly remembrance of his former visit was very gratifying to his feelings. From Bushire he sent Captain Pasley and Mr. Bruce to Teheran with a letter to the King. But they were not allowed to proceed further than Shiraz. The French influence had prevailed. While their embassy was at court, Malcolm was instructed to negotiate with the Prince Regent at Shiraz. To this he would not consent ; and immediately set sail for Calcutta. His mission had failed ; but he had done his duty, and he was not dispirited. Writing to his wife on the day of his leaving Bushire, he says :—

“ I have determined to proceed to Fort William, and sail for that place to day. The resolution to pass Bombay, believe me, was not taken without pain ; but my duty called for the sacrifice, and you will be pleased that I had virtue and firmness enough to make it. I hope to be at Calcutta about the 1st of September. I shall leave it for Bombay about the 1st of October, and arrive with my dearest Charlotte about the 10th of November. How long I stay there is a speculation ; but, believe me, the present step is the only one I could take to enable me to do justice to the great interests committed to my charge. These, by the blessing of God, will yet prosper ; and I shall have the credit, if the victory is won, of having not been sparing of exertion. A month with Lord Minto will do wonders.”

We suspect our readers are finding that we have become dull in this narrative. We shall therefore present a specimen of the “ Boy Malcolm.” The following is from his journal kept for the perusal of Mrs. Malcolm :—

“ We sailed this morning for Karrack to get water for the

voyage. As we were nearing the island, I fell into conversation with a confidential servant of the Sheik of Bushire, who had been sent to facilitate our getting water at Karrack. This poor fellow became quite eloquent at the idea of my going to India, which he had just heard. It foreboded, he said, ruin to his country. He then abused the King, the Prince, and his master the Sheik, who was, he said, a weak young man, who was ruled by some vile Persian advisers. He has now, said the Arab, 'put the seal to his folly by disgusting you with his unworthy suspicions.' He then launched out into a grand account of my last mission, which he graced, in the true Arab style, with personal anecdotes. Nothing could be more entertaining than for a man to listen to anecdotes of himself, particularly when these were partly true, partly accidental speeches and occurrences which had been framed into regular stories, and had reached in that shape the lowest classes. To give you a short specimen of the Arab's conversation: 'Do they keep a parcel of vile French vessels,' said he in a rage, 'while they send away a man of whose wisdom and munificence, children speak, as well as fellows with white beards? Have they forgot what you did at Bushire, Shiraz, Ispahan, and Teheran? When Abdul Hamad, that half-merchant, half-minister, came to Bushire, deputed from Shiraz to find out by his wonderful penetration the objects of your mission, did you not closet him, make him swear secrecy, and then tell him that in the times of the Suffavee Kings, the Persians had no beards, but the English had; that the latter had since lost that fine ornament to the face, and that as it was rumoured the Persian had found it, you were deputed to try and recover your right? That Hamad said, he became a laughing-stock all over Persia when the manner in which you treated him was made public. And at Shiraz, when that sly Persian minister, Chiragh Ali Khan, asked you what your business was at Court, you replied that, if you told him you should have nothing to say to his master, the king.' 'At Ispahan,' continued the Arab, 'Mahommed Hussein Khan, the governor, who was the richest man in Persia, came to see you, and with a view of dazzling you, he wore a *kubah*, or upper garment, made of the celebrated *zerbaff*, or golden cloth, which is only worked in one loom in Persia. He found you dressed quite plain; but next day you went out a hunting, and it was reported to him that one of your favourite greyhounds was clothed in a cloth of the same stuff.' 'The fellow,' said he, 'has worn a plain chintz jacket ever since he received this rebuke. When you went one day to see the king, he put on all his richest jewels to excite your wonder. You looked him in the face, and you looked at his sword; but your eyes never once wandered to his fine diamonds. He was disappointed, and told Hadjee Ibrahim to ask you, as you retired, if you had not noticed them. The Hadjee returned to the presence, and was silent. The King was angry and said, 'Repeat what Malcolm Saheb said.' The Hadjee hesitated, till the King grew impatient. He then said, 'Please your Majesty, when I asked Captain Malcolm what he thought of your diamonds,' 'Nothing,' he said, 'what use are diamonds except as ornaments for women? I saw

the King's face, Captain Malcolm told me, with pleasure: it is the countenance of a man. And I admire his fine scymetar; steel is the lord of jewels." "The King," said the talkative Arab, "though he was disappointed, could not help admiring such sentiments."

"All the Arab's stories are pretty near the truth. The dog's fine jewelled coat I recollect. It was made out of a dress of honor I had received, and put on to please my head huntsman, who used to lead this favorite greyhound himself; but God knows it was not meant to ridicule the magnificence of the Governor of Ispahan, from whom I received a thousand civilities."

So Malcolm left Persia, and returned to India. At the mouth of the Gulf, he met a vessel from Bombay, and received a parcel of letters, bringing him intelligence of the birth of a daughter, and the perfect recovery of his wife. Gladdened by these good news he proceeded to Calcutta, and received a most cordial welcome from Lord Minto. After much earnest consultation it was agreed that Malcolm should return to Persia, at the head of a force sufficient to enable him, if it should seem desirable, to take possession of the island of Karrack, in the Persian Gulf. It seems to have been considered that the refusal of the Shah to receive our envoy, while the ambassador of France was actually at his Court, was tantamount to a declaration of war, and that our possession of that island would enable us to keep Persia in check. Malcolm's own reasons for this step are plausible enough, as are generally the reasons for "most just and necessary wars." They were such as these: that we must have the means of preventing Persia from assisting any European Power in the invasion of India; that Persia, Eastern Turkey, and Arabia are to be regarded, not as national governments, but rather as tools which any European power might use. That it was for the manifest advantage of Persia to be on our side, since if she sided with our enemies, we should have no alternative but to blow her "into the middle of next week," whereas if she were on our side, it would not be the policy of any power wishing to invade India to attack her,—and so forth. These arguments, and such as these, convinced Lord Minto. Sir Harford Jones, who was now at Bombay, was ordered to remain there, and General Malcolm set off, as one of old Baratraria, "seeing in the distance, as he wrote playfully, a lordly castle, "himself lord of the isle, and his lady-love looking out of a "window and smiling approval of his acts."

Now Sir Harford Jones had come to Bombay after Malcolm had left that port for Bushire. When he heard of Malcolm's departure he was "in a fix." He did not well know what to do. He took advice of Sir James Mackintosh and of Colonel Close; and they were of course thorough "Malcolmites."

They recommended him to remain at Bombay, waiting for what might turn up; and he, like a sensible man, did wait. But when the tidings of Malcolm's having left Bushire arrived at Bombay, he considered that the embargo was taken off, and started for Persia, before Lord Minto's order directing him to remain, reached him. The intimation of his having started reached Calcutta while Malcolm was on his way down the river; and at Kedgerie he received a letter from the Governor-General requesting him to return. So Malcolm returned to Calcutta, not, we fear, in an amiable mood. But he found the Governor-General and the Council unanimous in the opinion that they must not consent to be choused out of their island by the accident of Sir Harford's having sailed; and it was at once resolved that "Malcolm was to take ship for Bombay; to muster his force; to prepare his equipments, and to make all things ready for his descent on the island, from which he was to menace Persia, Arabia and the Porte, and baffle the designs of Napoleon and the Czar." With this prospect again before him, of course his amiability soon returned, and we find, in his correspondence with his wife, such stories as the following, which seems to us to be well worthy of preservation, as a specimen of the graceful and gentleman-like manners which made the Governor-General peculiarly fascinating in private life:—

"Your acquaintance, Mrs. W—, happened not to have been introduced to Lord Minto when she dined here (Government House), and mistaking him for another, she said, "Do you know the cause of General Malcolm's return to Calcutta?" "I believe I can guess," was the Lord's reply. "Pray, then, tell me," said the lady. Lord Minto hesitated till after we were seated at table, and then said, "We had better give the General plenty of wine, and we shall get this secret out of him." The lady, who had now discovered his rank, began to make apologies. "I assure you, my Lord," she said, "I did not know you." "I am delighted at that compliment," he replied. "Not to be known as Governor-General in private society is my ambition. "I suppose," he added, laughing, "you thought I looked too young and too much of a puppy for that old grave fellow Lord Minto, whom you had heard people talking about."

Once more General Malcolm turned his back on our palatial city, on board the *Chiffonne*, and employed himself, as active men employed themselves on board ship, writing a discourse on "the career of Nadir Shah, to be submitted by his friend Mr. Colbrooke to the Asiatic Society,"—telling stories to, and romping with Johnny Wainwright, the Captain's son, a fine boy of ten years, "who soon discovered Malcolm's wonderful fund of anecdote;"—remembering all his pleasant intercourse with Lord Minto, in Calcutta—and anticipating the far more pleasant

intercourse which he hoped to enjoy with Charlotte and little Margaret at Bombay. "At last, on the 30th of November, the "vessel entered Bombay harbour—and Malcolm was happy." The sculpture cast a veil over the face of a father about to be deprived by a ruthless superstition of his daughter, and this is imputed to his despair of being able to express such grief. This, we take upon us to say, is a mistake. It was not that he could not, but that he would not; that he felt that he ought not; he instinctively respected the sacredness of parental grief; and in like manner do we respect the sacredness of conjugal and parental joy.

In all the delights of genial intercourse with his Bombay friends, of that sacred intimacy to which we have alluded with his amiable and accomplished wife, of incessant wonderment at the discovery of the various beauties of his wonderful baby, and of exciting occupation in the organization of his little army, six weeks did not seem long; and on the 3rd of January 1809, he wrote to Mr. Henry Wellesley that he expected to proceed to the Gulf in ten days, with an admirably well-appointed little force of about 2,000 men, to be followed, if necessary, with 3 or 4,000 more. Lord Minto had written to Sir Harford Jones directing him to return from Bushire; but as he had left Bombay before he was ordered to remain there, so he had left Bushire before he was ordered to return thence. Now if Malcolm had been merely bent on his own gratification, or if he had studied merely his own interests, he might have got great *kudos* by hastening his departure, and taking possession of Karrack before Jones could present himself in "the presence" at Teheran. But while this would have been congenial to the feelings of the "Boy Malcolm," and would have been as good as what Sir Arthur Wellesley could only describe by a proverbial phrase as a "proper Malcolm riot," he neither on this, nor on any other occasion, allowed his dashing spirits to gain the ascendancy over his duty as a man entrusted with weighty responsibilities; and he therefore halted till he could refer to Calcutta. Before this reference reached Calcutta, the Government there had received intelligence respecting the relations of the European powers, which had caused Lord Minto to write to Malcolm to await further orders, and to suspend the expedition, if it should not have sailed. Lord Minto also expressed his desire, if the military expedition should not be found necessary, to place a resident minister at the Persian Court, and hinted that the minister should be General Malcolm. But this was not to Malcolm's taste. Six years before this he had written from General Wellesley's camp to General Stuart, "a political agent is never so likely to succeed as when he negotiates at the head of an army;" and he was of the same mind

still. From his letters it would appear as if he had understood Lord Minto to contemplate the sending of him as "political," and a military force under another General; but it appears that what was really contemplated was not to send the military force at all. And this contemplation in due time ripened into a resolution. The whole scheme of the mission, political and military alike, was for the present abandoned. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting the concluding paragraph of the private letter from Lord Minto, which accompanied the official intimation of this resolution. If a man do not himself particularly care for such graceful compliments, he is always sure that his wife will be gratified by them, and he is pleased if it were only that they give pleasure to her.

"For these reasons, and for others which it is not necessary to enumerate in this letter, I think we are at liberty, and it is therefore our duty to renounce the proposed expedition, and, so far as Persia is concerned, to resume our peace establishment. Knowing how your mind and all its powers have, for such a length of time, been devoted to the great interests involved in the affair of Persia, and generally in the Persian Gulf—knowing how instrumental I have myself been in disturbing the tranquillity, public and domestic, of your permanent station at Mysore, and in kindling the very ardour which this letter is to extinguish—I cannot but feel extreme regret and discomfort at a termination which, on one hand, withdraws such talents as yours, with all the energy which belongs to your character from the great field on which they were to be displayed, and, on the other, may seem to blight the rich fruits of honor and distinction which you were on the point of gathering. These are sentiments, in which I hope and *am convinced* you firmly believe, while I rely on the rectitude as well as strength of mind which distinguish you for feeling that they are sentiments which may be permitted to follow, but which could not be allowed any share in forming our resolution on this great public question."

On receipt of this letter, Malcolm would of course have turned his face at once towards Mysore; but there was no steam in those days, and the monsoon was against him; and so he remained a few weeks longer in Bombay, collecting materials for his contemplated Political History of India and his History of Persia. In the month of May, "he embarked with his family" for Madras; but he arrived there only to find the Government "in alarm, the Presidency in commotion, and the army in "rebellion."

We need not inform our readers that the rebellion of the army was the cause of the alarm of the Government, and of the commotion of the Presidency. Upon the history of this rebellion, we cannot enter now; but shall probably, ere long, make it

the subject of a separate article. We shall only state in general that almost all the regimental officers of the Madras army assumed an attitude of determined defiance to the Government, and many of them declared themselves ready to fight in defence of their rights to the last drop of their blood. This was a state of things which has no parallel in the history of a British army. That English gentlemen and soldiers, with or without cause of complaint, should have comported themselves as these men did, we believe that few in these days would deem possible. We all know, alas! too well, what is the misery of a sepoy mutiny; but the mutiny, or rather rebellion, of the English portion of our army, is a misery of a still darker character. The chief *foci* of the rebellion were Hyderabad and Masulipatam. To the former station, Colonel Close was despatched, and to the latter, General Malcolm. It is with the latter that we have to do. He started from Madras after long conferences with Sir George Barlow, with the distinct understanding that the plan of proceeding, which he had sketched out, of firmness tempered with conciliation, had the full sanction of the Governor. If he were right in this understanding, we think it possible to doubt that he acted his difficult part in an admirable manner. He made no promises to officers with arms in their hands, which they professed themselves ready to use against the Government whom they had sworn to serve. But he reasoned with them in public and in private, represented to them the atrocity and the madness of their conduct, and was in a fair way to bringing them to submission. He then recommended to Government the issue of a proclamation, offering a pardon to those who should, within one hour after its receipt, return to their duty, and threatening the utmost severity of military law to those who should hesitate to return. This course was rejected by Sir George, who trusted to the loyalty of the Royal troops, and considered that the time had come to turn British bayonets against British breasts. This awful alternative was adopted by Sir George, and a bloody conflict ensued at Seringapatam. Malcolm's advice having been rejected, he asked permission to proceed to Madras, in the hope of being able to convince the Governor of the propriety of adopting it; and when in this he failed, it was of course out of the question that he should return to Masulipatam. The mutiny was quelled by other means than those that Malcolm had recommended; but whether it would not have been better quelled by gentler means, and whether it were favorable to British *prestige* to exhibit the spectacle of a civil war before the newly conquered natives of Seringapatam, may well be questioned.

While Malcolm was yet at Madras, in the month of Septem-

ber, Sir George Barlow despatched a letter to the Secret Committee on the subject of the mutiny, into which he introduced very grave reflections on Malcolm's conduct. Of the existence of this letter, Malcolm knew nothing till it was laid before Parliament three years after, and printed in a Blue-Book. He then wrote and published a plain statement of the facts of the case and left his conduct to the judgment of the world.

Malcolm had left Masulipatam on the 22nd of July, and reached Madras on the 26th. By this time it had been resolved by Lord Minto's government to send him to Persia; and he was again summoned to Calcutta to receive his orders. Before he could obey this call, he was informed that Lord Minto was about to visit Madras, and would see him there. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, the Governor-General arrived at Madras, and Malcolm was soon ready to proceed to Persia. At this point Mr. Kaye's first volume closes, and at this point we shall close our present article, believing that the life of Malcolm is so germane to an *Indian Review*, that it may well bear to be made the subject of more than one article. We intend, therefore, to trace his subsequent career in our next issue.

INDIA AND COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY.

BY GEORGE SMITH, LL. D.

- 1.—*Zend: Is it an original Language?* By JOHN ROMER late E. I. C. C. S. and M. R. A. S. London, 1855.
- 2.—*Outlines of Comparative Philology, with a sketch of the languages of Europe arranged upon philologic principles, and a brief History of the Art of Writing.* By M. SCHELE DE VERE of the University of Virginia. New York. MDCCCLIII.
- 3.—*Christianity and Mankind, their Beginnings and Prospects.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAH BUNSEN, D. D., D. C. L., D. P. H., in seven volumes. *Philosophical Section—Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History applied to Language and Religion.* London, 1854.
- 4.—*Twelve Lectures on the connexion between Science and Revealed Religion delivered in Rome.* By CARDINAL WISEMAN. Fifth edition, 1853.
- 5.—*Bibliothecae Sanskritae sive Recensus Librorum Sanskritorum hucusque typis vel lapide exscriptorum critici specimen concinnavit* JOANNES GILDEMEISTER, PROFESSOR MARBURGENSIS. Bonnae ad Rhenum. MDCCCXLVII.
- 6.—*Modern Investigations on Ancient India, a Lecture delivered in Berlin, March 4, 1854.* By Professor. A. WEBER. Translated from the German. By FANNY METCALFE, Leipzig, 1857.

IT is true of Sciences as well as of individuals, that eminence and acknowledged value must be reached through obstacles of no common magnitude, and trials of no common intensity. Through suffering is the soul perfected, through much tribulation only is it allowed to enter into the hidden arcana of truth, and to understand its revelations, humbly yet hopefully, without

passion, prejudice or sloth. The ancient philosophers were right in principle at least, when they demanded as the price of those instructions which they communicated, that their disciples should purge their souls of the dross of earthly passion, and the errors of too hasty generalization, ere being allowed to gaze upon the full display of the mysteries of those esoteric doctrines, a knowledge of which was reserved for only a favoured few. What this kind of 'noviciate' effected for the ancient systems, and many of the secret societies of the middle ages, has been brought about in more modern times, and especially since the days of Bacon, by the persecution which infant Sciences have had to bear, by the opposition that they have invariably met with, from men of limited, conservative and prejudiced minds, or from bigotted religionists, who, assuming that their own interpretation of Scripture was correct, denied the truth of facts that in nature seemed opposed to it. Thus Truth has ever had to undergo a baptism of fire, which disengaged from it the counterfeit that so often passed under its name or in company with it, and fitted it for the high function of reconciling doubts and contraries, and elevating man to that position for which his Creator originally destined him.

The recent and rapid birth of new Sciences, during the last sixty years, is one of the most striking features of modern times. We are now reaping the fruits of that silent and toilsome elaboration of first principles which engaged the schoolmen, and finally resulted in the principles on which modern civilization is based. And not merely have new Sciences sprung into being, but those that formerly existed, have received new additions to their evidences, a new extension of their facts, and a clearer manifestation of their principles. Time is an all important element in the development of truth. It was not enough that the genius of science fled from Europe for ten long and dreary centuries, or hid herself and wrought secretly in the womb of mediæval times, but even when she gave birth to Bacon, and such exponents of his principles as Newton and Boyle, the first had to throw himself on posterity and look to the future for that reputation which was denied him by contemporaries. That future, which, with a consciousness of greatness and prophetic eye he saw, came only so late as the end of last century. Then it was that his principles became more fully appreciated, the spirit of his great 'Instauratio' understood, and the rules of his inductive philosophy carried out carefully into practice. Then it was that new Sciences were evolved under their application to nature, and through Reid and Kant, even mental philosophy received an impetus, and was placed upon a basis, which all the quibbles of sophists and the doubts of sceptics shall never injure nor overthrow. The principle which has led to such important results, has been denoted by

the term "comparison," or an application of the great processes of observation and experiment to a wider sphere, and a greater number of objects than previously. Men had moved within the narrow circle of a few facts, or had confined themselves to the isolated study of each distinct *genus* by itself, but had seldom gone to the higher step in generalization, of comparing *genera* with each other, and forming still more comprehensive classes. Each had wrought at his own particular field isolated from the others, and each had hence come to wrong conclusions, while their conceit on account of what had been accomplished, was too often in proportion to the falsity or lameless of their results.

A master-mind was wanted, or rather a master principle in many minds, which, leading the philosopher to take his stand in the wide field of the human Sciences, would enable him to see the points in which one harmonised with, or was related to, another, and also so to investigate the details of each, as out of a new understanding of them, to bring a new or at least a cognate Science. This master-principle was no fresh discovery, but merely a more accurate application of the whole spirit of the Baconian philosophy. The result has been that the unity of the truth, whether as manifested in the physical or mental Sciences, has been clearly demonstrated, and a new evidence gained from the united voice of human knowledge for the wisdom and personality of Him who created the heavens and the earth. By its aid Alchemy was developed into Chemistry, Astrology into Astronomy, and Surgery into Comparative Anatomy, while the foundations of Geology were laid on a firmer basis. By it too, the arbitrary rules and meaningless statements of Grammar have been explained, the confusion that existed as to man and his speech—their origin, their nature, their development, their derivation, their migration over the inhabited globe, has been cleared away. Grammars and languages have formed the data of the study of grammar and language, and have in their turn been purged of inconsistencies, absurdities and difficulties, and the principles and history of the whole have been discovered by Comparative Philology, which embracing, as it does, the whole subject of Ethnography, now ranks as one of the most important of the Sciences. On one side of it, it is connected with the mental Sciences and specially with Logic, being concerned with the expression of thought, and the connexion between them, and on the other, it touches upon the Physical Sciences, and especially Physiology.

Our object, at present, is not so much to look into the laws on which it is based, and the character of the data whence these have been deduced, as to view it historically, and especially to see what part India has contributed, either in men, methods or lan-

guages, to constitute it. The truth of the remarks above made, will be found all through its history,—that it has had to pass through much ridicule, opposition and trial, ere reaching the sure pedestal of general acceptance and scientific accuracy, where it now is.

We have placed the above works at the head of the article as representatives of the progress made by Comparative Philology in its last stages. The first is a pamphlet by Mr. Romer, consisting of three short papers, originally published at different times in the journal of the *Royal Asiatic Society*. To these is prefixed a preliminary notice by the author, and some excellent introductory remarks by Professor H. H. Wilson. The papers are entirely controversial, having it for their object to prove that the Zend and Pahlavi languages, as used by the Parsis and seen in their religious writings, are not authentic; that their character is entirely fictitious; and that consequently any attempt, such as that of Bopp in his Comparative Grammar, to base philological theories upon them, must be futile and absurd. The nature and value of Mr. Romer's arguments we shall presently consider.

The "Outlines of Comparative Philology," by M. Schele De Vere, is in itself a "curiosity of literature." It professes to supply what, with reference to the Science itself and to modern education, is certainly a great desideratum—"a work to which 'the student might resort with the hope of finding everything 'that pertains to the study of language, collected and arranged,' a manual of Comparative Philology in fact, where all information, as to what it is and what it has done, might be expected. That the author fails to supply this is to be regretted, and still more so that he does not supply even original materials for such a work. He has evidently read much of the literature of the subject, and has gathered together many facts, both historical and critical, from different authors. But his whole work is vitiated by the absence of two important things which would have made it otherwise most valuable—a philosophical method, and a sound criticism. The want of the former has caused him to scatter the various divisions of his subject in wild confusion over his pages, so that the fresh student would necessarily be lost in ignorance, the further that he went. It is true that in his preface the author professes to give "suggestion rather than complete information," but information of any kind, and especially on a scientific subject, to be useful, must be methodical. Such different subjects as the Origin of Language, Theories regarding it, the History of Comparative Philology, writing Materials, the Connexion between Comparative Philology and History, Printing, America, and an account of the three great classes of languages, are mixed together in promiscuous profusion. Facts and statements are

introduce into the middle of a chapter that have no connexion with its subject, and with an imperfect sketch of the languages of Europe, the first part of the book comes to a close. The second, as the History of Writing, is naturally more methodical, though incorrect in many of its statements. The absence of a sound criticism is destructive to the usefulness of the compilation. Accurately ascertained facts are nowhere distinguished from mere conjectures, and everywhere theory and fanciful hypothesis are mixed up with principles that are settled by all as the laws of the Science. No attempt is made to reduce the conflicting statements of different authors and schools to consistent harmony, nor are the latest results of the Science carefully gathered up, and its various uses and applications shewn. The work seems rather to be a "commonplace book" on Philology, an *Index Rerum Linguisticarum* (if we may be allowed the expression,) than scientific "Outlines of Comparative Philology."

How different the third work, that of the Chevalier Bunsen! Our late Prussian ambassador has distinguished himself alike in the fields of Biblical Criticism, Ecclesiastical History, Archæology and Comparative Philology. In these few scholars can now be regarded as his equals, while he has carried into all his works the same large-heartedness, and manly generosity of life and opinion, that made him a favourite in the highest London circles, and now draw upon him many a visit from foreign scholars in his quiet and philosophic German retreat. The work before us is entitled in its totality, "Christianity and Mankind, their Beginnings and Prospects." In its details, as spread over seven large octavo volumes, it consists of three distinct works—Hippolytus and his age, Sketch of the Philosophy of Language and Religion, or the Beginnings and Prospects of the Human Race, and the Remains of Antenicene documents. The second seems to our Anglo-Saxon common-sense to be strangely thrust in between the other two, but Bunsen himself satisfactorily explains it.

The philological part is that only with which we have to do. We do not hesitate to say that it is the most important work on the subject that has been published since Bopp's Comparative Grammar. With the assistance of such scholars as Aufrecht and Max Müller, an account of the latest researches and results is admirably given, and a further generalisation of the three great families of languages is attempted, by shewing the proof of a connexion between the Semitic and Indo-European class. If further evidence of this is found, then will scholars at once recognise the improvement, and to Bunsen, assisted by these two great Hebraists, Fürst and Delitzsche, will be ascribed the honour of this further step in the simplification of the Science.

The fourth work that we have placed above—the Lectures by Cardinal Wiseman, is well-known to the scientific public. We are glad to see that it has reached a fifth edition, which is much improved, and contains corrections and additions, so as to keep it abreast of modern science. We here notice it only on account of its two opening lectures “On the comparative study of languages.” As they appear in this edition, they are a most philosophical and accurate summary at once of the doctrines and history of the Science, and in default of a regular manual on the subject, we cannot point the tyro to a better introduction to it. With the exception of an admiring allusion to a Jesuit author, which any one might make, they are free from that bigotry which we might have been led to expect, and of which in its Popish form both Science and Revealed Religion are the determined enemies.

The “*Bibliothecae Sanskritæ*” of Professor Gildemeister is a catalogue of authors, Indian and European, who have edited or translated Sanskrit works, or treated of Sanskrit literature. It gives the titles of their works in full, occasionally accompanied by notes, and is followed up by indices of Sanskrit books published in India according to their chronological and alphabetical order, of Indian authors and editors, of Indian philologists, and lastly of European writers on Sanskrit. The whole is a most accurate and invaluable manual of Sanskrit bibliography, or of the literature of Sanskrit philology. We would take exception only to the Author’s Latin, and his mode of Romanizing oriental titles of books. Who from “*phortauleyam*” and “*gemma prinsep*” would discover Fort William and James Prinsep?

Professor Weber’s lecture is in every way worthy of one of the most distinguished of recent German philologists. It is throughout at once popular and scholarly, and gives in small compass the results of the study of the Indian languages, literature and history, during the past seventy years. Beginning with the statement of a few facts in the history of Sanskrit scholarship, and alluding to such well-known works as the *Sakuntala* and *Bhagavad-Gita*, he at once excites the attention of his hearers to what might, in the case of a general audience, be otherwise dry and repulsive, and aided by it, goes on—to state the philological argument on which the whole of his remarks as to the migrations, early history, literature and manners of the South-Aryan race are based. We have never seen it so scientifically and yet simply put:—

“In the first rank stand the results already obtained with regard to the primeval history of the Indo-European race. The comparison of the grammatical formation of the Sanskrit, especially as it appears in its oldest form in the Vedas, with the Celtic, Greek and Latin,

with the German-Lettish-Sclavonian and Persian languages, teaches us, that the structure of all these languages has one common foundation; moreover, the gradation of forms and sounds directs us to the Sanscrit as the language which, taken altogether, has retained the most primeval form, and has adhered the most tenaciously to that parent ground. This original language, thus disclosed by the identity of the grammatical form, naturally supposes and demands that at the time when it was a living and spoken language, the people speaking it must also have been one; the different nations, as well as their languages appear thus, as the result of a gradual separation from the original Indo-European race and its language, indeed, so much so, that the greater or less similarity of the sounds and forms of the several languages to each other, and more exclusively with reference to the Sanscrit, gives us a clue as to whether this separation from the parent stock took place at an earlier or later period. The deficiency of all historical testimony for that early time, is by this means made good for each people by the form of its language, which affords a conclusive objective evidence distinctly confirmed by the geographical relations which meet our view when the historical period commences. If the grammatical relations and inflexions are only the skeleton of the language, and therefore afford us no direct picture of its life, or even of the life of the people speaking it, the words themselves, the lexicographical treasure of a language, on the contrary are, as it were, the flesh clothing the skeleton, the nerves giving it vitality. In this way we may conclude, that words, entirely or partly common to those languages, and the objects thus designated, were already either abstractly or positively the property of the earliest people, while the agreement of only some of those languages in words which are wanting in others, is a sign that the things or ideas thus designated belong to a time succeeding the separation already effected. Farther, from the circumstance that the Sanscrit has preserved a great number of roots which have been lost in the other languages, we are enable to discover, in a great mass of derivatives besides their traditional meaning up to this time purely metaphorical, also their primary signification, and thus we obtain an idea of our forefathers' style of thought, and see how naively they have given the most significant names to so many different objects. Finally, an acquaintance with the old songs, habits and customs of the Hindoos at the Vedic era, promises even to afford us a means of determining the religious life of that early period, giving us an idea of their conception of the divine powers and forces in nature, in as much as there we find again a great proportion of such conceptions as are known to us from the Greek, Roman and German mythologies, the roots of which thus appear to have existed already in that common primeval time. Here, certainly, much is wanting in precision; and the investigations on this point are as yet the least conclusive, the greater part being still left to conjecture."

Trusting almost wholly to the facts given by a comparison of the various Indo-European or Aryan dialects, he draws an ex-

quisite picture of the early life of our Aryan ancestors, ere yet it had degenerated into that state of apathy, superstition and obscene immorality in which we now find it. The whole sketch will be familiar to those of our readers who have read the interesting compilation of Mrs. Spier on Ancient India, or whose studies have led them to that mine of Indian wealth, the *Indische Alterthumskunde* of Lassen. The lecture was delivered before one of those brilliant intellectual audiences that so often meet in Berlin, and is well worthy of the capital that the Schlegels and their school so often delighted with original speculations in poetry, philosophy and history. Taking, then, these works and the History of English scholarship in India as our guide, let us look for a little at the history of this youthful Science, and see how far, in its methods or materials, it has been assisted by the research and linguistic studies of our own countrymen and others in India.

The founder of Comparative Philology properly so called was undoubtedly Leibnitz. But previous to his time there had been many speculations among the ancient Greek philosophers and the schoolmen of the middle ages, as to the origin of language, the logical connexion between thought and expression, and, in short, the reason for all those rules and forms which we term grammar. That mysterious existence—Pythagoras, in whom is mythically represented all the knowledge of antediluvian times, and who, in germ at least, is looked upon as having anticipated some of the greatest discoveries of subsequent ages, himself represented the two wisest among things as number and name-giving. Heraclitus and Democritus disputed with each other as to the nature of “words,” and instituted that question which continued down through the middle ages to divide the logical world. As seen in the discussions of their disciples Cratylus and Hermogenes, and as brought out in the dialogue of their pupil Plato called by the name of the former, the matter resolved itself into this. Do words naturally (*φύσει*) correspond to the objects that they represent, or are they entirely arbitrary, and applied by the mere arrangement (*θεσει*) of men? The objective and the subjective schools thus arose, which taken up respectively by Plato and Aristotle, in course of time attracted Lucretius, Cicero and Cæsar among the Romans, and many of the Alexandrian and Byzantine philosophers. In the middle ages, the question assumed more of a logical aspect in the great dispute between the Realists and Nominalists, and in the case of some became a practical one to be determined by lists of words and grammatical laws. At this point the logical and grammatical elements separated, and the latter henceforth divested of the subtleties as well as the support of the former, resolved itself into purely lexical

enquiries which were disfigured and rendered formidable to enquirers by the jargon of the schools. Towards the approach of modern times, however, in the fifteenth century, light began to dawn, and travellers of intelligence and observation, as they visited lands, and had intercourse with tribes hitherto unknown, were led to attend to the new languages that met their ear, and were attracted by resemblances in them to their own. Here, then, was Philology rescued from the grammatical quibbles of doctors, and the element of comparison at once brought to bear upon it. In the time of Charles V, an Italian, called Antonio Pigafetta, was allowed to accompany the great voyager Magelhaens in his search for the Western Passage. While defending his leader, he was wounded at the Phillippine Islands, but escaped, with seventeen of his fellows, and two valuable MSS. The one consisted of an amusing journal which was presented to the Emperor and afterwards to Pope Clement VII, the other of three vocabularies of the dialects spoken in Brazil, Patagonia and Tidore in the Moluccas. The custom of making out such vocabularies of words soon spread, especially among the Dutch, and from MSS. which were stored in the library of Leyden, Reland published more extensive ones. To such was Klaproth afterwards indebted, when engaged in drawing up his laborious work, the "*Asia Polyglotta*."

Another source whence light was cast on the subjects embraced by our science was biblical criticism, as pursued during the middle ages, and the period of the reformation in the sixteenth century. The study of Hebrew naturally led to that of its cognate languages, and comparisons between them were occasionally but blindly made. Julius Cæsar Scaliger and Borchart most distinguished themselves in this way. The early Missionaries, too, of the Roman Catholic Church, like the travellers of whom we have spoken, were led to devote attention to the languages of the tribes among whom they lived, and soon, as most convenient for comparison, the Lord's prayer in the different languages was adopted, just as at a later time, the parable of the prodigal son was used for the same purpose. Hence we have many collections of Paternosters, the best of which, in those early days, is the Mithridates of Gesner, published in 1555, in which we find, in addition, a list of all languages then known to be spoken. A "more extensive series" was in 1715 published at Amsterdam by Chamberlayne. The data for such had meanwhile been gradually accumulating. Such were the dim beginnings of a science which in modern times has accomplished so much for history and ethnology. Up to this point, it presents none of the lineaments of a science, nor can we recognize it as such. But at the beginning of the eighteenth

century, Leibnitz, equally great as a philosopher, a mathematician, and a philologist, directed his attention to it. For the purpose of carrying out investigations on the subject, he founded the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and in a memoir read before it in 1700, as well as in a letter to Tenzel, he distinctly enunciates the principles of the science, as they have since been developed, proved and evolved in detail. Rejecting the absurd hypothesis which rested the proof of the unity of language on the Hebrew, he at once took the immense leap of shewing the connexion between comparative philology and ethnology, as expressed in that memorable sentence, which Bunsen quotes: "Brevis designatio meditationum de originibus gentium ductis potissimum ex indicio linguarum." Henceforth the two are combined together as one Science, and shed a bright light on the early history of nations, and on the origin of all that constitutes their nationality, where otherwise there would have been thick darkness.

It is now that we can classify the details of the history of the Science, and slightly altering Bunsen's division, consider it under these periods.

I. From Leibnitz to Sir William Jones—the period of fact-collecting, 1700 to 1794.

II. From Sir William Jones to William Von Humboldt—the period of lexical or glossarial affinity—the Indian or Sanskrit period, 1795 to 1835.

III. From William Von Humboldt to Bunsen—the period of grammatical affinity, 1835 to 1855.

It is with the second of these that we have chiefly to do.

Looking for a moment, however, at the first period, we see Leibnitz to be the founder of Comparative Grammar. It was he who first shewed, that it is of value only in so far as the element of 'comparison' is brought to bear on it, and that it is the only guide in the dim beginnings of history, and the early migrations of nations. With him the matter remained for a time, and his hints, which were almost prophetic, were neglected. Fifty years afterwards the first of our English philologists, to whom the name can, with any justice, be applied, arose. John Harris published his 'Hermes' in 1751, but evidently ignorant of what Leibnitz had suggested before him, he again went back into the error of confining himself to mere etymology and grammatical quibbling. Bunsen says, that "he laid the foundation of grammatical philosophy," but this we question. He no more did this than Plato and Aristotle, followed by the schoolmen, had done, for a philosophy of language properly so called, and not of individual languages, must be based on comparison. Much more clever and suggestive were the speculations of his opponent Horne Tooke,

who, in his "Diversions of Purley," has given us a work that will be remembered long after the "Hermes."

The man who most marks the spirit and results of this period, is a Jesuit of the name of Hervas, or more fully Don Lorenzo Hervas y Pandura. With all the enthusiasm and energy of his order, he pursued the study, and derived large information from his own brethren who had been in foreign lands, and whose linguistic skill has ever been famed. He was essentially a collector of words, and most industriously provided materials from which, with fuller information, and a more liberal spirit, his successors might deduce great laws. We see this especially in his "Vocabulario Poliglotta con prolegomeni sopra piu di 150 Lingue," which was published in 1787, as a supplement to his "Aritmetica delle Nazioni."

The hint as to the connexion between our Science and Ethnology, which Leibnitz had distinctly given, was taken up by Blumenbach in the course of his physiological researches. His investigations were continued with increased success; and the connexion between Ethnology and Physiology more fully developed by succeeding scholars to the time of Cuvier in France, J. Müller in Germany, and Prichard in England. It was he who first *scientifically* established the truth of the Scripture statement as to the unity of the human race, and in so doing, he was not a little indebted to linguistic Science. But for many years after Leibnitz, no philosophers properly so called arose, and the Science was represented in England merely by such men as Harris and Horne Tooke. Efforts were, however, made in the North of Europe by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, to direct the attention of the learned of her kingdom, then emerging from the state of semi-barbarism, to the Science. Herself taking the initiative, she made out large comparative lists of words, and having deduced from the affinities that she discovered many laws that have since been more fully established, she passed over the work to Pallas, that he might carry it out still farther. Hence the "Linguarum Vocabularia Comparativa" was published in 1787.

Still this was a mere "Vocabularium" and nothing more, and the Science wanted a philosophic spirit or principle to be applied to it, that would cause it to take its place in the foremost rank of the inductive Sciences. Its scholars had hitherto been like men groping their way in the dim obscurity of a mist, delighted by occasional gleams of light, but wandering on for ever in uncertain paths. One attempt was made to reduce languages to order and to classify them according to some fixed standard by Adelung so late as 1806. It was then that he published his "Mithridates," afterwards continued by Vater, a work that has

since been to the Science what the "Sententiæ" of Petrus Lombardus were to the philosophy of the middle ages. Bunsen correctly characterizes Adelung, when he says that he was "merely" a linguist, and neither an accurate philologist nor a deep philosopher.

The clue to unravel the intricacies of language, and to lay new foundations of Comparative Grammar philologically, as Leibnitz had done philosophically, was found in India, in the Sanskrit. From the moment that its stores of wealth were opened up by the adventurous curiosity of a few Englishmen, it was studied with avidity by all scholars—especially by the English and Germans; it became a stable foundation on which the whole nomology of the Science might, under the guidance of a strict induction, be built, and threw a light upon early history, so bright and so clear, that we can now read with a full sense of certainty the life of our early Arayan ancestors, ere they left their provincial plains in Iran, ere the Celt, followed at distant periods by the Pelasgian and the Teuton, emigrated to Europe, and those of their brethren whom they left behind, branched off and became the founders of the glory of Persia and Hindustan. We may well, then, look upon this as the beginning of a second period in the history of the Science, and date it from the foundation of the Asiatic Society in Calcutta, and the first publication of Sir William Jones in 1783.

The question as to who was the first European that studied Sanskrit in India, is, we fear, too difficult to be certainly answered. The credit of it, and in their case it is of a very doubtful character, most probably lies with the Jesuit Missionaries in India. We have already seen that they often contributed materials from which comparative lists and tables of words were drawn up, and spared no labour nor expense to fit themselves for gaining an ascendancy over the minds of the heathen of those countries in which they preached. It was in the year 1545, that the great St. Francis Xavier landed in South India, and began a career unprecedented in the history of Missions for folly, enthusiasm and disinterested unselfishness. Meanwhile his friend and contemporary was laying in Europe the foundation of the Society of Jesus, which had for one of its special objects, to preach the Gospel, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, in heathen lands. The history of their efforts in India is well known, and has been more than once described in these pages. The college of St. Paul at Goa, and still more at Madura, contained many who in their own land, had been scholars of no mean order, and who devoted themselves to the study of the various dialects of South India, and especially to their parent the Sanskrit, with wonderful assiduity and success. While there is no ground for believing the statement of Father

Martin that he had been able in five months so to learn Bengali as, in disguise, to receive instruction in what he calls "a Brahminical university," we cannot but believe that the Jesuits devoted themselves to the study of native tongues with a zeal which is but rarely manifested now.

Of all the order, Robert de Nobili of the Madura Mission was the most famous, so much so as to be termed after Xavier the second Apostle of the Indians. In the course of his missionary operations, he however adopted a plan directly the opposite of that of his great predecessor, resolving to ingratiate himself with the higher classes, with the Brahmins, and so to accomplish himself in all that constitutes a Brahmin, as to successfully pass for one of the west. It was in 1606 that he began his career, and raised the Mission at Madura to the highest position of all the Jesuit stations. He scrupled at nothing to accomplish his end, and it is indeed to be regretted that learning so great, and zeal so inextinguishable as his, should not have been used at least more honestly. Failing at first in convincing the Brahmins that he was one of their class, his skill was so great as to enable him to forge a document in the old and sacred Nagree character, in which it was stated that his, or the Roman order of Brahmins, was of greater antiquity than the Indian, and finding that even this was unsuccessful, he swore that he was himself descended from Brahma. He called himself by the name of *Tutwa-bod, haca Swamy*. The first of the semi-heathen works that he wrote, was the *Myāna Upadēsan*, written in Tamul, in which the glorious revelation of a Jehovah and a God in Christ, is accommodated to heathen ideas, in a manner calculated to shock every true Christian. This was succeeded by a sort of translation of the Romish liturgy, termed *Mantra-Mālei*, and intended for the use of his native converts, but written in a style that was much too classical for them. His next literary attempt was one that rivals his first forgery in audacity—a *fifth veda* in which again the pure truth of Christianity is diluted with Theistic Brahminism. *It is best known by its French name, *L'Esour-védam*. It was sent from Pondicherry, where the MS. had been kept for some time, and in 1761, was deposited in the King's library in Paris. In 1778, it was published, and so far deceived the learned that the sceptic Voltaire cited it as a proof of the superiority of Hinduism to Christianity.

Robert de Nobili died in the year 1656, aged forty-five. His colleagues in the mission wrought with a similar enthusiasm, and in the case of one, so far as our subject is concerned, with even greater success. R. C. J. Beschi, known by his heathen name of *Viramamuni*, composed an epic poem entitled *Temba-vani*. In it he so mixed Christian story and truth with Hindu fable as to make it acceptable to the Brahmins. Mr. Ellis of Madras has in-

vestigated these works, and proved their utter want of authenticity. The following may be taken as a specimen of the Temba-vani. The infant Saviour is speaking of the Egyptian Mary or Ejesia Mariyal. "On the flying chariot of desire she arrived at the "desert of sin; on the flying chariot of fear she repaired to the "mountains of penitence; on the flying chariot of resplendent "wisdom, she entered the grove of growing virtue: and on the "flying chariot of my name, she shall enter the Kingdom of "Heaven."

In 1664, Heinrich Noth, a German, studied the Sanskrit, in order "that he might be capable of disputing with the Brahmins." In 1699, the Jesuit Hanxleden landed on the Malabar Coast, and laboured as a missionary there for thirty years. He wrote several works in the vernacular of the district, as well as Grammars and Dictionaries. He died in 1793. He is often referred to by succeeding authors.

The successes, as they appeared to the Church to be, of the Jesuits in Madura, directed the attention of the Pope to them, and also of their own order. The assertion of Cardinal Wiseman is, without doubt, true—that it was in Rome that the languages and literature of the Hindus were first systematically studied in Europe. Father Paulino returned as a missionary from India, and took up his abode in the Propaganda at Rome. He was a man of no common rank, and demands a moment's attention. Jean-Philippe Werdin, or as he afterwards styled himself "Fratr Paulinus a S. Bartholomæo Carmelita Excalceatus "Malabariæ, Missionarius" was born A. D. 1748, near Mannersdorf, in South Austria. His parents moved in a humble sphere, being mere peasants, but they did their utmost to gratify his passion for knowledge, which was developed at a very early age. At the age of twenty he became a Carmelite monk; and after studying theology at Prague, he resolved to devote himself to Missionary work in India, and, for this purpose, entered the Mission-college of his order at Rome. After some time spent in studying with avidity the oriental languages, he was appointed to the Malabar Coast, and set out in 1774. There he devoted himself with all the zeal of an enthusiast to the work, acquired a ready facility in the dialects of the district, mastered the difficulties of Sanskrit, a knowledge of which was not at that time easily attainable; and printed many works in the vernacular, for the use of the Mission. He was raised to the dignity of Vicar-General, and subsequently to that of Apostolic Visitor. After passing fourteen years in India, he returned home, bringing with him a more accurate and perfect knowledge of Sanskrit, and the dialects of the South of India, than any European had previously entered Europe with. In 1790 he returned to Rome. He was subsequently librarian at

Padua, and secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda. On his again taking up his quarters at Rome in 1800, Pope Pius VII. appointed him to the responsible office of "Consultatore de la Congregation de l' Index, et Inspecteur des etudes au College "Urbain de la Propagande." There he died in 1806, after a life of simple and busy activity. His works, which are too numerous to be all mentioned here, gained for him a European celebrity, and caused attention for the first time to be devoted to Sanskrit and the dialects of India. They were, however, distinguished by a spirit of bitterness and a love of controversy, so different from the life of simplicity and amiability which he is said to have led. His French biographer speaks of his "grande pension à la polemique."

Shortly after his return to Europe in 1790, he published his "Sidharubam," seu Gramatica Samscrdamica cum dissertatione historica-critica in linguam Samscrdamicam." It is to be regretted that in this as in his other Sanskrit works, he uses the Tamil character throughout, and not always with accuracy. The year after, he published his great work on the Brahminical religion, which excited so much controversy, and was attacked by P. Georgi and Anquetil Du Perron, "Systema Brahmanicum liturgicum, mythologicum, civile, ex monumentis Indicis musei Borgiani Velitris, dissertationibus historico-criticis illustravit." He began to publish the famous Dictionary of Amarasinha, under the title of "Amarasinha seu Dictionarii Samscrdamici, sectio prima; de coelo, ex tribus ineditis codicibus Indicis manuscriptis eum versione Latin," 1798. The whole work was afterwards issued from the Serampore press (1808), under the editorship of Colebrooke. In the same year he published a small work "De antiquitate et affinitate lingue Zendicæ et Samscrdamicæ Germanicæ Dissertatio," and in 1802, a work philologically of still more importance "De Latini sermonis origine et cum orientalibus linguis connexione." In 1804, he issued his great work, the last of those on India, "Vyacarana seu locupletissima Samscrdamicæ lingue Institutio." In all, in the short space of fourteen years after his departure from India, he published twenty works in volumes, most of which were large quartos, on subjects chiefly connected with India. It has been truly said, that had not his fame been eclipsed by the rising star of English scholarship in Calcutta, he would have held a higher position among scholars than he now does. His great fault was the rising, neglecting the linguistic wealth of which he was in actual possession, and a judicious use of which would have immortalized him, for speculations which were as absurd as they were mystical. There was much ground for the sensible advice given to him by his adversary Du Perron, "An lieu de passer le temps à donner de vinct-

quatre pages, des trente, des cent pages qui ne prouvent rien ou tres peu, de mettre en opposition cent, deux cent mots de differents langues, le missionnaire ferait mieux, d'enrichir le public d'une bonne et complete traduction de l'Amarasinha, ou bien de publier les dictionnaires de Hanxleden et de Biscopings."

Such a man as the adventurous and learned Anquetil Du Perron was well entitled to give such an advice to Paulinus, for he had preceded him in his researches into some of the languages of India. Born at Paris in 1731, he distinguished himself as a student at the University of that city, especially in the study of Hebrew, which of course introduced him to the cognate Arabic, and also to the Persian. Destined at first for the church, he studied for some time in the theological seminary at Auxerre, and afterwards at Amersfoort. But his pursuits were as little theological as possible, for he burned with a desire to go on with the oriental languages, and if possible, to visit oriental nations. Returning to Paris, he had access to the king's library, and, by his eagerness in study, attracted the attention of the keeper of the MSS. the Abbe Sallier, who introduced him into the society of the learned of the day. In the course of his researches, he fell in with a Zend MS. of the Vendidad, which to him was a sealed book, and at once fired his curiosity. The whole subject of the Parsees, their language and literature, was at that time enveloped in obscurity and almost mystery. Early in the eighteenth century such men as Dr. Hyde Bouchier and Dr. Fraser had brought Zend manuscripts to Europe, but they had long lain in forgetfulness. To the young Du Perron, strange interest seemed to hang over the Parsees. Since the famous battle of Kádseáh in A. D. 638, when the brave Rustam Ferokhzad was routed by the Arabs and the imperial standard was lost, and the subsequent battle of Máhánund, when the last of the Sassanians—Yezdíríd was driven from the throne of Persia, and his subjects massacred or led to seek safety in flight, the Parsees had been lost to history. With their king murdered in his fugitive wanderings, and their General Phiranzín slain by the pursuers; the exiled race hid themselves in the fastnesses of the hills of Khorassan, and soon after fled to Hormazd in the Persian Gulf; from thence they carried their sacred fire with them to Diu, and, after a stay of nineteen years, they settled permanently at Sanjan (St John) in Guzerat in A. D. 717. From that time till the sixteenth century, there is silence regarding them, and many had been the speculations of the learned of Europe as to their fate. But as Europeans visited India, and gradually obtained possession of parts of it, this race attracted attention, and Henry Lord, the first Chaplain to the Surat factory, published an account of them in 1630. Allusions more or less correct are made to them in the works of most of the early European travellers in India, but all

such are most unsatisfactory, and only served to heighten western curiosity. The young Du Perron was resolved to spare no trouble nor pains to solve the mystery of their language and their sacred books on the very spot.

A French expedition was at this time being fitted out for India, to strengthen their cause against both the natives and the British in the east. He at once enlisted as a private soldier, notwithstanding the representations of the recruiting Captain, who well knew who he was. With his knapsack on his back he set out in November 1745, and was treated with the greatest courtesy and respect on board. After a nine months' voyage he landed at Pondicherry. He there acquired a knowledge of modern Persian, and at once set out for Chandernagore, as being the place where he could best learn Sanskrit. He was there, however, disappointed, while a severe fever by which he was seized, and the capture of the town by the English, determined him to return. Alone he set out, a penniless student, and with incredible zeal and energy, accomplished what few Europeans have ever attempted—a journey on foot from Chandernagore to Pondicherry. Notwithstanding, and often in consequence, of many dangers, he thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity that he ever had of mixing with the natives, and becoming acquainted with all the details of their life and religion. In 100 days he accomplished the distance, and, at the end of his journey, had the happiness of meeting one of his brothers. He embarked with him on board a ship bound for Surat, but preferring a pedestrian tour on the West Coast, as he had already had on the east, he landed at Mahè, and thence himself proceeded to Surat. Here he gradually induced two Parsee Desturs or priests from Guzerat, to give him instructions in Zend, in which he soon became proficient enough. He had now reached the object which he had so long and so earnestly desired, and formed a plan for studying, not only all the languages and dialects of India, but its whole history, literature and antiquities. He chose Benares, as the place best suited for his purpose, and was about to set out for it, when news arrived of the fall of Pondicherry. Forced to return to France, he sailed in an English vessel to London, and, after a visit to Oxford,* arrived in Paris in May 1762, his only wealth being his much valued manuscripts.

* Du Perron, in his *Zendavesta*, alluded to the University of Oxford in no flattering terms, and spoke with disrespect of some of those who were friends of Sir W. Jones. Jones thereupon addressed an anonymous letter to him, characterised by the strong and somewhat intemperate language that might have been expected from a youth, but at the same time by great brilliancy and *esprit*. In Lord Teignmouth's Life of Jones will be found a correspondence between him and Dr. Hunt, the Laudian professor of Arabic at Oxford, on the subject. When Jones visited Paris in 1780, he thought that Du Perron studiously avoided meeting him.

But honours awaited him. Through the interest of the Abbé Barthelémy, he was appointed to the post of interpreter of oriental languages in the king's library, and in 1763, was admitted as an associate into the Academy. In 1771, he published his "*Zendavesta*," in which were printed all his MSS., a life of Zoroaster, and an account of his travels. In 1778, he attacked some statements of Montesquieu in his "*Legislation Orientale*." In 1786, appeared his well known "*Recherches historiques et géographiques sur l'Inde*," which was followed by a treatise on commerce. But the revolution came and broke in upon that peace which, as a student and a scholar, he had now begun to love. Shutting himself up in his study, his biographer tells us that he had no friends but his books, no recreation, but in the recollection of his dear Brahmins and Desturs. In 1798, he published his "*L'Inde en rapport avec l'Europe*," and afterwards a Latin translation of one of the Upanishads. He was engaged in editing a translation of the "*Voyage Du Pere Paulin de St. Barthelemy dans l'Inde*" when death called him away in 1805. We have already alluded to his controversy with Paulinus.

He was the greatest linguist of his time, and all his erudition was used with a sound common sense and a correct judgment. As a student he was zealous, and as a friend disinterested, while a certain eagerness of spirit, and conviction of the certainty of the philological results at which he had arrived, combined with a hatred to the English, natural at that time to the countrymen of Labourdonnais and Dupleix, led him to fall into the errors of vanity and absurd speculation, which we have seen distinguished Paulinus. He was often attacked by other scholars, and his merit undervalued by the learned of his own day and city. The English are said to have offered him 30,000 livres for his MS. of the translation of the *Zendavesta*, but he declined it, reserving the honor for France. As a philologist he rather supplied material for future discovery than established any new philosophical principle. His name is best known as connected with the Zend.

At a period considerably later than he, in the year 1816, the great Danish philologist, Rask, completed what Du Perron had begun. At first he devoted himself exclusively to his own native tongue, and to the class that contains it—the Scandinavian. But his success in it, as seen in his "*Ursprung der Altnordischen oder Isländischen Sprache*," fired him with a desire to extend the sphere of his knowledge, and to gratify that curiosity, which, since a child, he had felt regarding foreign countries. He visited Petersburg, coming south he went into the very heart of Africa, and then turned his steps towards India. He made philological tour of a large part of the world, studying grammatically

and using practically, the language of every district through which he passed ; until at last, with a view carefully to investigate the Zend, he settled for a time at Bombay. There he continued till 1821, amassing materials and information of immense scientific importance. He lived to realize but half his own designs and the hopes of his friends—he sank into a premature grave. But he was not taken away ere he had prepared a plan of classification for the two great classes of Turanian and Iranian languages, and anticipated many subsequent discoveries, especially the law of the transposition of sounds, called by Bopp *Lautverschiebung*. He laid the foundation of Zend Grammar so firmly, and asserted its originality with such pertinacity, that he raised a long continued discussion on the subject, which has not been settled from the time of Du Perron to the present day. Mr. Romer's pamphlet takes up the side against the Zend, while the introductory notice of Professor H. H. Wilson seems to leave it still in the balance. A slight allusion to the controversy may not now be out of place.

An accurate knowledge of the Zend was, as we have seen, first introduced into Europe by Anquetil Du Perron. By means of translations of works written in it, especially of the Zendavesta, and of separate papers on the subject in one of the French literary societies, he strove to propagate his own conviction of the fact that Zend and Pehlevi were authentic languages of high antiquity, through the medium of which in the Zendavesta, Zoroaster handed down his religious system. He held that they were of equal authority in a philological point of view with Sanskrit, that they were affiliated with it, and not even derived from it. He was led to these views so strongly expressed, partly, no doubt, by an enthusiasm at first awakened by an inextinguishable curiosity which led him to undergo the greatest hardships for the sake of information, but also by internal evidence in the language itself. Professor Rask, without pledging himself to details as to the time of Zoroaster, follows Du Perron in most of his opinions, holding that the sacred books of the Parsees are written in a language that was spoken previous to the time of Alexander ; Erskine, that great scholar, modifies this opinion so far, that while he believes in the antiquity and authenticity of the Zend, he holds that it was never a spoken language, but rather a composite of some peculiar dialect of Sanskrit and spoken Persian, made by the Parsee priests, and used for the compilation of the Vendidad, which he believes to have been made about A. D. 229. Adelung holds that all the experience of philology is opposed to the *invention* of a language, and that even were such a thing possible, the results would not present the characteristics which Zend does. Bopp was fully convinced of the originality of the Zend, from the fact that in it, there are many archaisms and

primitive forms, more ancient than Sanskrit, and many that are also occasionally met in the Vedas; he did not hesitate to base the greater part of his Comparative Grammar, on a comparison between Sanskrit and Zend. Dr. Wilson of Bombay, well known at once as a missionary and a scholar, and entitled to form an opinion from his familiarity with the Persian and Arabic literature and languages, holds that while the Zend may have been forged by the Parsees, it must have taken place before their emigration into India. He says, "viewing the matter in its general aspect, I have no hesitation in declaring that none of the exiled and depressed Parsee priests in India can be supposed to have had the ability to invent that language." Rask's masterly letter in defence of the authenticity of the Zend, written to Mr. Elphinstone, and printed in the transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, settled the matter for Continental scholars, who have since, in all their philological researches, taken it for granted.

The first to dispute the title of Zend to this honour was Richardson in his Persian Dictionary. Sir William Jones distinctly stated that the Zend had been fabricated by the Parsi priests from many dialects, especially Sanskrit; that its literature is worthless; that the whole dates no further back than the Mahommedan conquest of Persia. Colonel Vans Kennedy is even stronger on this side, and Professor H. H. Wilson himself, while he seems to leave it in the balance, rather inclines to the last opinion. It is now very much a question between English and Continental scholars, and can only be fully decided by a more accurate knowledge of the documents in question. This we are sure, many of our countrymen in the Bombay Presidency might, at little cost and labour, obtain. Dr. Wilson, with his already great learning on cognate subjects, and his valuable collection of Zend, Pehlevi and Persian MSS., seems well fitted to settle the matter. It is to be regretted that none of the Parsees in India are so learned in their own language and literature, as to defend them against the attacks that have been made upon them, involving as they do in their truth the baselessness of their whole religious system and beliefs.

Mr. Romer, from his official position at Broach and Surat, was led to take up this question. His views are eminently controversial, and expressed in a rambling and unmethodical manner. This, we regret, as he seems to have had both opportunities and ability for judging correctly in the matter. He was led to correspond with the great Lassen on the subject, and gives the following account of his own and the Professor's respective views:—

"The learned Professor had sent to the Asiatic Society a portion of the text (the first five chapters) of the Vendidad, then just published

by him. Finding that the Pehlivi translation was not given with the text, or noticed in an accompanying short preface, the writer offered for the acceptance of Professor Lassen some extracts he possessed of the book, which contained, with the Zend text, a Pehlivi translation; forwarding with these papers three letters, which under the signature of "Kámgar," had appeared in *Allen's Indian Mail*. He also, in the letter addressed to Professor Lassen on the occasion, referred to the opinion of Professor Westergaard, as mentioned above, sending for this purpose the transcript of a few lines he had written to Dr. Wilson on the subject.

"Professor Lassen, in a courteous answer, expressed his regret at not being able to subscribe to the writer's views of the Zend language, 'which he considers to be a genuine one, chiefly on two grounds: first, that it agrees so intimately in its system of consonants with the ancient Persian, that it must be considered to have been a sister-language, chiefly distinguished by its vowel system, which exhibits several distinct traces of a modern date. And that it would, in the second place, be necessary to suppose, if the Zend language was fictitious, that the Pársis possessed a knowledge of comparative grammar, the Zend being rich in Indo-Germanic analogies.'

"To this it was replied, that putting the Zend and Persian, without adverting to some common progenitor, in the relationship of sisters, was new and worthy of consideration, taken in connection with the other distinct opinions on the question, those of Anquetil du Perron, of Colonel Rawlinson, of Sir W. Jones, and other English Orientalists. That it was far from clear how the agreement of the Zend in its consonantal system with that of the Persian, was proof of the relationship assigned to them. The same alliance might be said to exist between the Persian and the "Asmání Zabán," for both use the same alphabet, and the letters have the same powers. And further it was remarked, there could be no doubt, that for some time after the Arabian conquest, the Persian language continued to be written in its ancient indigenous character, (eventually superseded by the modern Arabic alphabet, itself an off-shoot of Syriac,) the same character which is now employed in writing Zend, and is sometimes used for writing Persian at the present day. But above all, it was observed, that as the vowel system of the ancient Persian character was identical with that of the Sanskrit, it must have lent its aid, in no small degree, to facilitate the presumed composition of the Zend.

"It has been said that analogy exists, in regard to the loss of inflexions, between the English language and Persian. I have not been able to discover this, but rather the reverse. From, we will say, the age of Alfred to that of Shakespeare, an interval of about seven hundred years, the rude Anglo-Saxon, gradually dropping most of its inflexions, and adopting foreign words to an unlimited extent, has become in the process of time the copious, expressive, polished, and flexible English in use. But the speech of Persia, we are sure, for the last thousand years, has remained the same perfect tongue, unaltered in its grammatical structure, we read in the *Sháh-Námah*. And judging from proper names found under Greek forms in the his-

torians of Alexander, such as "Parysatis" for "*Pari-zadah*," fairy-born: "Roxana" "*Raushanak*," little spendour, and others, there appears no reason to doubt that the Persian of that day was the same tongue in which Firdausi wrote. The use of the diminutive *k* in "*Raushanak*," as the same letter, with similar effect, is employed in "*Mardek*," manikin, "*Pesarak*," little boy, in modern Persian, affords a pregnant instance of their identity.

"In the sequel, Professor Lassen mentioned, that, having no accurate knowledge of Pehlivi, he declined offering any opinion on Professor Westergaard's views of it. This is unfortunate, for M. Burnouf considers the Pehlivi translation to be an indispensable adjunct to the Zend text, but if ultimately considered as spurious, Zend must run the risk of undergoing the same fate, unless some adequate cause can be found or imagined for joining a fabricated translation to a true text, and acknowledging both with equal religious respect."

He holds, moreover, that the Parsees of India were sufficiently learned to have forged the Zend and its books, for three centuries ago they translated the Pehlevi version of the Vendidad into Sanskrit; that with the aid of the Sanskrit, it was perfectly possible to invent the Zend; that if the Zend contains so many more primitive forms than the Sanskrit, greater results might have been expected from it in a literary point of view; that many of these archaisms may be "nothing better than the clerical errors of ignorant copyists," and finally that, if we are to believe the authenticity and antiquity of the Zend, its supporters must tell us when; where, and how its books were produced, and remove the obscurity that rests over its early history. In whatever way this question may finally be decided, it will not affect the general laws and conclusions of Comparative Philology, however much its decision in the negative may render obsolete such a laborious work as Bopp's Grammar. If proved to be authentic, then will India have contributed to Science two of those glorious sister-tongues, spoken by our Aryan ancestors, ere yet they emigrated from their provincial seats, and, as they colonised, civilized the world.

While up to nearly the close of last century, the honour of having studied Sanskrit and the vernacular dialects of India must be awarded to the Romish missionaries of the Jesuit order and to the French, there seems to have been a spirit of enquiry into them gradually springing up among the English servants of the Company. As rulers of an increasing territory, over almost every inch of which they had to fight, they had too much to do to search after the hidden in either language or literature. Plassy was fought in 1757, and Bengal, Behar and Orissa became British property fully by the treaty of Allahabad in 1765. The peace and government and revenue of this country must be settled,—and settled too, by men who in point of numbers and

often of *morale* were quite unfit for the task. The majority of the British then in India were content with a perfect familiarity with the various vernacular dialects, and aimed only at a thorough facility in using them, so that by intimate intercourse with the natives, they might the better discharge their duties. Cut off from European society, separated by correspondence from England by a distance in time of nearly two years, they were driven to find in native society what we now have in all the luxuries and amenities of English civilization. Never since these have been so largely introduced overland, and added at once to the comforts and inefficiency of both branches of the Service, have they known the natives so well, or been so much beloved by them. At the same time, this state of things was accompanied by evils of the very worst character: dissipation and debauchery of all kinds, and concubinage of a thoroughly oriental character. The absence of a middle Anglicised class of natives, who might save the trouble of personally attending to the details of duty, put many of our countrymen in positions, where, as we know, the tendency was to become so enamoured of native life and so well acquainted with the native language, as to forget the dignity and nationality of the Briton, the responsibility and duty of the Christian. Hence all the linguistic likings and power of the British were diverted into a vernacular and utilitarian channel, and a facility acquired in it which we shall look for in vain now. With the vices and follies of our early rule of India, have we not also given up much of the manliness and common sense? Do not passing events teach us that Clive was wiser than his modern successors, that his policy of ruling Asiatics on oriental principles, was wiser than that of white-washing them with semi-Anglicism?

So early, however, as the time of Warren Hastings did the English begin to attend to the languages and literature of India, and he was the first, with a rare wisdom and a sound policy to encourage the study of them among his subordinates. Though not himself a learned man in the highest sense of the term, he created such. He was the Maecenas of the English Government, and but for him the way would not have been prepared, as it was, for the brilliant discoveries of the Asiatic Society. In 1765, Bengal became ours. In 1776, or eleven years afterwards, the first fruits of the efforts of Hastings were seen in the code of Gentoo laws. The following sentences used by Hastings in that letter which he wrote to the Chairman of the Court of Directors, recommending them to undertake the publication of Wilkins' translation of the "Bhagavat Git," shews the nature of the policy which was pursued even at that early period of our history, and which raised so many men of learning and utility to the state. "I have always regarded the encouragement of every species of useful dili-

"gence in the servants of the Company, as a duty appertaining to my office, and have severely regretted that I have possessed such scanty means of exercising it, especially to such as required an exemption from official attendances, there being few emoluments in this service, but such as are annexed to official employment, and few offices without employment. Yet I believe I may take it upon me to pronounce, that the service has, at no period, more abounded with men of cultivated talents, of capacity for business, and liberal knowledge, qualities which reflect the greatest lustre on their possessors, by having been the fruit of long and labour-ed application at a season of life, and with a license of conduct more apt to produce dissipation than excite the desire of improvement. . . . Nor is the cultivation of language and science, for such are the studies to which I allude useful only in forming the moral character and habits of the Service. Every accumulation of knowledge, and especially such as is obtained by social communication with people over whom we exercise a dominion, founded on the right of conquest, is useful to the state : it is the gain of humanity ; in the specific instance which I have stated, it attracts and conciliates distant affections, it lessens the weight of the chain by which the natives are held in subjection, and it imprints in the heart of our own countrymen the sense and obligation of benevolence."

It is said that the first Briton who acquired from the Pundits a correct knowledge of Sanskrit, was a gentleman of the name of Marshall. Beyond the fact that he was engaged in the extensive silk filatures of the then flourishing Cossim Bazar, we have no information regarding him. We believe the general impression that the Pundits were unwilling to reveal the literary and sacred wealth stored up in the mysterious Devnagari character to have been a mistaken one, or at least founded on insufficient methods, and to have been a misapprehension of the fact, that among the *Hindoos*, the knowledge of it was confined only to the higher castes.

In 1776, Nathaniel Brassy Halhed published "A Code of Gentoo laws or Ordinations of the Pundits, from a Persian translation made from the original, written in the Sanskrit language." It is strikingly characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon character that the first work, produced under the patronage of the British Government in India, was one having reference to law and not literature proper. This gave a tone to all the early researches of the first scholars, and even although Wilkins' translation of the "Bhagavat Git" was shortly after published, it was not for some time that the early poetry, the literature of early history, was given forth to the world. Hence, too, it was that Persian and Arabic were studied before Sanskrit, Persian being then the lan-

guage of the courts. For the purpose of making as perfect a translation of the Hindu laws as possible, learned Pundits were invited from all parts of Bengal. From them a true text was first of all procured. This was of course a difficult matter, as the work of no special individual author was wanted, but selections from all sources of those laws, under the operation of which the Hindus had lived from time immemorial. The laws when selected were by them translated into Persian, and from Persian into a literal English version by Halhed. With a becoming modesty, so unlike the conduct of some modern scholars, whose learning, almost entirely that of their Pundits, they have boasted to be their own, the author stated that all was the work of the Brahmans, save only the English dress in which it was clothed. The work was important with reference to a sound policy in Government, and to the wise administration of justice among the natives. To us, in the present day, it is invested with immense interest, as in the preliminary treatise prefixed to it, we have the first full and philological account of the Sanskrit as a language.

The work of Paulinus was published in 1790, this in 1776—fourteen years previous. The native compilers began their work in May, 1773, “answering to the month *Jeyt*, 1180 (Bengal “style) and finished by the end of February, 1775, answering “to the month Phangoon, 1182 (Bengal style.)” Hastings was accused by some of the Continental *Savans* of having forced the Pundits to give up their legal and religious treasures, of having offered very high bribes. So far was this from being the case that, as he himself says in the preface to ‘Wilkins’s Bhagavat Git,’ the information “was contributed both cheerfully and gratuitously by men of the most “respectable characters for sanctity and learning in Bengal, “who refused to accept more than the moderate daily subsistence of one rupee each, during the time that they were “employed on the compilation.” It is fitting that we should here give the names of those Pundits, who were the first to display the riches of their language before the curious eyes of Hastings and Halhed: They were Ram Gopaul Neeáyálunkár, Bereeshur Punchánun, Kisshen Juin Neeáyálunkár, Báneeshur Beedyálunkár, Kerpa Ram Terk Siedhant, Kisshen Chund Sáfel Bhoom, Gorce Kunt Terk Siedhant, Kisshen Keisub Terkálunkár, Seetá Rám Bhet, Kalee Sunker Beedyábágees and Sham Sunder Necáy Siedhant.

Two years afterwards, Halhed published his Grammar, and when in England an English version of Martial, and a translation from the Persian, illustrating the Researches of the Asiatic Society. After the full details of his life already given in the

Review,* and that so recently, we need not do more here than say that he was the school-fellow of Dr. Parr,† Sheridan, and Sir William Jones, under Dr. Sumner; that after distinguishing himself as a classical scholar, he went to India in 1771, continued seven years engaged in hard work, in which time he acquired an independence, spent a life partly of literary effort, the fruits of which never passed beyond his own circle, which embraced the families of Hastings and Impey, and of political excitement, being in Parliament for some time, made himself notorious by advocating with blind zeal the cause of the prophet Brothers, lost all his fortune in the French funds, took office in the India House, passed the close of his life in ease and comfort in London, and finally died in 1830. He was a man fitted to do much more than he accomplished, to take up the whole field afterwards so well occupied by Jones and Colebrooke, and introduced the Indian form of orientalism to Europe. As it was, he was no unworthy predecessor of these men, and may well be considered the father of Sanskrit philology. His nephew, of the same name and in the same service, is perhaps as famous as himself. So perfect was his knowledge of the vernacular tongue and habits of the natives, that he could pass among them for one of themselves, without the slightest fear of suspicion. Like "Hindu Stuart," he might well have been called "Hindu Halhed."

If the elder Halhed introduced the dawn of English scholarship in the east, Sir W. Jones may be well said to have brought in the full noonday. It is out of our province to enter into the details of the life of a man so well known, and of whose genius every Anglo-Indian must be so proud; but a notice of the outlines of his life may be necessary. Born in London in 1746, he lost his father when only three years of age, and the education of his childhood thus devolved on one of the best of mothers. She was well fitted to be the mother of a philologist, from the wise and successful methods that she pursued in his instruction. At the age of seven he entered Harrow school, then presided over by Dr. Thackeray, and set himself to his new studies, at first with diligence and moderate results, soon with enthusiasm and

* Vol. XXVI, Art. III.

† At page 468 of Dr. Johnstone's life of Dr. Parr, will be found an interesting letter from Halhed to Parr on the subject of his leaving India, written November 5, 1773, two years after his arrival, when he felt himself compelled to use the following language, "Give me then leave to inform you that India (the wealthy, the luxurious and the lucrative) is so exceedingly ruined and exhausted, that I am not able by any means, not with the assistance of my education in England, and the exertion of all my abilities here, to procure even a decent subsistence. I have studied the Persian language with the utmost application in vain." Hastings had not yet taken him by the hand.

brilliant success. He had arrived at his fifteenth year when Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner, and a turn was at that time given to his studies which influenced his whole future life. Satisfied with Greek and Latin, his attention was directed to Hebrew and Arabic, and the door once opened, he pursued the path which led him to discover the literary wealth of India. At the age of seventeen he was matriculated in Oxford (1764.) Here he pursued the study of Arabic with avidity, being encouraged by a fellow-student, and assisted in the pronunciation by a Syrian of Aleppo, whom he discovered in London. The Arabic led him to the Persian, and between these two languages, historically and geographically connected, though belonging to different families, he soon discovered a close affinity. His Latin and Greek were not neglected, and in the vacation he added to his linguistic stores a knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese. So successfully had he even then prosecuted his study of the oriental tongues, that the Duke of Grafton offered him the post of interpreter of Eastern languages. He declined it in favour of his faithful Syrian Mirza, to whom, after all, it was not given. He now began the study of German, and in his twenty-first year, his *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*; this labour was soon followed by an attempt to master the Chinese. He was honoured by the English Government in being chosen to translate literally into French an Eastern MS., containing the life of Nadir Shah, which the king of Denmark had brought with him to England for the purpose. This he soon accomplished; the work was published in 1770, with a treatise on Oriental Poetry, written in the same style, prefixed to it, and he received the thanks of his Danish Majesty, with the honour of being created a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen. This was his first publication. His fame as an Orientalist began to spread, and his friendship was sought for by Count Reviczki, at that time Polish Ambassador at the English Court. The correspondence between them, given by Lord Teignmouth in his life of Jones, is thoroughly oriental in subject.

He early turned his attention towards India as the place where he could best carry out his design in the study of the eastern tongues. He had long looked for an appointment there, and after in vain attempting to enter Parliament for his own University, he at last, in March 1783, received from the Ministry of Lord Shelburne, the appointment of Judge in the Supreme Court of Fort William, and having been knighted and married, he set sail a month after, and landed at Calcutta in September. His arrival was most opportune. The fostering patronage and intelligence of Warren Hastings had, as we have seen, raised not a few scholars, who, in obscurity and silence, had set

themselves to Indian studies. They wanted but a guide, a head, a spirit of power and enthusiasm, who would help their weakness and direct their scattered efforts into one channel. In all respects Sir William Jones was fitted to accomplish this, and though, so far as India was concerned, but a learner himself, he immediately received from the scholars of Calcutta that homage and admiration which his past achievements and his all-embracing genius entitled him to. Even before landing, the idea of a Society similar to those of the learned in most of the European capitals had struck him, and he found admirable materials for it already existing. The month of January 1784, just one year after his arrival, saw the Asiatic Society established. The Governor-General, Warren Hastings, and the members of Council—Edward Wheeler, John Macpherson, and John Stables, Esquires, at once agreed, on invitation, to become patrons, Hastings declined the office of President, which was naturally conferred on Sir William Jones. The list of the first members who constituted the society may not be uninteresting. It contains the names of some great English scholars, and may serve as a good accompaniment to that already given of the Pundits who assisted Halhed in compiling his *Gentoo Laws*:—*President* Sir William Jones, Knight; *Secretary*—John Herbert Harington; David Anderson, Esq., Lieut. James Anderson, Francis Balfour, M. D., Geo. Hilario Barlow, Esq., John Bristow, Esq., Ralph Broome, Esq., Reuben Burrow, Esq., General John Carnac, Sir Robert Chambers, Knight, William Chambers, Esq., Charles Chapman, Esq., Bunish Crisp, Esq., Charles Croftes, Esq., Major William Davy, Jonathan Duncan, Esq., Francis Fowke, Esq., Francis Gladwin, Esq., Thomas Graham, Esq., Lieut. Charles Hamilton, Thomas Law, Esq., Nathanael Middleton, Esq., John David Paterson, Esq., Capt. John Scott, Henry Vansittart, Esq., and Charles Wilkins, Esq.

Among those who joined it soon after its formation, were Warren Hastings, Wilford, Hyde, Fraser, &c. The Society soon became a means, not only for publishing the researches of scholars already made, but of increasing that spirit of linguistic and scientific curiosity, which Hastings had just created. While Sir W. Jones was the very life of it, and took a very large share in its duties and exercises, it was by no means to the exclusion of others. Had the Society done nothing more than publish its invaluable volumes—the Asiatic Researches, its end must be looked upon as having been accomplished. Amid much that is crude and hasty, amid not a little that is hypothetical and contradictory, there is a mine of wealth, a treasure of oriental lore, to which there is no parallel, in the twenty-one volumes that compose the work, and also in the early numbers of the

Journal. The object of the Society was a wide and glorious one, and well was it carried out in these early days. In his discourse delivered on the institution of the Society, Sir W. Jones tells us that the design of it occurred to him while still on his way to India, with the land of his ambitious longings before him, Persia on his left, and a breeze from Arabia on the stern. The position, which to a man of his acquirements and refinement was so pleasing, was surely full of suggestion. In the centre of orientalism, in the focus of Asiatic lore, with streams of the associations of old converging upon him, why should he not establish among the English in Bengal a society into which all eastern life and thought should pour their wealth? And nobly did he and his successors, on whom his mantle fell, carry out the idea—Colebrooke, Prinsep and Wilson. The services rendered by the Society to Comparative Philology have been vast, as these names testify. We must refer the reader to a former article of this *Review* * for a critical digest of the works of Sir W. Jones. An accomplished judge, he yet in his leisure hours found time to raise a monument to himself of a splendour, and an extent, which will never pass away. He crowded into the comparatively short period of his Indian career—eleven years from 1783 to 1794, when he died,—more than any other man has accomplished for India during a life-time. If he did not advance the Science of Comparative Philology by the discovery of new laws, or the enunciation of new principles, he gathered together a collection of data from which others have with philosophic skill generalised, and applied his discoveries to the elucidation of history, with a zeal and a success before unknown. He was a linguist, comparative philologist, mythologist, archaeologist and historian, all in one; while his attainments in Natural History and the Physical Sciences were for his day most respectable.

Charles Wilkins was the warm friend and supporter of Jones in his efforts to establish the Asiatic Society. His is the high honor of having first critically studied the Sanskrit,—an honor ascribed to him by Sir W. Jones himself, whom he sometimes aided in his studies. Born in 1749, at Fram, he gave evidence in his very infancy of a mind superior in energy and power to that of most youths. His uncle, who was a London banker, obtained a writership for him; and in 1770, he arrived in Calcutta. He set himself to the study of Sanskrit immediately on his arrival, and produced the first direct translation from that language, rendering faithfully and attractively into English the “Bhagavat Geeta.” It was published in a quarto volume in 1785, under the title of “The Bhagavat-Geeta or Dialogue of Krishna and

"Arjoon, in eighteen lectures, with notes. London." In 1778, as we have seen, Halhed's Bengalee Grammar was published. All the efforts of the Calcutta orientalisists were at first baulked by the impossibility of obtaining, either in India or England, types of the various characters. The inventive and persevering genius of Wilkins soon surmounted the difficulty, and with his own hand he cut the types from which Halhed's Grammar was printed, and soon after also a set of Persian types.* Warren Hastings was not slow to appreciate the extraordinary energy and ability of Wilkins. His health having given way under the pressure of his official duties, combined with his oriental studies, he allowed him to go to Benares.

There, amid learned Pundits, he assiduously pursued these studies. He was, however, soon forced to return to England; and at Bath in 1787, he published a translation of the "*Hitopadesha* of Vishna Sarma." Removing soon after to Hawkhurst in Kent, he set himself to the writing of a Sanskrit Grammar. He again repeated in England what he had done in Calcutta, making a set of Devanagri characters in steel, as well as the matrices and moulds, from which he cast a whole fount of types. With these he was proceeding with the printing of his Grammar, and had accomplished twenty pages of it, when his house was burnt down to the ground, and his types destroyed. Had Wilkins been a less persevering man, this would have been a great loss to oriental literature. But he soon repaired it, and in 1806, the Grammar was finally issued from his press.

Having thus gained for himself a great reputation as a scholar the Court of Directors availed themselves of his services in England. In 1801, they appointed him their librarian, and in this capacity he rendered them great service, and made the library attractive to many visitors. In 1805, he became oriental examiner at Haileybury and Addiscombe. In these offices, he continued till his death, which took place in 1836, when he had nearly attained his eighty-seventh year. Scientific societies both at home and abroad were not slow to recognize his merits; and George IV., in 1833, made him "Knight Bachelor, and Knight Commander "of the Guelphic order." Sir Charles Wilkins, LL.D., was well worthy of the title applied to him by the Royal Society of Literature, and engraved on the gold medal with which they presented him "*Carolo Wilkins, Literaturae Sanskritæ Principi.*"

* In the Asiatic Annual Register for 1801, some doggerel verse occurs, entitled "Literary Characteristics of the most distinguished members of the Asiatic Society, by John Collegins, Esquire." Wilkins is thus spoken of:—

"See patient Wilkins to the world unfold
Whate'er discovered Sanskrit relics hold,
But he performed a yet more noble part
He gave to Asia typographic art,"

While the names of Jones and Wilkins stand highest in the roll of English scholarship in the east, that of Henry Thomas Colebrooke is not far behind them. Known in Europe rather as a philosopher than a philologist, he was none the less a linguist, because his success in the former department eclipsed his attainments in the latter. In the field of antiquities and philosophy, he was, till H. H. Wilson arose, the only authority; but his extensive knowledge of these was obtained only by an accurate and intimate knowledge of the language in which they were couched. He was born in London in 1765. His father, Sir George Colebrooke, was Chairman of the East India Company; his brother, Edward, afterwards Sir Edward Colebrooke, was a Writer in India, and thus everything pointed out the East to him as the scene of his future life and pursuits. Naturally of a retiring disposition, he was educated at home under a tutor, who seems to have done his abilities full justice. In April 1783, he landed in Calcutta, where he spent the usual period of semi-idleness in his brother's house. He was, however, always studying or observing, and the experience of the first few years of his Indian life was very gloomy. But soon he got enough to do, and with appointments came most respectable allowances, which reconciled him to India. His only recreation, during the whole period of his residence in it, was sporting, of his achievements in which he was ever more proud than of all his authorship. At first in the Board of Accounts in Calcutta, he was soon appointed Assistant Collector at Tirhoot, and subsequently (1789) at Purneah. Thanks to the fact of his having an idle Collector placed over him, he had all the work to do in the latter place, and this so roused his energies and made him so satisfied with himself, that he began to look on India in a new light. His active mind now turned itself in every direction, and the subject of the land revenue, afterwards made permanent by Lord Cornwallis, especially excited it. Devoting himself to Persian and Arabic—a knowledge of the former of which was necessary in his official duties, he was soon led into the whole sea of the languages spoken in India, and chiefly Sanskrit. What led him especially to the last was a desire to become acquainted with the writings of the Hindus on Algebra, which he afterwards translated. It was not till he had been eleven years in the country, and till the death of Sir W. Jones took place, that he resolved to begin and pursue a systematic course of study, the fruits of which were seen in his subsequent works. From Purneah he was appointed to Rajshahi, the centre of a district that was then troublesome, and from Rajshahi, in a judicial capacity, to Mirzapore. The proximity of the last-mentioned place to Benares was a source of pleasure to him. He could here pursue his Sanskrit studies with facilities that

could not elsewhere be procured. In 1798, after the continuous labour of two years, he published a work which Sir W. Jones had begun—"A Digest of Hindu law on Contracts and Successions, with a commentary by Jaganniat'ha Tercapanchanara, "translated from the original Sanskrit. Four vols. folio." The work was intended to supplement that of Halhed, which in many places was incorrect or defective.* In 1799, he was appointed in a political capacity to Nagpore by Lord Wellesley, who, ere he set out, told him that he had selected him "for his abilities merely." This was succeeded by his being placed at the head of the Sudder Dewanny Adawlut in Calcutta, and appointed Professor of Sanskrit in the College of Fort William. In 1805, he published the first and only volume of his Sanskrit Grammar, and was meanwhile, at periodic intervals, giving the fruits of his studies to the world through the Asiatic Researches. In one of his letters he states that Wilford, Davies and he were expected to contribute the materials for one volume, but that the two former could not do it, so that it must fall on himself. Shortly after this, he attained the great object of his early ambition—a seat in the Supreme Council, keeping at the same time his seat in the Adawlut. His life was now one of excessive activity, his mornings and evenings being always devoted to study. In 1810, he married, but the death of his wife and one of his children, a few years afterwards, so affected him, that in 1815 he returned to England, settling at first, like Wilkins and so many old Indians, at Bath. He soon, however, set up his household gods in London, and of many of the scientific societies there, he became an active member. Chemistry and Astronomy especially attracted him. With a noble generosity he presented his whole library of MSS. to the East India Company, a collection which had cost him £10,000. He was chiefly instrumental in founding both the Astronomical and Royal Asiatic Societies, of the latter of which he was made the first Director. In the pages of its journal, he continued those invaluable papers with which he had enriched the "Asiatic Researches." In 1829, his life was clouded, like that of Halhed, by the loss of his large fortune, through speculation; and in 1837 he died, having passed the last years of his life in much suffering—mental and bodily, alleviated however, by the

* Hence the poetic Mr. Collegins, before quoted, thus sings :—

"Ind's modern Blackstone in dark Sanskrit veiled,
Just commentator ! might have lain concealed,
If Colebrooke's knowledge had not given such light,
As brought the venerable code to sight ;
Obscured no more the sacred volume lies,
Or to vernacular or alien eyes,
Colebrooke in plain familiar English dressed
The jurisprudence of the gentle east."

consolations of religion. Of the many papers that his fertile pen was ever producing, those in the Asiatic Researches on the Sanskrit and Prakrit languages, the religious ceremonies of the Hindus, the Vedas, the Jains, and in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society on the Philosophy of the Hindus, are the most important. His accuracy, and the truth of some of his conclusions, have been questioned by Bentley and Colonel Vans Kennedy, but on no just grounds. His controversy with the former arose from his being supposed to be the author of an article in the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which Bentley was severely dealt with. The reviewer, however, was Professor Hamilton. Kennedy attacked Colebrooke in the Asiatic Journal on certain of his statements as to the Vedanta Philosophy. In 1835, he was defended by Sir Graves Haughton. Rammohun Roy paid a high compliment to Colebrooke, when he said, that his scholarship had proved to him that "it was possible for Europeans to acquire a knowledge of Sanskrit, equally comprehensive and correct with the natives of India."

Though Colebrooke's Sanskrit Grammar was the first that was published, it was not the first that was undertaken. In 1810, there appeared "an Essay on the principles of Sanskrit Grammar, Part I. by H. P. Forster, senior merchant in the Bengal Establishment, from the press of Ferries and Co." The author states in his preface that it was begun in 1804, but the publication of it had been delayed, as it was before the Council of the College of Fort William for their approval. It is interesting as a specimen of Sanskrit Bibliography. The whole method and classification are thoroughly native, and repulsively difficult. His great object in writing it was to give the judicial servants of the Company such a familiarity with the language of Menu, that they might be independent of deceiving natives who used their knowledge for the worst purposes, and, as is even now too often the case, had the judges completely in their hands.

In July 1800, the sound policy and literary tastes of the Marquis of Wellesley established the College of Fort William. His scheme was a noble one, and had the Court of Directors allowed it to be carried out on the same scale and to the same extent as their Governor-General contemplated, for every scholar that has since thrown lustre on his native country, there would have been twenty. The object was to carry out in India, with all the aids and appliances that it offered in such abundance, the oriental education of the Civil Service, which had been imperfectly begun in England. But this was done on a very limited scale, and the natural result followed, that the usefulness of the college in the course of years began to be more and more doubted, until it became what

it at present is—a mere Board of Examiners, with a complement of Pundits and Munshis as private tutors. Buchanan and Brown were appointed Provost and Vice-Provost respectively, and in addition to those of whom we are about to speak, and of Colebrooke already mentioned, it was adorned with the learning of such men as Gilchrist, Edmonstone, Malcolm, Macnaghten, Jenkins, Bayley, and others. It was there that such youths as James Prinsep first received that enthusiasm for oriental studies which led to the noblest results. Major Baillie, when in the College, published “Sixty Tables illustrative of the Principles of Arabic Inflexion.” He was afterward Resident at the court of Lucknow. Lusmden was Professor of Arabic and Persian, and published “A grammar of the Arabic language, according to principles taught and maintained in the schools of Arabia, exhibiting a complete body of elementary information selected from the works of the most eminent grammarians, together with definitions of the Parts of Speech, and observations on the structure of the language, 1813.” He inscribed it to Major Baillie.

John Herbert Harington, who was Secretary of the Asiatic Society under the Presidency of Sir W. Jones, was the most distinguished Persian scholar of his time. In the early part of his career, he was chiefly engaged in the judicial branch of the service, the language of which was at that time Persian. He sat for twenty years on the Sudder Bench, and so gained the esteem of his subordinates by his wise moderation and gentlemanly bearing in character, and his attainments as a scholar, that the native officials and vakeels of their own accord subscribed for his portrait, which was done by Chinnery, and now adorns the walls of the Court. He issued an edition of the works of Sadi; and from 1809 to 1817, in three quarto volumes, “An elementary analysis of the Laws and Regulations enacted by the Governor-General in Council at Fort William in Bengal, for the Civil Government of the British territories, under that Presidency, in six parts.” He was Professor of the Laws and Regulations of the British Government in India, in Fort William College, and also President of its Council. Also distinguished as a Persian scholar was F. A. Gladwin, who, from 1800 to 1809, continued to edit, write, and translate works in that language. His “Vocabulary of English and Persian,” 1800; his “Persian Guide, exhibiting the Arabic derivations,” 1800; his “Ayeen Akbery, or the Institutes of the Emperor Akbar, translated from the original Persian, London, 1800, two volumes;” his “Ulfáz-Udwiyyeh, Meteria Medica, in the Arabic, Persian and Hindavy languages, compiled by Noureddeen Mahomed Ab-

"dullah Shirazy, with an English translation ;" his "Dissertations on the Rhetoric, Prosody, and Rhyme of the Persians," 1801 ; his "Text and Translation of the Gulistan of Sadi," 1806 ; and his "Dictionary of Persian, Hindostanee and English, with synonyma," 1809—all these prove the untiring industry and scholarship of the man.

Among the early members of the Asiatic Society were two names of some interest and importance in our present enquiry—Wilford and Leyden. Francis Wilford was born in Hanover, of a family of rank and standing. He early entered the Hanoverian army, and as Lieutenant accompanied the forces which were sent to India by the English Government in 1781. For three years he was engaged in hard fighting ; but when the war was brought to a close by the peace of Mangalore in 1784, he had leisure to devote himself to the study of Sanskrit, in which he made such proficiency, that his name may well be ranked with those of Colebrooke and Wilkins. On his joining the Asiatic Society, shortly after its foundation, he became one of its most active and distinguished members. Up to 1822, we find not a few of the valuable papers in the volumes of the Asiatic Researches from his pen. Of an active and energetic spirit, given to hasty generalization, and desirous to draw support from every source for favourite theories, it need not be wondered at that his facts were not always accurate, nor his conclusions fairly drawn and well substantiated. He had a tendency to find in Sanskrit MSS., not what actually was there, but what he wished to find ; and the result was that his discoveries were often of a most startling character, and his theories absurdly extravagant. The Pundits who assisted him, taking advantage of his eager enthusiasm and credulity, imposed upon him ; the versions with which they supplied him were often interpolated, the translations incorrect. As Klaproth says in his notice of Wilford in the 'Biographic Universelle,' "Ces braves gens avaient poussé la complaisance un peu trop loin, car ils avaient rencontré dans leurs livres tout ce que leur protecteur désirait y trouver, en falsifiant les textes qu'ils lui fournissaient." We can easily understand the anguish of spirit that seized the too eager orientalist, when the discovery was made to him that so many of his achievements were but castles in the air. He had prided himself upon them, he had gained to himself a name among the learned by means of them, they were studied and admired by the *savans* of Europe, they formed to them the basis of extensive treatises and scientific speculations. The matter could not be hushed up as easily as in the case of the *prætorium* of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns and Edie Ochiltree. As an honest man, and as a member of the Asiatic Society, Wilford

must retract, must add to his chagrin by exposing the means of his deception, and this the other members forced him to do. But the eager spirit of the scholar was only for a time checked by this circumstance. He pursued his studies, and, we fear, his baseless theorising as before. It is to be regretted that a mind, such as his, capable of accomplishing so much, was not more directed by sound judgment.*

Like Wilford in enthusiasm, but by far his superior in caution and common-sense, was John Leyden. We had hoped ere this to devote a whole article to one, who, had he lived longer, would have attained the great object of his life—the rivalling if not the surpassing of Sir William Jones. Meanwhile, a mere notice must suffice. He was born in 1775, at Denholme on the banks of the Teviot, in a country and a district that has given to India so many of her great men. Taught by his grandmother to read, he was, at the age of nine years, sent to the parish school of Kirk-town. Much of his boyhood he spent in reading such works as Sir David Lindesay's poems, Chapman's Homer, Milton, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. He early manifested an unconquerable desire for learning, and though his parents were in the poor peasant-class of Scotland, like many of that class, they spared no pains to give their son a good education. After three years he was placed under the care of Mr. Duncan, a minister in his village, who initiated him into the mysteries of Greek and Latin. "Of the eagerness of his desire for knowledge," says the Rev. James Morton, "it may not be improper to relate an anecdote which took place at this time. Denholme being about three miles from his house, which was rather too long a walk, his father was going to buy him an ass to convey him to and from school. Leyden, however, was unwilling, from the common prejudice against this animal, to encounter the ridicule of his school-fellows by appearing so ignobly mounted, and would have at first declined the offered accommodation. But no sooner was he informed that the owner of the ass happened to have in his possession a large book in *some* learned language, which he offered to

* Listen again to Mr. Collegins :—

"Wilford ! to you be most exalted praise,
You great Mythologist of modern days !
To public view the truth your labour brings,
And clears the ob-scure from antiquated things.
In vain has scythe-armed time consigned to dust,
The lettered stone and imitative bust ;
Your piercing eyes with nice exactness pore
Each venerable record o'er and o'er ;
Whether you write of mystic Samothrace,
Or at the urns of Nile papyrus place."

"give into the bargain, than his reluctance entirely vanished, and he never rested until he had obtained this literary treasure, which was found to be the *Calepini Dictionarium Octolingue*." In 1790 he entered Edinburgh University, and under Professor Dalzel, he soon learned to love and appreciate the beauties of the Greek, as he had never done before. He had always been a capital Latin scholar, and in a short time he studied the ancient Icelandic, Hebrew, Arabic and Persian, and acquired French, Spanish, Italian and German. He gained as a student a pretty substantial knowledge of almost all the subjects taught in the University, and his occasional attendance at the medical classes especially, was of use to him in his future career.

In 1796, he became tutor in a private family, and resided for some time chiefly in St Andrews. His eager researches into every thing oriental, and the fame of Mungo Park, led him to study the subject of Africa, on which he published a volume in 1799. On his return to Edinburgh, he contributed regularly to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, verse translations from all the languages which he knew. His pursuits led him to become acquainted with a man of well-known literary tastes—Mr. Richard Heber, and by him he was introduced to all the great men, who at that time adorned the Scottish capital by their learning and their genius. Lord Woodhouselee, Henry Mackenzie, Sidney Smith, and, above all, Walter Scott became his firm friends. In 1800, Leyden entered the Church, and for two years continued to preach with acceptance. But a desire for travel was ever in his breast, and in 1802 it was at last gratified. William Dundas, who was in the Board of Control, acting upon a suggestion that Leyden might be sent out to India to enquire into the languages and manners of the Hindus, at once offered him the office of Assistant Surgeon. In six months he qualified himself for the necessary diploma, took the degree of M.D., and in April 1803, set out in an "East Indiaman" for Madras. William Erskine, his youthful friend, who had often played with him on the banks of the Teviot, had previously gone to Bombay. With enthusiasm greater than even that of Sir W. Jones, whose early life his own so much resembles, he had no object but orientalism, no desire but a knowledge of the languages of India. His own words are, "when I left Scotland, I determined at all events to 'become a furious orientalist, 'nemini secundus.'" On landing at Madras he was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore survey. But the heavy duties of a surgeon in India, and the incessant marching under a burning sky, left Leyden little strength for study. Prostrated by sickness, even on his couch he continued his favourite pursuits, and when we re-

flect on the unremitting toil and incessant labour of his life at this period, we can easily understand the truth of his statement in a letter to his friend, James Ballantyne, in Edinburgh: "The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival, have been Arabic, Persic, Hindustanee, Mahratta, Tamil, "Telinga, Canara, Sanskrit, Malayalam, Malay and Armenian." We regret that we have not space for the whole letter, it is so full of interest. For the benefit of his health, Leyden removed to Penang, the climate of which, as well as the hospitality of the Europeans, soon restored him. It was here that he amassed materials for his interesting and valuable paper, afterwards published in the Asiatic Researches, on "The Languages and Literature of "the Indo-Chinese nations."

In 1806 he went up to Calcutta, and was warmly welcomed by Sir John Malcolm, who, with Erskine and the then Governor-General,—Lord Minto, had come from the same district as himself. Malcolm was anxious that Leyden should make a favorable impression on the Calcutta *savans*, and hence said to him the day he landed;—"I entreat you, my dear friend, be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community, for God's sake learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men. 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never, it was trying to learn that language that spoiled my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to "hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs."

Leyden was appointed a Professor in the College of Fort William, and soon after had judicial duties assigned to him in the twenty-four Pergunnahs. Like Sir W. Jones, he spent every leisure moment, and the greater part of his income on his Pundits and Oriental MSS. The ruling passion of his soul seemed to increase with every opportunity for gratifying it. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend, "but if I die "without surpassing Sir W. Jones a hundred-fold in oriental "learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer." In 1811 an expedition was fitted out for Java, and Leyden accompanied it, that he might investigate the manners and language of the natives, and act as medium between their chiefs and the English Government. The first to rush through the surf and land on the shore when Batavia was taken, he was likewise the first to ransack a library in which many valuable MSS. were deposited. But the sickness of the place overpowered him, and he yielded to it. "He took his bed and died "in three days, on the eve of the battle (August 28) which gave "Java to the British Empire." Thus passed away one who, had he been spared to cull the fruits of his ripe scholarship and

extensive erudition, would have accomplished the aim of his life, and placed himself highest on the roll of English scholars in India. Besides his paper in the Asiatic Researches, he translated, along with William Erskine, the memoirs of Baber, and wrote from time to time the 'Scenes of Infancy' and those genial poetical effusions collected by the Rev. James Morton. While in Scotland he illustrated by his erudition an ancient work of 1548, called "The Complaynt of Scotland." He assisted Sir Walter Scott in his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. He is thus alluded to by him in his "Lord of the Isles :"

"Scarba s isle whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreckin's roar,
And lonely Colonsay.
Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er
And mute his tuneful strains,
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

What Sir W. Jones accomplished for Philology and Antiquities in Calcutta by the establishment of the Asiatic Society, Sir James Mackintosh attempted to do in Bombay. Great as a historian, a philosopher, an orator and a judge, it is not generally known that he has no small claims to be viewed as a philologist. Born near Inverness in 1765, he was like Leyden, chiefly educated in his youth by his grandmother, and spent most of his time in reading. At Fortrose Academy he gained a reputation for himself as a prodigy of learning, and subsequently in King's College, Aberdeen, he extended the range and character of his acquirements, and formed a fast and lasting friendship with the great Robert Hall. He there took his medical degree and set out for London, where, the death of his father in 1788 having given to him an estate worth £900 a year, which he subsequently lost from extravagance, he devoted his attention to politics and the law. The publication of the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' against Burke at once revealed his genius, and he took his place in the first rank of men of letters. In 1803, the defence of M. Peltier, for a libel upon Bonaparte in the French Journal 'L'Ambigu,' was undertaken by him, and was conducted with such brilliancy and power as to call forth from Lord Ellenborough the emphatic compliment, that it was "the most eloquent oration he had ever heard in Westminster Hall." Appointed Law Professor in Haileybury, he was soon knighted, preparatory to his setting out for Bombay as its Recorder. There for seven years, he laboured as a judge, and when freed

from the pressing duties of his office, he distinguished himself as the scholar and the friend. Had he remained longer in India, he might have given forth to the world works of importance, illustrating its history, languages and literature. As it was, shortly after landing, on the 20th of November 1804, he established the "Literary Society of Bombay," which met first at Parell-house, his own residence. The Introductory Discourse which he read on its opening, is printed in the edition of his miscellaneous works. The Governor of Bombay—Jonathan Duncan, was a member, and so were Charles Forbes, William Erskine, Lord Valentia, John Leyden, Sir John Abercromby, Sir John Malcolm, Mount Stuart Elphinstone, Captain Basil Hall, and other well-known men. Three volumes of the Society's transactions were published, containing papers of some value and taste. Sir James contributed a paper on a "Plan of a Comparative Vocabulary of Indian Languages," in which he states that his object is to do for the dialects of India, what the Empress Catherine II. and Pallas had done for those of Europe, and Dr. B. S. Barton of Philadelphia had done for those of America, the latter having collected vocabularies of one hundred of its languages. His proposal was, and he acted upon it, "to transmit to the various Governments of British India, a list of words for an Indian vocabulary, with a request that they would forward copies to judges, collectors, commercial residents, and magistrates, directing them to procure the correspondent terms in every jargon, dialect or language, spoken within the district committed to their trust." We give the following Plan of the Return, not merely as a matter of historical interest, but with a suggestion that the same, somewhat altered, might be adopted now:

The district of which is entrusted to me as (judge, collector, &c., as the case may be) extends from to N. and S. and from to E. and W. Besides the Hindostanee, which is understood and spoken (by the higher classes, or by the people in general, as the case may be) there are used in this district the following languages:—The which is spoken from to N. and S., and from to E. and W. (repeating this as often as there are different languages used in the district):—

God, &c.	Mahratta.	Guzerattee as the case may be.	Bengallee.
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The result of this Plan was, that though both Lord Minto and Lord William Bentinck gave it their liberal support, the fruits

of the enquiry were not sufficient to form a separate publication ; what, however, was gathered, was sent to Dr. Leyden, that he might incorporate it with similar researches of his own. Were such a plan to be adopted now, improved and extended by the recent discoveries of the science, and forwarded to all Missionaries and Educationists in India, the result, we are persuaded, would be a grand one. A committee of men learned in the various languages might superintend the various departments, and the whole be published under the care of such a philologist as Horace Hayman Wilson. We commend it to the attention of the Asiatic Society here, if sufficient of the old spirit yet survives in it.

Leaving India in sickness, Sir James soon recovered in England, so as to represent various constituencies in Parliament up to the day of his death, and to pour forth some of those masterly orations, which, if they have not the brilliancy, have more earnest honesty than those of Macaulay. He died in the sixty-sixth year of his age, in 1832. Two of his daughters by his first marriage were married in Bombay.

Among the orientalists who were gathered at first around the College of Fort William, not the least distinguished was William Carey : the incidents of his life are too well-known to require lengthened repetition here. Born in Northamptonshire in 1761, his life, as the son of a village schoolmaster and quondam weaver, as a cobbler's apprentice at the age of fourteen, as a cobbler on his own account, as a married man and the father of a family before he was twenty, as a preacher among the Baptists, and shortly after a regular minister of the gospel, is a strange one. The efforts which he made to educate himself, and the short space of time in which he acquired a scholarly acquaintance with the Greek and with Dutch, were full of hope for his future career. The energy with which he mooted and pressed the question of Missions, at a time when they were ridiculed or treated with indifference, the difficulties that he surmounted in coming to India, and the trials that he underwent ere he settled down under the kindly auspices of the Danish Governor at Serampore, are familiar to all our readers. Setting himself at once to the study of the vernacular, he soon found that he could never have a perfect mastery over it, nor could use it as a literary engine for rousing and raising the natives, without Sanskrit. Actuated by the great desire of preaching the gospel with acceptance and power, and of translating the Scriptures into the various languages and dialects of India, he began a course of linguistic study unparalleled, we believe, both in its nature and results in the History of Missions. The success that he had already achieved in the study of Bengallee and Sanskrit, pointed

him out to Wellesley, as the best person to teach these languages in the newly established College of Fort William. This was soon followed by the comparatively lucrative appointment of translator of the Regulations of Government.

We will entirely misunderstand the character and position of Carey as a philologist, if we do not keep in mind that all his efforts were subservient to the great end of diffusing and perpetuating Christianity among the Hindu. Hence he left unaccomplished in the wild field of Sanskrit literature, much that he was well fitted to carry out. From 1806 to 1810, he issued jointly with his colleague, Dr. Marshman, "The Rámayán of Valmeeki, in the "original Sanskrit, with prose translation and explanatory notes, "Serampore." With this exception, all his other works, even his Grammar and Dictionary, bore upon the great object of his labours. His Grammar was published in 1806, under the title of "A Grammar of the Sanskrit Language, composed from the "works of the most esteemed Grammarians, to which are added "examples for the exercise of the student, and a complete list of the "Dhatoos or Roots. By W. Carey, Teacher of the Sanskrit, Bengali and Marhatta languages, in the College of Fort William, "Serampore, Mission Press." Though published in 1806 in its full extent, the first three books had been issued in 1804, so that Dr. Carey and Forster must divide between themselves the honour of having compiled the first Sanskrit Grammar. Dr. Carey's Grammar is of especial philological value from the appendix, which contains a list of Radicals alphabetically arranged, with their meanings both in Sanskrit and English. As we came into contact with other natives in India, it became desirable to have their languages reduced to grammatical form and precision. Dr. Carey soon issued a Marhatta Grammar, which was followed by one of the Telingee, Karnata, and Punjabi languages. He seemed, like Cardinal Mezzofanti, to have so thoroughly mastered the great principles of all languages, that new ones came to him speedily by instinct. These Grammars were issued and these languages studied, with the view of assisting in a noble scheme, which his great mind early formed, of translating the Bible into all the languages of India. In 1794 he began to carry it out, and in 1796, the New Testament in Bengalee, and in 1808 in Sanskrit, were issued. Assisted by his colleagues, and by the Pundits in various languages, parts of the Bible were issued in forty different dialects. There are few facts in the history of Comparative Philology so interesting as this. It must have been a glorious sight to see that one room in which all the Pundits sat busy at the work, each with his different language, while some of the missionary brethren superintended, having in the Sanskrit a key to all those dialects,

of which it formed at least three-fourths. What has not been accomplished since then? What has not linguistic science, impelled and used by the zeal of the Christian missionary, since done to Christianise the heathen, and raise them in the scale of civilization! Great as were the acquirements of Carey in Sanskrit, we must ever consider him rather as the "Father of Bengalee Literature." Before his time it had no existence, and the language of thirty millions was without a printed book. Since his day, and chiefly through his labours and his press, a literature, native and indigenous, as well as artificial and Anglicised, has been created. The name of Carey's Pundit, Mrityunjaya Vidyalankara, deserves to be mentioned along with his. For a full and hearty estimate of Dr. Carey as a philologist, we would refer our readers to a statement by Professor H. H. Wilson in the Doctor's life written by Eustace Carey. He passed away from the scene of his incessant labours on the 9th of June 1834, aged seventy-three years. Of these, upwards of forty had been spent in India.

To write the history of the philological labours of missionaries in India would be to fill a volume. In India, as in other lands, from Schwartz and Carey to Livingstone, they have ever been the pioneers of civilisation, and have generally first broken ground on the languages of the countries which they visited. Actuated by a higher principle than even scientific research, they have contributed to Comparative Philology a large share of those rapidly increasing materials, which form the data from which its principles and laws are deduced. We may pass over Dr. Joshua Marshman who, in 1806, so mastered the Chinese* that he translated the Scriptures into that language, in 1809 the works of Confucius, and in 1814 issued his Chinese Grammar. Dr. William Yates was no unworthy coadjutor and successor of Carey. Born in Leicestershire in 1792, he devoted himself to the Baptist ministry and mission in India, and landed at Calcutta in April 1815. Settling at first at Serampore he became intimately associated with Carey in most of his literary labours. On the separation of the Serampore mission from the Parent Society, he removed to Calcutta, and in that city spent the rest of his useful life, varied only by a visit to America and Europe. In addition to his incessant labours, both evangelistic and educational, to his translations of the Scriptures, and the duties entailed upon him by his connexion with the School Book Society, he was able to assist

* Two Treatises on the Sanskrit Language exist in Chinese, one written so early as A. D. 1020, the other by the Emperor Kien Lung in 1749. Will nobody translate them?

not a little, the cause of Sanskrit Philology. In 1820 he issued a Sanskrit Grammar, compiled, as acknowledged, from those of Forster, Wilkins, Colebrooke, and Carey already mentioned. It is important chiefly as the first attempt to simplify native methods, and reduce the whole mass of native rules and circumlocution to intelligibility and order. It contained a valuable section on Sanskrit Prosody. He issued for the School Book Society, a Sanskrit Vocabulary in 1820, and Sanskrit Reader in 1822. The most important work that he published, and one displaying immense industry, was in 1844, and entitled, "The Nalodaya or History of King Nala, a Sanskrit Poem by Kalidasa. Accompanied with a metrical translation, "an Essay on Alliteration, an account of other similar works, "and a Grammatical Analysis." Dr. Yates, however, was more of a plain common sense translator, than a philosophical linguist. One object alone demanded his attention as a missionary, and he made all others subservient to it. So highly were his abilities in a practical way valued, that Sir E. Ryan offered him £1,000 per annum to devote his whole time to the compilation of school-books in Bengallee and Hindustanee. The last fruit of the philological labours of missionaries in India is seen in a work lately written by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell of south India—"A Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian or south Indian Family of Languages." The estimation in which it is held by scholars may be gathered from the fact that the University of Glasgow has conferred on the author the degree of D. D., and he has been, in flattering terms, elected an honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society.

The publication of the "Bhagavat Geeta" by Wilkins had roused the attention of all the scholars of Europe, and directed their eyes towards the Sanskrit. The translation of Wilkins was speedily turned again into French, German, and Russian, and all were astonished at the mine of philosophic and poetic wealth that had hitherto lain concealed. The proceedings of the Asiatic Society in Calcutta were communicated to the learned of Europe and carefully studied, and among certain circles the name of Colebrooke, Wilkins and Jones became as familiar as in England. When curiosity was at its height, and the grandest results were expected, the deception of which Wilford had been the victim was disclosed. A disposition was manifested by some to treat the whole as a literary imposture, and to throw discredit on all the researches together. But at this time a scholar arose who, with rare critical skill and enthusiasm, applied a higher philosophy to the results of the discoveries in Calcutta, and developed from them much that was valuable in Comparative Philology. That was

Fredrick Schlegel, in his important "Essay on the Language and Philosophy of the Hindus" which was published in 1808. Schlegel's father was a Lutheran pastor in Hanover. He had three sons, of whom the eldest—Charles Augustus, entered a Hanoverian regiment, and with it was sent out to India. He was beginning to give promise of becoming an accomplished orientalist, when he died at Madras in 1789. Augustus William Schlegel, born in 1769, is well known as a scholar and a critic,—especially as the translator of Shakspear into German.

Frederick was born in 1772, and after passing through a course of classical and literary study at Göttingen and Leipzig, published in 1794 his first work—an Essay on the different schools of Greek Poetry. He had drunk deeply at the fountain of Hellenism, of that philosophy and thought, which were then beginning to stir up the soul of Germany from the slumber into which the system of Wolf and the despotism of France had plunged it. Filled with its spirit he eagerly directed his attention to the new field of the East which was now opened up. He immediately set himself to the study of Sanskrit, and in 1802 visited Paris for that purpose. There he had command of the many oriental MSS. that were stored up in the Imperial Library, and was aided by the scholarship of M. M. de Langles and Chézy, especially in Persian. In Sanskrit his chief instructor was Mr. Alexander Hamilton, whom he describes as "a member of the British Society of Calcutta, and "at present Professor of the Persian and Indian dialects in London." The fruit of his studies was seen in the publication of "his Essay, already mentioned, in 1808. That at once supplied to the researches of the English in Calcutta what was wanted—a philosophic method which could generalise all that was already done, and reduce it to a system. What Sir W. Jones had hinted at, Schlegel fully accomplished, and even as his great countryman Leibnitz had done a century before, laid the philosophical basis of Comparative Philology, as Sir W. Jones and the others had laid the linguistic. From that time till now the study has advanced, and every new writer has only placed it on a firmer position as a Science. The special value of Schlegel's work is this, that he directed attention to the affinity between languages, not merely in *words*, but (what is far more important) in *grammatical construction and forms*. He recalled the scholars of his day from the waste of words in which they too often lost themselves, and shewed that grammatical is more important than lexical affinity, while both must combine to afford a principle on which all languages can be safely pronounced to agree or disagree with each other. His opinions have not, however, been universally allowed, and hence the existence of two distinct

schools in this period—the lexical or glossarial, and the grammatical.

This introduces us to the third period of the History of Comparative Philology, at which we can give only a glance. It must be described at some future time, when one may be better able to estimate its valuable and record its progress. The name of Haughton meets us. In 1825, Sir Graves C. Haughton, Kt., K. H., M. A., F. R. S., published "*Mánava Dherma-Sastra*," or the Institutes of Manu. The first volume contained the Sanskrit text, and the second, an English translation of it. The whole was an improved edition of that issued by Sir W. Jones. In 1833, he published a Dictionary in Bengali and Sanskrit, explained in English, and adapted for students of either language "as a reversed Dictionary." The glory of the Asiatic Society had continued among many changes, and about this period it was increased by the zeal and learning of James Prinsep. His labours, however, belong rather to the department of Archæology, Numismatics and History, than to Comparative Philology. In 1828 an important work appeared, "*Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the principal languages of Asia and Europe*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment." The work excited not a little controversy, especially as throughout it there are many controversial statements. The comparative lists at the end of it are somewhat valuable. In 1825, a Greek, Nicolo Kiephala, of Zante, returned from India, after spending some time in Benares. He brought along with him and presented to the library of the Vatican a MS., containing the Sanskrit original of the Moral Sentences of the Indian Philosopher, Sanakea. It was translated into Greek,* under the title of

* As the Indian Philosopher was translated into Greek, so our readers may feel some curiosity in learning that the Greek Philosopher—Aristotle, was translated into Sanskrit—at least his Dialectics. Adelung in his historical Sketch of Sanskrit Literature, as translated and amended by the Oxford Publisher, Talboys, (1832) refers to the *Asiatic Journal*, June 1827, p. 814, where the following account of it is given:—

"After the introduction of juries into Ceylon, a wealthy Brahman, whose unpopular character had rendered him obnoxious to many, was accused of murdering his nephew, and put upon trial. He chose a jury of his own caste; but so strong was the evidence against him, that twelve (out of thirteen) of the jury were thoroughly convinced of his guilt. The dissentient juror, a young Brahman of Rumiserum, stood up, declared his persuasion that the prisoner was the victim of conspiracy, and desire that all the witnesses might be recalled. He examined them with astonishing dexterity and acuteness, and succeeded in extorting from them such proofs of their perjury, that the jury instead of consigning the accused to an ignominious death, pronounced him innocent. The affair made much noise in the island; and the Chief Justice (Sir A. Johnston himself) sent for the juror who had so distinguished himself, and complimented him upon the talents he had displayed. The Brahman attributed his skill to the study of a book, which he called '*Strengtheners of the mind*.' He had procured it, he said, from some pilgrims at Rumiserum, who obtained it from Persia; and he had translated it from the Sanskrit, into which it had been rendered from the Persian. Sir A. Johnston expressing curiosity to see this work, the Brahman brought him a Tamul MS. on palm leaves, which Sir Alexander found, to his infinite surprise, to be the Dialectics of Aristotle."

“ Συνοψις γνημῶν ἠθικῶν τοῦ Ἰνδοῦ φιλοσοφοῦ Σανακέα ἐκ τῆς Σανκριτῆς
“ ἤτοι Βραχμανικῆς τῶν Ἰνδῶν διαλεκτοῦ εἰς τὴν Ἑλληνίδα καὶ Ἰταλίδα
“ μετενχθίσια φωνὴν ὑπο τοῦ Ἑλληνος περιηγητοῦ Κ. Νικολᾶ Καίφαλα τοῦ
“ ἐκ Ζακύνθου. Ἀφιερῶνται εἰς ὅλους Γενικῶς τοὺς πατέρας τῶν Φαμιλιῶν.
“ Το κειμενον Ἰνδικόν ἀφιερώθη ἀπο τοῦ μεταφραστῆν εἰς τὴν Ἀγίαν Παπικὴν
“ Βιβλιοθήκην τοῦ Βατικάνου εἰς γενικὴν ὠφελίαν. Ρωμῆ αἰωκ.”

An Italian translation of it was also published, entitled, *Sommario di Sentenze Morali del Filosofo Indiano Sanckea*, del dialetto Sanscritte ossia *Bracmanico Indiano* nella lingua Greca e Italiano tradotto dal Viaggiatore Greco Cap. Nicola Chiefała di Zante, dedicato a tutti li Padri di famiglia. Il testo indiano è stato depositato del traduttore nella sacra Papale Bibliotheca di Vaticano a generale osservazione. In Roma, 1825.

It will be seen, then, that whether we look at the languages contributed to the study, or at the men who have conducted it, India holds the most important place in the history of Comparative Philology. Nor has it ceased to hold it. It is now represented by Horace Hayman Wilson, a scholar who stands at the very head of all orientalism and who by his skill, genius and industry, has done more than any other for Sanskrit literature. He has had the advantage of the labours of all the scholars who preceded him. When about to leave India, and to resign the important post that for twenty-three years he had held, of Secretary to the Asiatic Society, its members felt called upon to acknowledge for themselves and posterity his great and unexampled services to the cause of India generally, but especially to its philology. Accordingly a deputation with an address to him waited upon him, consisting of the President, Sir Edward Ryan, and the Vice-Presidents, Dr. Mill, Dr. Tytler and Captain Troyer. The address summed up in elegant and truthful language his great merits as a scholar,—if great, then, how much greater now,—and requested that he would permit his bust to be taken by the most eminent sculptor in England, at the charge of the Society. That bust now adorns its Hall. While it is far from our intention to enter into the life of Wilson, seeing that, happily for the cause of science, he is still working on, and adding to his reputation fresh laurels, we must allude to the cause of his leaving India, where he had so many opportunities for extending his studies. The late John Boden, Esq., a Colonel in the Company's service, being of opinion that a more critical knowledge of Sanskrit would enable missionaries to discharge their calling in India better, bequeathed the whole of his property to the University of Oxford for the purpose of Promoting its study. A Chair was established by a Decree of Chancery in 1830. In 1832 Horace Hayman Wilson was elected its first Professor, and has ever since continued to adorn it,

and to raise scholars great though few.* Two Scholarships were established, with an annual stipend of fifty pounds each, and have been held by some not unknown to India. The position of Wilson as a scholar is best marked out in the words of his colleagues in the Asiatic Society—"none" after Sir W. Jones, if even he is to be excepted, has stronger claims on our grateful recollection; none certainly more "long-continued ones." India may then be well represented by him, along with such as Forbes, Eastwick, Williams, Hodgson, Ouseley, Hayes, Ballantyne, Stevenson, Dr. Wilson, Caldwell, Roer and Sprenger.

There is one subject of at once regret and astonishment however—that none of the natives of India should have ever yet distinguished themselves as philologists, or even as eager and accomplished students of their own sacred language. Notwithstanding the extent to which English education is supposed to have opened up the philology and science of the West to the students of the East, no step has been taken by those who might have been supposed to be best qualified, to simplify the grammar of the Sanskrit, or on the basis of it, to carry out philological enquiries and researches. A few in very recent times may have in the "Bibliotheca Indica," edited Sanskrit works, accompanied occasionally by notes and translations, or may, as in the 'Encyclopædia Bengalensis, have attempted to transfer ruthlessly and arbitrarily the knowledge of the West to the East: a Sanskrit College and a Madrisa may have been in existence for years, and have cost the State large sums of money that might have been better applied; but we look in vain for fruit that is worth plucking. No advance has been made beyond the unphilological but otherwise excellent systems of Panini, Ramchunder and Vopadeva, unless we allow that Rammohun Roy has aided our Science by any of his works or translations. His is the honour,

* BODEN SCHOLARS.

- 1833.—William Alder Strange, Scholar of Pembroke,
Edward Price, Magdalen Hall.
1834.—Solomon Cæsar Malen, St. Edmund Hall.
1837.—Arthur Wellington Wallis, Magdalen Hall.
1838.—William Henry Jones, Magdalen Hall.
1839.—William Henry Linwood, Student of Ch.
1840.—Robert Payne Smith, Scholar of Pembroke.
1841.—Alexander Penrose Forbes, Brasenose, now Bishop of Brechin.
1843.—Monier Williams, University, now Professor of Sanskrit, Haileybury College.
1844.—Edward Markham Heale, Queen's.
1845.—Robert Hake, Commoner of St. Edmund Hall, now Chaplain of New College.
1848.—Thomas Hutchinson Tristram, Exhibitioner of Lincoln.
1849.—Nov. 24.—Ralph Thomas Hotchkin Griffith, Queen's.
1853.—Feb. 22.—John Frederick Browne, Exeter.

which must be shared with Carey, of having made the Bengali a language capable of literary polish, and of becoming a powerful instrument for good to those whose vernacular it is. When a mere youth he studied Arabic and Persian at Patna, and afterwards, at Benares, he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the Sanskrit. At the age of twenty-two he began the study of English, and in the course of time obtained a respectable knowledge of it. His first literary work was a translation of the Vedant into Bengali, then Hindustani and afterwards English. He translated the *Kuth Upanishad*, and in the course of the controversy that he raised as to the Unity of God, and the absurdities of Hinduism, his active pen was seldom idle. Born in 1774, he visited England in 1831, and died there in 1833.

We believe that a knowledge of the laws, principles and spirit of Comparative Philology is at present a great desideratum in native education in India. The want of it has laid all natives open to the accusation of being merely white-washed with English, merely crammed with a certain amount of words and literature, which they cannot use with the power of a master, nor express idiomatically. The hitherto superficial character of all such education has arisen from a want of applying the teachings of our Science. Native teachers do not themselves know it, and hence cannot communicate it, while those Europeans who have been introduced into the Education Service, have been employed in positions where it is too late to begin the study, so as to make it useful by causing it to enter into the intellectual nature of the student. The whole system of education by natives in India must be changed, ere any permanent good can be accomplished. In England the work begins in the infant school, with the child of three or four years of age. Early accustomed to the accurate division of words into syllables, to an acquaintance with the powers of letters and their proper pronunciation, he is trained soon to see the power of syllables as to meaning and origin, to break up words into their component parts, to point out the root, the prefix, the affix, and to understand the changes which the root undergoes in combination with these. At the age of ten or twelve years he is introduced to Latin, and in it finds all the complex structure of the classical languages. His ideas of words and their importance extended, his sphere of linguistic vision is increased. He learns the power of a root in relation to its termination, he begins to know that words as well as nations have a history, that there are various stages in that history, and that each denotes a great leap in the mind of the nation. Words soon have for him a living existence, they become a part of his intellectual life, and he can use them, by long practice, with the skill of the

potter over his plastic clay. He speedily discerns differences between, not merely the words of one language, but those of several ; every new fact adds to his intellectual wealth ; harmonies and agreements meet and astonish him at every turn ; every new language that he learns, fits him the more easily to overcome the difficulties of another, for he finds that not only words, but grammatical forms are the same. The result is, that he instinctively classifies and generalises for himself ; by the pleasant discipline the mind is elevated and strengthened ; by the linguistic wealth his ideas become clearer, fuller and more accurate, and when he strives to express them, he clothes them in a dress of exquisite taste or glorious beauty. He may be said fully to understand and correctly to use the languages that he professes to know, for he can give a history of every word, and account for every grammatical form. Then, and not till then, does the study of literature, in the highest sense of the term, become desirable or proper, and for him the pages of the author glow with beauty or are filled with thought. There is not an idea but what is fully understood, not a figure, but what is correctly appreciated. Words act upon ideas, and ideas upon words, and a creative power is developed, which enables him to add to the literature of his country works that posterity will not willingly let die.

Such should be the effect of the study of Comparative Philology, properly carried out and fully applied. To do so requires rare skill in the teacher, much perseverance in the pupil. In England it is being partially done in the new and intellectual systems of education that are being adopted. In the higher schools it is well carried out ; in systems for the lower schools it is at least the basis. It has never been so in India. Utilitarianism has reigned rampant in most of our educational systems, and superficiality has been the result. Time—that important element in the development of thought and character, has been denied, instruction has been separated from morality, cramming has been preferred to disciplining, and the result is that the character has not been elevated, nor apathy and inaccuracy been removed. School books have utterly ignored proper linguistic training, and a graduated series of lessons for mechanical and unintelligent reading has alone been given. The fact that, in learning English, the native was learning a foreign language entirely objective to himself, has not been acted on, and hence harmonies and diversities of words and grammatical laws, between it and the vernacular, have not been noticed. College and scholarship examinations have perpetuated the evil, so much so that in the last Entrance Examination for the Calcutta University, out of 231 native students, not five could give an

intelligent account of the origin or literal meaning of the word "*incipient*," while many could write elegant critiques on, or analyses of, Shakespeare's Plays, without once feeling in their inner soul their real power and beauty. The study of Comparative Philology will, we believe, largely check, if it do not entirely remove, this evil. But the present race of native teachers will never do it, and no Manual exists sufficiently simple, or brought up to the latest stage of the Science, to enable students to do it for themselves. The work must begin with the young in their tenderest years; so that an "instinct" of language may be acquired.

In this article we have not entered into the subject-matter of the Science at all, nor have we looked at it critically. Assuming a knowledge of it in its outlines, we have merely tried to answer the question, what has India done for it? Now it bids fair to go on advancing at once in linguistic data and philosophic principle. The former must, as in the case of Sir W. Jones and his worthy successors, be still largely contributed by India, and for its accomplishment we have alluded to the Plan of Sir James Mackintosh. The latter, evolved by the German Schlegel, has been well carried out by Bopp, William Von Humboldt, and Burzen. Whether more may be accomplished for the Science itself in its *pure* form we do not know; but this is certain, that as *applied* it has still a grand career to run, in connexion with its sister Sciences, Ethnology and Archaeology, in dispelling the mysterious clouds that hang over the early history of the world, in bringing to life races, institutions and dynasties as wonderful as the existences revealed in the primeval world by Geology, but to the student of humanity and the Bible far more important, and in laying at the feet of Christianity, new and irrefragable evidences of the truth and inspiration of her Genesis-records,

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

BY REV. T. SMITH, D. D.

Life and Correspondence of Major General Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B., late Envoy to Persia, and Governor of Bombay. From unpublished letters and journals. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, &c., &c. 2 vols. London, 1856.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE left Brigadier-General Malcolm at Madras, ready to set out on his second, or more properly his third mission to Persia. On the 10th of January 1810, he embarked on board the *Psyche*, with the resolution that in the course of the voyage he should complete his *Political History of India*; and this resolution, unlike too many of those that relate to work to be done on board ship, was fully carried out. On the 26th, he was off Muscat, where he left Mr. Hankey Smith to transact some necessary business with the Imaum, and after a tedious voyage, he landed at Bushire on the 13th of February. Here his reception was all that he could desire:—

“ ‘Our cavalcade was very numerous,’ he wrote in his journal, and the uncommon attention paid to me appeared as if that joy at my return which was written on all their faces was heartfelt and sincere. When we were at the Governor’s, old Hadjee Ismael, a respectable merchant of eighty-two years of age, took the lead in the conversation. He expressed, in the name of all, their joy at my revisiting Persia. The king, he said, had given a proof of true greatness in anxiously requiring the presence of a man who had told him the honest truth with a bluntness which kings were not in the habit of hearing.’ ”

“ All through the months of February and March, and up to the middle of April, Malcolm and his suit remained encamped at Bushire. He had despatched the letter to the King of which he was the bearer, and was waiting his Majesty’s order to advance. He appears to have spent his time between literature and the chase. He was working hard at the completion of his *Political History*; but he was delighted to find himself on horseback again, and he knew that, in Persia, the equestrian exercises, in which he excelled, were not matters only of private delight.* On the 6th of March, he was able to write in his journal, ‘I have written the word *Finis* to my sketch, and am as joyful as I can be in absence. I will write

* “The Persians hold good horsemanship in such estimation, that they would have thought little of an ambassador who was not at home in the saddle. A curious illustration of this occurred when Malcolm was at Bushire. The purser of one of the ships, Mr. W—, went on shore to see Mr. Smith, and was put on the back of a capering Arab, only to be thrown about very uncomfortably in the saddle. The bad horsemanship of the sailor provoked some merriment on shore; but on the following day a Persian trader, who knew a little English, happening to go on board the ship, said to Mr. W—, when the subject was referred to, ‘You need not be under any uneasiness. I told the people that you ride very well, but that you were very drunk.’ ”

no more to-day, but go and make up parties to hunt, and shoot, and ride, and revel in all the delights of idleness.' There were a number of active, high-spirited youths with him, who rejoiced to serve under a master as fond of sport as themselves. It was his pleasures, as he felt it was his duty, to train them for Oriental travel; and when any of them made an excursion into the interior for purposes either of business or pleasure, he sent them forth slenderly equipped, and especially exhorted them against the use of knives and forks. All such emblems of Western civilisation were to be denied to men who were in training for Eastern heroes. There were some noble specimens of manhood among them. Among others was an artillery officer, little more than eighteen years of age, whose gigantic stature was the wonder and the admiration of the Persians.* The fame of young Lindsay's proportions reached far into the interior. When the bearer of Malcolm's letters to the King and the Prince-Regent reached Shiraz, the latter was eager in his inquiries about the 'tall man.' The messenger, after satisfying the Prince's inquiries, told his Royal Highness, that the greatest wonder of all was, that although seven feet high, he was only a lad of eighteen, and might grow another cubit. One morning, as Malcolm was sitting in his tent, he was delighted by hearing a Persian call out to one of Lindsay's servants 'Is your *date-tree* asleep or awake'? We may be sure that there was no want of laughter in camp at this figure of speech, and need not question that the Envoy laughed the loudest of the party."

On the 27th of April, Malcolm reached Shiraz, where he was received by the Prince-Regent with great courtesy and kindness. This Prince seemed really desirous to wipe out from Malcolm's mind all memory of his former incivility; and we see no reason to doubt his sincerity. "When ten years before they had met "at Shiraz, the Prince was a mere boy, and therefore only an "instrument in the hands of the chief officers of his court. He "had now grown into a man of a lovely person and engaging "manners, polished and yet frank, and altogether of a bearing "and demeanour, such as inspire confidence and affection." We confess that, in the general, we have not very much faith in the frankness of oriental princes; but we suppose that this description is true *comparatively*. While at Shiraz, Malcolm received the sad intelligence that two officers of his suite had been barbarously murdered on the Turkish frontier. While at Bushire, he had sent Captain Grant and Lieutenant Fotheringham to Bagdad, with a view to the acquisition of geographical information. Animated by an indiscreet zeal, they had resolved to return by a

* Lindsay—afterwards Sir Henry Lindsay Bethune—with better fortune than some of his comrades, lived to a ripe old age. The greater part of his life was spent with the Persian army. He distinguished himself by many acts of heroic gallantry, which caused him to be regarded by the Persians as a veritable *Roostum*—not in stature alone."

different route from that which had been marked out for them, and held out a bait to the cupidity of the robber bands, through whose haunts they were to pass, by travelling in state, with a showy tent and a large quantity of baggage. They were met in a defile by a robber-chief and a party of horsemen. "Grant" was shot dead as he attempted to regain his horse. The rest "were seized and carried about prisoners for four days, at the end of which, Kelb Ali, the robber-chief, separated the Christians from the Mussulmans, and suffered the latter to depart. Then the Christians were brought forth to the sacrifice. Mr. Fotheringham and three Armenian servants were placed in a row, and asked whether they would become Mussulmans or die. They preferred death to apostasy; and one after another, they were shot dead on the spot." We need not tell how deeply this intelligence affected Malcolm. He lamented their death as if he had himself been accessory to it; whereas it appears clearly that it had been brought about by disobedience to his positive orders.

On the 16th of May, the embassy left Shiraz, and proceeded to Teheran, by way of Ispahan. The embarrassment occasioned by the presence of Sir Harford Jones at the Persian court, now began to weigh heavily on Malcolm's mind. We cannot enter into any detail as to the squabbles that ensued on the arrival of the latter at Teheran. The position of the two ambassadors was an anomalous one. Undoubtedly, as the representative of the Crown, Sir Harford Jones was entitled to a certain degree of precedence over Malcolm, who was but the representative of a representative of the Crown. But then it was an understanding, one of those recognized *leges non scriptæ*, which, like the *loi salique* in France, have all the authority of prescription, though no one can quote chapter and verse for them, that the administration of British affairs to the eastward of the Cape, should be in the hands of the Governor-General of India. We are not aware that this was ever ruled in so many words, and we presume that it never was, for another principle has been adopted in our dealings both with Persia and with China. Still, until it was ruled otherwise, the understanding was that the Indian authorities were paramount in the East; and with all deference we submit that this is what ought to be. It is only in her capacity of sovereign of India that England has, or can have, aught to do with Asiatic countries. Through the same instrumentality, therefore, by which she exercises the sovereignty of India, ought she to regulate her relations with the other Asiatic powers. If it be said that this was putting too much power into the hands of the Governor-General, we have only to say, let the Governor-General be a man fit to be

trusted with such responsibility. If the Governor-General is not fit to be trusted with the support of British interests, when these may be affected by the proceedings of Asiatic sovereigns, how is he fit to be entrusted with the Government of India itself? Or, to take another view of the matter: if the Governor-General cannot be entrusted with such responsibility, what security have we that the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department shall be more trustworthy? This is, in reality, the state of the question. We cannot be surprised that Lord Minto should have been disposed to join issue upon it. And this was really the question on which Sir Harford Jones and General Malcolm had to do battle at Teheran. Jones did undoubtedly assume a very haughty bearing; but there are many excuses for him. He must have felt that personally Malcolm had a great advantage over him. When he had been simply Resident at Baghdad, Malcolm had been the undisputed representative of the British nation and the British monarch at the Persian court, and had then won for himself golden opinions from all sorts of men. It was not very easy to bear, that after having insisted that he should introduce Malcolm to the king as his own subordinate, the king should say to him, "Introduce Malcolm! Why 'introduce him? Malcolm is my friend; no body need introduce my friend Malcolm to me." It was not easy to bear, that whereas he had himself always stood in the presence of the king, Malcolm should have been requested to sit down at his first audience:—

"The ceremony of reception was an imposing one. Attended by eleven gentlemen of his suite, all in full-dress uniform, Malcolm entered the hall of audience. 'Welcome again Malcolm,' cried the King, with much cordiality, 'and welcome all you young gentlemen. Mashallah! you have brought a fine set of young men--all fine young men—to pay their respects to the Shah. Sit down, Malcolm.' Now Malcolm, on his former mission, always had sate down. He had contended for and established the custom. But Sir Harford Jones had consented to stand in the royal presence. How then could the representative of the Governor-General accept a concession which had not been accorded to the delegate of the Crown? Malcolm felt the embarrassment of his position, and asked permission to stand. Again the King desired him to be seated. But still the Envoy hesitated to comply with the request. 'Why, Malcolm,' said the King, half in jest and half in earnest, 'what new thing is this—what has come over you?—You used not to hesitate in conforming to the King's command.' On this Malcolm sate down. The embarrassment passed over, and Futteh Ali Shah and Malcolm were soon in earnest discourse.

*"It was the only time," says the narrator of this incident, from whom I derived it, "that I ever knew Malcolm to lose his self-possession for a moment."

"Malcolm had prepared a set speech; but when the time came for its delivery, he made no great progress with the oration. 'Come,' said the King, smiling, 'you are an old friend; I do not put you on a footing with other men. Compose yourself; I know what you would say,'—and he commenced a speech of fulsome panegyric. Then breaking into laughter, he said, 'Now your speech is made; let me know about yourself. How have you been these many years?' 'Except for the wish to revisit your Majesty, I have been well and happy,' said Malcolm. 'But what,' asked the King, 'made you go back in dudgeon last year, without seeing my son at Shiraz?' 'How could he,' said Malcolm, 'who had been warmed by the sunshine of his Majesty's favor, be satisfied with the mere reflexion of that refulgence through the person of his Majesty's son?' 'Mashallah! Mashallah!' cried the King, 'Malcolm is himself again!'"

If we consider, what we think is very probable, that this very matter of standing in the royal presence was a stroke of deep policy on the part of Sir Harford Jones, we shall see at once how the king's reception of Malcolm must have galled him. He could not be ignorant that Malcolm, on his previous mission, had insisted on the right to sit in the presence, as due to the power whom he had the honor to represent. Now Jones was naturally a far greater stickler for forms than Malcolm was. How then had he not claimed for himself this distinction, which had been contended for by Malcolm and conceded to him? We do not think there is aught uncharitable in the supposition that he intended and hoped thereby to supplant Malcolm in the good graces of the king and courtiers. "You see what an amiable man this Sir Harford is. He, though a real baronet, and sent by the king of England, does not even ask what Malcolm, who was no baronet at all, and sent only by one of the king's servants, insisted on. A fine unassuming gentleman is Sir Harford." Or read it thus: "See this Jones. He does not know what is due to a gentleman and an ambassador. Jan Malcolm Sahib knew what is right. He was no newly made baronet, but a soldier and a gentleman, and the friend of the great Lord Wellesley. But this Jones has been taken from a clerk's desk, and had *Sir* put before his name merely to impose upon us." The former must have been the design, the latter the execution. Taking all this into the account, and remembering, moreover, that Sir Harford was a Welshman, we cannot wonder that the two ambassadors did not pull together. But we cannot dwell on the matter. The Governor-General had sent Malcolm in order to establish the principle that our intercourse with Persia should be conducted through the intervention of the Indian Government. This matter had been referred to England, and the answer came in due time, to the effect "that the Home

"Government had determined still to regulate our diplomatic relations with Persia, and had, in prosecution of this intention to repudiate the power and authority of the Governor-General in that direction, appointed Sir Gore Ouseley ambassador to the court of Teheran." This intelligence left Malcolm no alternative. He was now no more than a private gentleman, on a visit to his friend Futteh Ali, king of Persia. The host was anxious that the visit should be prolonged, and that Malcolm should remain and render him assistance in the war that he was about to wage with Russia, and Sir Harford Jones strongly advised him to accept the invitation; but he did not consider that it would be right for him to consent:—

"Two days afterwards Malcolm was summoned to the presence of the King. Futteh Ali was seated in a small tent, to which no one was admitted but the Prime Minister and the English Envoy. In conformity with the custom introduced by Sir Harford Jones, Malcolm stood in the audience-chamber, but the King resolutely declared that his old friend should never stand in his presence, and a further order obtained compliance. Futteh Ali then commenced the conference by saying how greatly he had been disappointed by the out-turn of events at home, and the consequent determination of Malcolm to return to India; and then begged that he would stay and accompany Abbas Meerza and his army into Georgia. 'You will then,' he added, 'return and receive your leave as you ought, and be conducted through my country with the attention and distinction due to so favorite a servant.' To this Malcolm could only reply that, whatever his inclinations might be, his duty, after the decision of the Crown Government, which had deprived him of all authority in Persia, compelled him to withdraw from all further interference in his Majesty's affairs. 'I am constrained,' he said, 'to obey orders. That discipline which your Majesty is introducing into your army, with us pervades all ranks. When the word *march* is given, we move forward, and at the word *halt*, we stand fast.' At this illustration the King laughed, and several times repeated in English the words "*Halt—March!*"—" *Halt—March!*" as though greatly pleased with the idea. 'Would to God,' he said, 'I could bring my Wuzeers and great public servants into such order.' 'I know what are the rules of your service,' continued the King; 'I know, however greatly I may regret it, that an officer is bound, in all cases, to obey the Government under which he serves; but you will, I hope,' continued the King, 'stay as many days as you can at Tabreez. And at all events, (he added, turning to the Prime Minister) 'as General Malcolm must go, take good care that every arrangement for his departure is made in a manner which will give him satisfaction. He always has been, and always shall be, my first favorite among Europeans, and he shall receive his leave with every honor it is possible to confer upon him. Everything must be done that can give him gratification.' With the sounds of this gracious

speech still ringing in his ears, Malcolm quitted the presence of the King.*"

And so the king was obliged to consent to Malcolm's departure. And he was sent away with all possible honour. He was made a Sepahdar or General in the Persian service, and a new order of Knighthood was instituted for his special honour. He was the first Knight of the Lion and the Sun ; and, says his biographer, " many brave men since that day have written K. L. S. after " their names." But even after the king had consented to Malcolm's departure, his son, Abbas Mirza, who was to command the army against the Russians, so strenuously urged him to remain, that he at last consented to accompany him to the field, if Sir Harford Jones would request him in writing to do so. This Sir Harford declined to do. But Captain Christie and Lieutenant Lindsay remained with the Persian army, and did good service. And so Malcolm's mission to Persia was at an end, and he gladly turned his face towards India. On the 20th of September he was met on the banks of the Tigris by Mr. Rich, by whom he was hospitably entertained during his stay at Bagdad. It was like cold water to a thirsty soul to meet, in Mrs. Rich, the daughter of his dear friend, Sir James Mackintosh, and to talk right on about his wife and child. He was also able to do some little service in the fighting way :—

" At Bagdad, Malcolm and his companions were detained for some days by a revolt in the city, which rendered it impossible for him to obtain boats for the prosecution of his journey down the river. The interval of his detention he occupied in the preparation of his elaborate despatch to Lord Minto, detailing the results of his mission. On the 29th the letter was finished, and then Malcolm, as ready always for play as for work, began to amuse himself. ' We pass our time very pleasantly,' he wrote ; ' we have races almost every morning, games of chess after breakfast, and in the evening swim in the Tigris and play bowls.' The races were not all sport. One day Mr. Rich burst into Malcolm's tent with tidings to the effect that a party of Arabs had seized one of the chief people of the Residency, stripped him, and plundered five hundred piastres of public money. Malcolm instantly ordered his escort in pursuit of the robbers, who were mounted ; and soon his troopers were in hot chase after the Arabs. Seeing, however, that the pursuit was likely to lead his men far from camp, and apprehending that some acci-

* " He could not, however, immediately depart. Malcolm thus describes in his journal how the interview had a ludicrous termination : When I rose, I found one of my legs quite benumbed from the constrained posture in which I had been sitting. The King observed it, and smiling, desired me to stand where I was, till my leg was quite recovered, which required a minute or two, that were passed in joking upon our want of practice in the eastern fashion of sitting."

dent might happen, he took horse himself, called on the gentlemen of his family to follow him, and joined eagerly in the chase. After a hard gallop of some ten miles, they captured four or five of the robbers (including one of their leaders), as many horses and ponies, some fire-arms, and some plundered property. The object was gained. The plunderers were panic-struck: and a report of the gallant pursuit soon ran through the camp and the city. 'I feel satisfied now,' wrote Malcolm in his journal, 'that the Arabs will hereafter keep clear of our camp. A promptitude to avenge insult or attack is the only security against either among these barbarians.*'

But this was a trifling incident in comparison with the great political events which were passing in the neighbourhood of Malcolm's camp. Bagdad and its vicinity had become the scene of a bloody struggle for empire, and every day seemed likely to evolve the tragic catastrophe of the drama. The Sultan had sent orders from Constantinople for the removal of the Pacha from authority, and the Pacha was bent on resisting to the death the commands of the Porte. The result was a civil war between the *de facto* ruler of Bagdad and the authorities sent to supplant him. The issue of the contest was doubtful. One day brought tidings of the success of one party; the next saw the triumph of the other. The Pacha was now confident, now desponding. The tide of fortune, as the war progressed, appeared to have turned against him. At last his only hope seemed to be in the assistance of Malcolm and his friends. So mere a handful of men could have done little in such a contest; but the moral effect of the co-operation might have been great, and English generalship and English energy might have consolidated the scattered elements of the Pacha's army, and reinvigorated his declining cause. He conjured the Resident, therefore, by all the professions of friendship he had put forth, to solicit Malcolom to aid him. But Mr. Rich could only answer, that whatever his private feelings might be, his public character, and the relations in which his Government stood towards the Porte, prevented all possibility of his interference.

"But although it was impossible that Malcolm should take any active part in the struggle, he rejoiced in his appearance upon the scene in the crisis that had arisen; for, although he could not lead the Pacha's troops to the battle, he could protect the British Residency, the safety of which, in such a conjuncture, might have been jeopardised by the surrounding tumult. He determined, therefore, under all circumstances, not to continue his journey until the strug-

* The good effects of this raid were soon apparent. A day or two afterwards Malcolm wrote in his journal: "I rode out this morning towards Bagdad. On passing a village on the shore of the Tigris, the inhabitants came out, and with loud acclamation expressed their gratitude to me for having chased the Arabs from their vicinity. 'God prolong your shade,' said an old man (who seemed to be the head of the village); 'since the hour you pursued these fellows, not a plunderer has been seen on this side of Bagdad. We are all praying for you; as there is no doubt that if your camp had not been near, we should have lost all our property.' I was pleased with this testimony to the good effect produced by the sally we had made, and had no doubt of its truth."

gle was at an end. "I cannot bring myself," he said, "to leave this place till matters are more settled. With such bodies of unlicensed plunderers all round, the Residency is not secure. But the situation of Mrs. Rich is what has most influence upon my mind. I cannot think of leaving a lady in such a situation when I have the power, without any serious deviation from duty, of protecting her. If anything unpleasant were to occur, I never should forgive myself. A few days can make no great difference. I shall, therefore, stay till the battle is over."

"On the 6th of October the issue of the contest no longer remained doubtful. On that day Malcolm, warned by intelligence of the state of affairs that had reached him, threw out mounted pickets in advance of his camp, and drew a cordon of sentries around it. 'We heard no more,' he wrote in his journal, 'till ten o'clock at night, when, in the midst of a rubber at whist with Mrs. Rich and others, we heard a cry, as if the camp were attacked, followed by trumpets and drums sounding and beating to arms. I immediately ran to the lines of the escort, and there found that the alarm was caused by the advance of a body of between fifty and sixty horse, who, on our sending a person to speak to them, proved to be a party with the Dewan Effendi, or Secretary to Government, who had fled and desired most anxiously to see Mr. Rich and me. We walked out a short way to meet him, and found he was come to solicit protection. He gave a very confused account of the action, but said he was satisfied that everything was lost, and so had come to the only friend he had, Mr. Rich, in hopes of being protected for the moment, until he could make his peace with the conqueror. As this man had rendered very serious services to Mr. Rich in his former disputes with the Pacha, and was attached to the English Government, it was resolved to allow him to remain in camp; but all his followers, except one or two, were sent away, and strict orders were given to the line of sentries to admit no further communication with any fugitives. The Dewan Effendi, who is a very peaceable little man, had evidently taken no share in the action; but it was obvious, from his account, that the Pacha's troops were not likely to make any stand, and that all his principal officers were deserting him. The little Effendi (he is not, without his tall cap, five feet high) seemed quite happy when he came into camp. 'Have any of you a nightcap?' was the first question he asked, when he came into the tent Mr. Rich had allotted to him. 'I shall sleep sound to-night, which is what I have not done for this week.'"

On the 25th of October, Malcolm reached Bussorah, and on the 29th, set sail on board of the *Ternate* Cruiser. At Bushire he remained two days, and found the stud of horses that he had collected there all well. Before reaching Bombay, he deemed it necessary to apply the razor to his cheeks and chin, lest little Margaret should refuse to acknowledge him, and say, "Papa 'nahi! hathee! hathee!" ("not Papa! an elephant! an ele-

"phant!") So on the 20th of November, he once more set foot on Indian ground, and found the family circle increased during his absence by the birth of a son and heir.

And now that the mission was at an end, Malcolm had only to report progress and to furnish his accounts. The former task was more to his taste than the latter; for in performing it, he had little to do, except to bear testimony to the zeal and talents of the gentlemen who had composed "his family." The latter task was not so pleasant. He had to report large expenditure; and the Auditor General had a keen eye to mark excess. The Government put on record the judgment that "the expenditure might have been materially reduced without injury to the public service," but acknowledged that, granting the principles which Malcolm considered necessary to be carried out in regulating his out-givings, he had "not neglected the obligations of attention, prudence and discretion." In every other respect, Malcolm received the unqualified approbation of the Governor-General-in-Council, and he was allowed to remain in Bombay, and to maintain a staff of clerks and copyists for the purpose of arranging the materials which he had collected for an elaborate work on the history and geography of Persia; and so, "throughout the year 1811, Malcolm continued to reside at Bombay, and to apply himself earnestly to his literary labors." In these he received most valuable assistance from Sir James Mackintosh, who seems to have corrected, with great judgment, not attempting to bring the soldier's style to the standard of the scholar's, but lopping off excrescences with a kindly hand:—

"His intercourse with Mackintosh was as improving as it was delightful; and early in the year there was an accession to the literary circle of Bombay, very appreciable both by the lawyer and the soldier. At the latter end of February a vessel arrived from Calcutta, bringing Mountstuart Elphinstone and Henry Martyn. Malcolm was delighted to welcome the former—to talk over old times and present pursuits—proud to introduce so accomplished a man to his friend the Recorder.* Elphinstone in turn introduced

* The following is Mackintosh's account of the meeting:—

"Feb. 26, 1811—Malcolm brought Elphinstone to breakfast. We had an animated discussion about the importance of India to England. I contended that it was not of any great value. I observed, that of possessions beyond sea, the first rank belonged to those which, like North America, contributed both to strength and wealth; the second to those which, like the West Indies, contributed to wealth, and created maritime strength, though they did not supply a military population. India certainly ranks below them. Nobody thinks of employing Sepoys out of India. Great as it looks and sounds, it does not add so much to the empire as New England did. After breakfast I carried Elphinstone to Mazagong-bunder, where he embarked for Panwell. He has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character."

Henry Martyn to Mackintosh * and Malcolm. The former recognised in the young devotee a man of acuteness and learning—spoke of him as a benevolent enthusiast, but said that his excessive meekness left a disagreeable feeling upon the mind. On Malcolm, however, the young Christian hero appears to have made a more favorable impression. Perhaps, the habitual cheerfulness of his manner communicated itself to the "Saint from Calcutta," for he wrote to Sir Gore Ouseley, that Henry Martyn, who was then on his way to Persia, was likely to add to the hilarity of his party.

"The Rev. Mr. Martyn," he said, "one of the clergymen of Bengal, is here on his way to the Gulf. He requested me to give him a live to the Governor of Bushire, which I did, as well as one to Mahomed Nebbee Khan. But I warned him not to move from Bushire without your previous sanction. His intention, I believe, is to go by Shiraz, Ispahan, and Kermanshah to Baghdad, and to endeavour on that route to discover some ancient copies of the Gospel, which he and many other saints are persuaded lie hid in the mountains of Persia. Mr. Martyn also expects to improve himself as an Oriental scholar. He is already an excellent one. His knowledge of Arabic is superior to that of any Englishman in India. He is altogether a very learned and cheerful man, but a great enthusiast in his holy calling. He has, however, assured me, and begged I would mention it to you, that he has no thought of preaching to the Persians, or of entering into any theological controversies; but means to confine himself to two objects—a research after old Gospels, and the endeavour to qualify himself for giving a correct version of the Scriptures into Arabic and Persian, on the plan proposed by the Bible Society. I have not hesitated to tell him that I thought you would require that he should act with great caution, and not allow his zeal to run away with him. He declares he will not, and he is a man of that character that I must believe. I am satisfied that if you ever see him, you will be pleased with him. He will give you grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your party as take the Lord's name in vain; but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party."

In supposing that Henry Martyn's cheerfulness was only a reflection of Malcolm's own, Mr. Kaye shews that he shares an error into which all must be led, who derive their ideas respecting Martyn only from his biography by Mr. Sargeant. Without, perhaps, containing a single mis-statement, that book is, in res-

* See Mackintosh's journal in the *Life* by his son; "Elphinstone introduced me to a young clergyman named Martyn, come round from Bengal on his way to Bussorah, partly for health and partly to improve his Arabic, as he is translating the Scriptures into that language. He seems to be a mild and benevolent enthusiast—a sort of character with which I am always half in love. We had the novelty of grace before and after dinner, all the company standing."

Again: "Mr. Martyn, the saint from Calcutta, called here. He is a man of acuteness and learning. His meekness is excessive, and gives a disagreeable impression of efforts to conceal the passions of human nature."

pect of the impression it produces regarding the subject of it, one of the most practically untutored books ever written. It is composed mainly from Martyn's journals, and these were a rigidly correct transcript of his feelings *at the time when he wrote them*; but that time was probably a quarter of an hour in each day, when, in the solitude of his chamber, he mourned over his shortcomings, and often "wrote bitter things against himself." From these journals it would appear that a habitual gloom rested over his spirit; whereas, we have good authority for saying, that habitually he was of a cheerful and even a hilarious disposition. A more truthful view of Henry Martyn, as he lived in India, and as he associated with his friends, will be found in the life of Mrs. Sherwood, than we have met with anywhere else.

But Malcolm had "other irons in the fire," besides his History of Persia. A Blue Book had been published respecting the Madras mutineers; and Malcolm found that his conduct had been injuriously commented on by Sir George Barlow. He therefore prepared a pamphlet, containing a full statement of his proceedings in the matter. This pamphlet he committed to the care of Sir James Mackintosh, who was returning to England. It was published there, and answered by Mr. Barlow; and then the matter dropped.

At the end of January 1812, Malcolm himself, with his wife and children, took ship for England, nominally on a five years' furlough, but really without any settled determination as to whether he should return to India at all, or whether he should settle down quietly in England as a farmer and a breeder of horses. It had long been "the nearest wish of his heart" to present his wife and daughter to his mother. But this was not to be; at St. Helena he received intelligence of the death of his mother. With what sincerity he mourned her loss we need not say. "It was," says his biographer, "a bitter disappointment. Such hopes and such disappointments are but the common lot of the Indian exile. It is the penalty he pays for turning his back on his native land."

We need not say that his reception in England was all that he could have desired. The members of his own family were overjoyed at his return. Public men, and especially Lord Hobart, now become Earl of Buckinghamshire, and President of the Board of Control, were eager to have his opinion on many points of importance, with a view to the renewal of the Company's Charter, which was then under hot discussion. We must give a specimen of his journal written for his wife on his first visit to Burnfoot:—

"Went to visit all, high and low, that had known me as a child; visited the graves of my parents, and heard the noblest

praise of them from the aged, the infirm, and the poor, that they had aided and supported, and to whom the aid and support of the family is still given. I could not have believed, had I not witnessed it, what small means well directed could effect; but in a range of seven or eight miles I have heard blessings implored by almost hundreds upon the name I bear, not for accidental charity or temporary relief, but for families borne through distress, for the blind and the lame supported; children educated and raised, some to comfort and others to affluence. This good work was begun nearly a century ago by my grandfather and grandmother; it was continued, to the full extent of their power, by my parents; and my brothers and sisters are all blessed with the same disposition; but my eldest sister, Agnes, who in cheerful goodness, superior sense, and active benevolence, yields to none of her ancestors, is the guide to us all in this path. She knows the wants and the characters of all, and supplies accordingly. She never gives more than is actually necessary, that none may want that can be aided, and her attention and advice are often of more use than money. I was this day visiting an old lady of ninety-three, who has outlived her fortune and all her friends, but those at Burnfoot. Her inquiries about you were most earnest. "I love her," said she, "for her name, which was that of your grandmother. Is her Christian name Agnes?" "No," said I, "it is Charlotte." "I wish to God it had been Agnes," said old Mrs. Scott; "but *she is a Campbell, and that will do.*" I need hardly add my grandmother was called Agnes.*

At the close of this year, Malcolm received the permission of the Prince Regent to "accept and wear the insignia of the Royal "Persian order of the Lion and Sun." And further his Royal Highness was pleased to confer on him the order of Knighthood. Thus he became Sir John Malcolm. But it was only a civil Knighthood that was now conferred upon him, such as might be conferred on the Dean of the corporation of shoe-makers in any market-town on his taking up an address of congratulation on occasion of the birth of a prince. As yet the order of the Bath was not open to Company's Officers; and it was not till 1815, that he could write himself K. C. B., being one of the first batch of Indian Officers, on whom that distinction was conferred.

By the Committees of both Houses of Parliament on Indian affairs, Sir John Malcolm was examined at great length; and although his opinions on various subjects would now be deemed illiberal and behind the age, we must remember that the forty-five years that have elapsed since then, have been years of unexam-

* In a subsequent letter, Malcolm gives the following little anecdote, which is too good to be omitted; "I forgot to mention to you the speech of an old servant at Burnfoot (Andrew Nicoll), which I thought admirable. On observing to him that there had been many changes, but that I hoped he still found it a good house to live in, 'Faith,' said he, 'it's mair than that—it's the best house to *die* in of a' Scotland,'"

pled progress. On many practical matters, Malcolm's opinions were of the highest value, and his answers throughout were given with the confidence of a man who understands his subject, and has made up his mind upon it.

While Malcolm was thus a prominent man in public, he was working hard at the preparation of his *History of Persia* for the press; and in the summer of 1815, it was published in two handsome quartos. It was received with various degrees of enthusiasm by his friends, by the reviewers, and by the public. At this distance of time, we can say with confidence that the book is one of very great merit. It had no precursor in its own walk, and hitherto it has had no successor. It opened up a new field to the knowledge of European scholars and European statesmen. It secured for its author a large amount of literary fame of an enduring character, and brought him into acquaintance with many men whose acquaintance was a privilege. It procured for him from the University of Oxford, the honorary degree of L. L. D., and shortly after its publication, it was translated into several languages.

But long before this, Malcolm had begun to turn his thoughts once more towards the east. He was still a young man, comparatively; and was as fit for work as he had ever been. He had come home without an Indian fortune, but with Indian ideas and habits. "He was not an extravagant, but he was a generous man; and it takes many years to teach one who has spent all his adult life in India how to turn a moderate income to good account." Although he held in India the rank of Brigadier-General, yet regimentally he was only a Lieutenant-Colonel. But he was not far from the top of the list, and if he returned to India and served till he should become full Colonel, he could then return with a handsome income. He did not, however, think at first of returning to India merely as a regimental officer. He had never, so far as we can make out, been with his regiment since he was an ensign or a very young lieutenant; and the position which he had occupied, and the work in which he had been engaged, must have unfitted him for the mere drudgery of regimental work. But he had left India with the full intention of returning if he could do so in a suitable position: and shortly after he reached England in 1812, he had good hopes of the Governorship of Bombay, but this was conferred on Sir Evan Nepean. Again, in 1814, he had hopes of the Governorship of Madras but this was given to Mr. High Elliott. So all through 1812, 1813, 1814 and the earlier part of 1815, he was occupied as we have represented with multitudinous engagements, domestic, social, sporting, literary and political. All through these years he kept up a frequent and intimate correspondence with the man on whom all

the eyes of Europe were bent, and when, in July 1815, the Duke of Wellington asked him to pay him a visit in Paris, he joyfully accepted the invitation, and spent a couple of months in intimate association with his old friend, and in all the gaieties of the French capital at that important crisis. Mr. Kaye has acted judiciously in reproducing at large Malcolm's journal of this period, and we believe that even at this distance of time, it would be more than a safe speculation for the publisher to reprint this journal as a separate volume. There never was a more important epoch in the history of Europe, and no man had a more favourable "stand-point" than Malcolm, for viewing the performances. Soon after his return from the continent he made up his mind to proceed to India without any appointment ; but it was not till near the end of the next year that he was able to carry his resolution into effect :—

"He started in October with a heavy heart ; but he felt that the sacrifice he was making was for the benefit of those whom he left behind, and that the season of separation would be but brief. 'Write me comfort about yourself,' he wrote to his wife from the Channel. 'The ship sails well. We shall soon be in India, and soon back again, never, I trust, to part again in this world. . . . Think more of what we have of enjoyment than what we want. I am only sensible to misery when I think you unhappy.' Strong contrary winds, however, presently set in ; and Malcolm, landing at Portsmouth, paid a visit to Lord Keith at Purbrook, and spent some days there during the detention of the ship. He spoke with gratitude of the kindness of his reception, and I have no doubt that he made himself welcome to every inmate of the house, even to the little children. 'The little girl, Georgina,' he wrote, it need not be said how characteristically, 'is quite a delightful child. She comes every instant to me for stories ; and she has had that of the Tigers in the Tree, the Elephant and the Gun, the Bear and the Looking-glass, and half a hundred others that are so approved by my own darlings. She has in return played me some nice tunes on the piano, and 'Rolly-polly, gammon and spinage,' charmingly."

Although his spirits were not high, he spent the time during this voyage, as he always spent the time at sea, in literary composition and study, in gymnastic exercises and in fun. At the Cape he "was received with much cordiality by the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who was not sorry to find in his guest "a man who knew almost as much about horses as himself." If Malcolm could read his own biography, he would vehemently protest against that word "*almost*." He had all his life through a passion for horses, and would not have been disposed to acknowledge that his judgment in regard to them was inferior to that of any man whatsoever. The ship was detained at the Cape ; and Malcolm's leave was drawing to a close. He must

touch Indian ground by the 1st of March 1817, else he was liable to have his name struck off the list of the Company's service; yea, we are not sure that he was not liable to be tried and shot as a deserter! He therefore took a passage in the *Minden*, which was to sail a week sooner than his own vessel. In point of fact, he did not reach Madras till the 17th of March; but he had written from Portsmouth to the Court of Directors a letter anticipating the contingency, and they took a favorable view of his case, and allowed him to return to his duty without prejudice to his rank:—

"On the 17th of March, Malcolm again crossed the Madras surf and was soon in the midst of friends at the Presidency. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Macdonald, was there with her husband—one of Malcolm's old Persian comrades,* and in their house he found a home second only to the one he had quitted. Nothing could have been more gratifying than his reception by the general society of Madras. 'I am half killed,' he wrote, 'with returning visits. All seem delighted to see me; and I believe the great proportion are sincere.' But all this kindness did not make him less anxious about his future prospects. His first care on landing had been to despatch a letter to Lord Moira, who had succeeded Lord Minto as Governor-General of India, forwarding strong recommendations from Mr. Canning and others, which, indeed, were not required; and asking whether his Lordship had any instructions. 'I am in orders as returned to my duty,' he wrote on the 29th of March, 'waiting to hear from Bengal in answer to letters to Lord Moira; and if not called round (to Calcutta), I shall proceed forthwith to the Deccan, to command a brigade in Doveton's force, where I shall at least be in fortune's way. Depend upon it, if there is work, I shall have my hands full. Nothing but complete employment and a feeling that I am making progress in advancing both the public interests and those of my own family, can reconcile me to this terrible separation.'"

In due course, Malcolm received a very satisfactory letter from Lord Moira, in which he invited him to Calcutta, and promised him the first suitable employment that might accrue. And it was evident, that the vessel of the State was nearing a point at which all hands, and all heads too, would be called to work. The state of things is vividly described by Mr. Kaye in the following extract:—

"There were events then evolving themselves which it was almost certain would take shape ere long in another Mahratta war. During the five years which he had spent in Europe or on the seas, great and significant changes had been unfolded in Hindostan. The Mahratta princes and chiefs had been fast becoming oblivious of the victories of Lake and Wellesley, and if they had not encouraged any wild hopes of bettering their condition by another appeal to arms,

* Afterwards Sir John Macdonald.

they had ceased to observe, a line of conduct calculated to avert such an event.

"But although it appeared to Malcolm, as he contemplated the aspect of the political horizon, that a war with the substantive Mahratta States was not very remote, there was another more immediate source of danger and inquietude out of which it was certain that hostilities must speedily arise. The lawlessness of the Pindarrees * had reached a point at which it was impossible any longer for the paramount power to look on without interfering for the protection of its own subjects, and the maintenance of the existing order of things, which these predatory cohorts threatened to subvert. The Indian Government, under stringent instructions from the Home authorities, had suffered events to take their course, until it was difficult to divert them into a safe channel. But now at last Lord Moira had obtained a reluctant and conditional assent to the prosecution of a vigorous course of policy, and had determined upon the destruction of these predatory bands, and the establishment, on a sure basis, of the tranquillity of Upper India. That this great and necessary measure would embroil us in a war with the Mahratta States—with Holkar's Government almost certainly; with Scindiah's very probably; with the Governments of the Peishwah and the Rajah of Berar scarcely less probably; suggested itself more and more palpably to Sir John Malcolm, the more he considered the state and temper of these Courts, and the degree in which they would be affected by our hostilities against the Pindarrees. He had been many years absent from India, but during that interval of rest he had corresponded with Mountstuart Elphinstone and other eminent men, and had never ceased to take a lively interest in all that was going on upon the scene of his former labors. The troubles which had arisen were not wholly unforeseen or unpredicted by him and the other politicians of the same school. The imperfect—the summary winding-up of affairs in 1805-1806 under the Governments of Lord Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow—had sown broadcast the seeds of future difficulty and danger, which were now bristling up everywhere—a crop ready for the sickle. During all this interval Malcolm had clearly seen that, sooner or later, the time must come for another armed interference in the troublous affairs of Upper and Central India; and now that the long-deferred crisis seemed really to be at hand, it was not without a justifiable emotion of pride that he felt there was not another man in the country who, in such a conjuncture, could render to the State the essential service which Lord Moira was now about to extract from Sir John Malcolm."

In accordance with Lord Moira's invitatoin, Malcolm set out

* The Pindarrees were bands of predatory troops—half soldiers and half robbers—who took service in time of war with the Mahratta chiefs, or carried on a desolating warfare, on their own account, against every petty State too weak to resist them. They had gradually increased in number and power until they threatened to subvert all the minor principalities, and were continually making inroads into the Company's dominions.

for Calcutta, and reached our palatial city on the 30th of April 1817. It is a singular proof of the really sterling nature of Malcolm's good qualities, that he seems to have given equal satisfaction to all the successive Governors and Governors-General under whom he served. He was first brought forward by Lord Hobart, by whom it appears, he was recommended to Lord Wellesley, who equally delighted to employ the man Malcolm in all affairs requiring tact and talent, as he delighted in the fun and frolic of the boy Malcolm. Lord Cornwallis was glad to acknowledge his merits, and solicitous to avail himself of his valuable services. Lord Minto was as much his personal friend, as he was his employer in a delicate and difficult, and, as it was expected to be, most important embassy. And now Lord Moira, pompous and magnificent as our readers all know him to have been, seems to have overlooked the free and easy style of Malcolm, perhaps even to have liked it. The following scene would, we think, form no bad subject for the painter. "He came out of his room yesterday in full dress, *as he always is*; and caught me, without coat or neck-cloth, playing billiards with an aide-de-camp in similar costume. He smiled and made a bow." We suppose no one of our Indian viceroys has been more frequently painted than Lord Hastings. Our own collection of prints, which is not a very extensive one, contains two or three portraits of him as Lord Moira, and two or three as Lord Hastings, one masonic, one apparently military, and all thoroughly viceregal and *in full dress*. We think the hint we have given for a picture of him and Malcolm and the aide-de-camp, worthy of consideration on the part of our limners. In the course of a fortnight after his arrival in Calcutta, Malcolm's work was chalked out for him. He was to be "Governor-General's Agent in the "Deccan, and Brigadier in the force serving in that quarter" under Sir Thomas Hislop: and so towards the end of May, he set out for Madras in a small country ship; and in the course of the voyage, which lasted a month, he wrote a letter of 200 pages to Lord Hastings relative to the contemplated operations against the Pindarrees. At Madras, he waited a few days to see and take counsel with his old friend, "Tom Munro." The following extract from a letter written at this period, will show how, like his old border ancestors, he was eager to have his foot in the stirrup, and to go forth to battle "as to summer sport:"—

"Here I am at the old place; but how altered! Where is Close? Where is Webbe? Where is every one? However, we must not complain. Tom Munro, one of the school, will be here to-morrow. I have urged, and I trust with success, his appointment to the military as well as the civil power in the districts south of the Kishna, including Darwar and Khaursigul, which the Peishwah

has ceded to enable us to pay the irregular horse of his own country and some infantry. I am only waiting to see Munro, and then start dawk for Bangalore, Hyderabad, Poonah and Nagpoor; and having visited all these Residencies, seen the two forces under Smith and Doveton, I shall join Sir Thomas Hislop's somewhere near the Nerbudda, and have obtained all the information and all the opinions he can require. . . . My situation is most flattering. As Governor-General's agent, all political work connected with our operations is in my hands; as Brigadier-General, I am destined for the most advanced force; and, what is really delightful, from the Governor-General down to the lowest, black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, all appear happy at my advancement. This general feeling, my dear friend, operates to check my presumption. I almost fear that I may not be able to fulfil the expectations which have been formed."

So, after a fortnight spent at Madras, he set forth on his journey, accompanied for the first sixteen miles by his sister-in-law, (Mrs. Macdonald) and her husband. He was attended in his travels by "little George Warcham," "a boy whom he had picked up "on his outward voyage, to act as amanuensis, clerk, servant, "factotum." A plucky little fellow was George. "Just as we were "starting," says Malcolm, "the little fellow came up to me, and "casting a look at the crowd of palanquin-boys, mussalchees, "police-peons, and villagers, who were all talking loud in a language of which he knew not one word, whispered, 'Sir, you "have forgotten something." What is it, I asked, with impatience. 'You have forgotten,' he said in a lower tone, 'to "load your pistols.' I could not help smiling; but thanking "him, said, we were yet a thousand miles from any place where "it would be necessary to load a pistol." The next notice that we find of little George, is a sad one; but it is equally creditable to the writer and to the subject of it. To Lady Malcolm, about the beginning of November, Malcolm says: "To complete "my distress, I learnt yesterday from Hussungabad that poor "George Warcham, of whom I have so often written you, must "die. Never did a boy unite such warm affections, such noble "principles, and such extraordinary talent. I weep over his fate, "as I would over that of a son." It is well to know that the high Tory, the friend of Asiatic monarchs, the friend of the hero of Europe, the knight with his decoration on his breast, the General with his sword by his thigh, has "so often written "to his lady-wife about "little George," the friendless boy whom he had picked up on board ship, and of whom living he had a generous appreciation, and for whom dying he had a tear of affection. It were well, doubtless, if these feelings were more common among the higher classes than they are; it were well if the lower classes knew and believed that they are as common as they are.

Malcolm's journey to the Residencies in the Deccan was like an ovation. In the Mysore country he was "among people who "greeted him as an old friend, and were eager to do him honor." On passing out of Mysore into the Ceded Districts, he was told that he was now in *Munro-ka-Mooluk*, and heard "rich Brahman Tehseldars, police-peons, palanquin-boys and village coolies "unite in the applause of his old friend. On approaching Hyderabad, where he had entered on his diplomatic career years before, he was met by Mr. Russell, and conducted to the palace of the Residency, and here he spent a few days in gaiety and relaxation. But here, as his diplomatic career had begun, so it had very nearly been brought to an end. "After this visit " (he says) I went to attend an auction of the effects of My " Charles Russell. As an immense crowd were standing in one "room, bidding for a double-barrelled gun, the floor gave way "with a great crash. I was in the centre of the place that first "broke, and was precipitated down with men, beer, chairs, tables "on my head." Several deaths were the consequence of this fall ; but Malcolm, though so large and heavy a man, and in the very centre of the floor that gave way, escaped, the good hand of his God being upon him, "with some slight cuts and bruises, "and drenched with beer."

From Hyderabad he started for Poonah, and accomplished the entire distance—364 miles—in three days ; not bad travelling over such a country in the month of August. At Poonah he was welcomed by the Resident, Mountstuart Elphinstone, with the cordial greeting of old and sincere friendship :—

"His reception at Poonah by men of all classes and all characters was most gratifying. The natives of the place were scarcely less delighted to see him than were his own countrymen. In this he rejoiced on public grounds, for he believed that it would greatly increase his influence, and therefore his utility. But that which most gladdened his heart, was the opportunity of being again in familiar intercourse and under the same roof with Mountstuart Elphinstone. Their last meeting had been merely the meeting of two friends, with common social and literary tastes. They were busy then as brother authors ; but now they met as fellow-craftsmen in the great political workshop, with labor of no common magnitude before them. There were then two men in India likely to compete with Malcolm for the great prizes of the service—perhaps to stand in the way of the advancement he so much coveted. They were Mountstuart Elphinstone and Thomas Munro. But ambitious as was Malcolm and eager for promotion, he never lost an opportunity of bringing forward the services and discoursing upon the merits of his two distinguished friends."

In this passage Mr. Kaye seems to have forgotten,—at least we should have expected that he would have alluded to it, had he

remembered—that Elphinstone and Malcolm had met long ago in General Wellesley's camp in 1803. It is interesting to think how constant was the friendship of these two men, although their paths once or twice crossed each other ; and that a friendship begun in 1803, is commemorated in 1856 by the dedication of the volumes before us to Mountstuart Elphinstone.

On the 7th of August, Malcolm proceeded to a place called Mahanlee, about seventy miles from Poonah, to pay a visit to the Peishwah, by whom he was received with all honor, and with every shew of gladness, which was probably not insincere. In fact the Peishwah looked upon Malcolm as a friend, and he could scarcely fail to be aware that a time was coming when he must be saved by his friends, or not saved at all. Badjee Rao was not a very bad man ; but he was the victim of temptations which he could not control, because he was too weak to control himself. He might have known, and perhaps did know, that he could have nothing, but what we might choose to give him, and could be nothing, but what we might choose to make him ; and it was perhaps this very state of dependence against which he recalcitrated. Or it might be that it is essential to the very nature of a weak mind to deal doubly. At all events, the Peishwah never ceased to profess friendship and gratitude towards the English, and yet continually encouraged and supported their enemies. Trimbuckjee Danglia, the Nana Saheb of those days, he had aided and sheltered ; and when his extradition was demanded, he had hesitated and procrastinated until a ring of British troops had been thrown around his capital. This was in May 1817 ; and in August of the same year, was this visit of Malcolm paid him :—

“ He was full of complaints and of professions. He declared that he had always been the friend of the British—that he had never forgotten the time when Wellesley, Close, and Malcolm had proved themselves to be his true friends in the midst of adversity ; and when Malcolm spoke of the operations which had been undertaken for the suppression of the Pindarrees, he made large promises of assistance. He spoke freely of the difficulties of his position—of the many surrounding circumstances which rendered him so likely to be misunderstood—of the suspicious conduct of others which brought him into disrepute. But he repeated that he was faithful to the British alliance, and that he had been harshly treated by his friends. He was obviously both vexed and dispirited. Malcolm exerted himself to soothe and encourage the unhappy Prince, whose faults were mainly those of feebleness of character ; and, knowing that his fears were his greatest enemies, said all he could to allay them. There were those who thought that the opportunity would be a good one for asking or demanding new concessions : but Malcolm had made up his mind to abstain from everything calculated to excite the alarm or increase the discontent of the Peishwah ; and he believed that he

left his Highness comforted, if not assured. At all events, it was only in accordance with Malcolm's disposition to look upon the bright side of things, hopefully and confidently, and he yet believed that the Peishwah would be true to his word.

"Badjee Rao may have been sincere at the time. He may have recognised, in Malcolm's presence, the soundness of his friend's advice; and believed that the English alliance was the one which would tend most to the support of his power. But he was utterly without steadfastness of character. There was really no reliance to be placed in his professions. And when Malcolm returned to the Residency to narrate what had passed at this confidential interview, Elphinstone, who had been for some years closely watching the crooked ways of the Peishwah, could not be persuaded to see anything in his promises and professions, but the boundless dissimulation which was so large an ingredient in his character. The two friends were long engaged in amicable discourse on the character and designs of Badjee Rao; and each confidently trusted to time to prove the soundness of his opinions."

From Mahanlee Malcolm returned to Poonah, and thence after a few days, he set out on his return to Hyderabad, which he reached on the 16th of August, and was incessantly occupied for some time in making arrangements for the equipment of the army. He had not only his own work to do, but that also of Sir Thomas Hislop, who was at this time dangerously sick. On the 3rd of September, Sir John Malcolm set out from Hyderabad, and proceeded on that service which was destined to be the most important one that occurred in the whole course of his life. "I expect" (he wrote) "to be at Nagpore on the 20th, and to take command of the two divisions of the army—the Commander-in-Chief's and my own—and to conduct them to a position on the banks of the Nerbudda, between Hindia and Hussungabad." Until he joined the army he travelled in the capacity of a civilian, attended by his political assistants, Captains Josiah Stuart and John Briggs: Lieutenant John Low, now our respected fellow-citizen and Member of the Supreme Council of India, was his aide-de-camp: Cornet Max Elliot, and Lieutenant Bell were attached to his escort, and Lieutenant Laurie was surveying the route. Stuart, Briggs and Low had been with him in Persia, and were men with whom he delighted to associate; and the others were no less to his mind. In such society, and with the near prospect of being in command of an army, Malcolm was of course "in high feather." He pushed on whenever it was possible, and when compelled to wait, as he often was, for the subsidence of swollen streams, he divided his time between enquiries into the condition of the people, and such pranks and fun as showed that the "Boy Malcolm" was still unsubdued within him:—

"Wading, as he said, through a beautiful country, in high health

and spirits, living abstemiously, taking much exercise, shooting quails wherever he could find them, laughing at the petty misfortunes of his friends, and being laughed at in turn, Malcolm splashed on to the banks of the Godavery, which he reached on the 12th of September. On the following day, after a scene of tumultuous noise and confusion, in the midst of which he seated himself close to the river's edge and wrote a dozen public and private letters, he crossed the swollen waters and continued his march. But on the 16th, he was stopped by a torrent, which it seemed almost impossible to pass. Detention at such a time was vexatious in the extreme. He wrote to the Chief Secretary, saying :

" 'Here I am stopped by a vile nullah that is swelled into a river, but expect to pass it to-morrow morning. You will judge of my vexation, when you read the enclosed and see how we are expediting our troops to the Nerbudda, that there may be no possibility of our enemy being too early for us. I don't know exactly in what direction I shall move from Nagpore. It will be determined by circumstances ; but I shall be on the river with the first of our troops and ready to carry into effect any instructions I may receive. . . . I trust they will be early and particular. I conclude, that we shall be told to be as orderly as possible—to conciliate the inhabitants, but to suffer no insult to pass unpunished. I state this because it is the manner in which I shall act, and direct those under me to act, in the absence of instructions. In loose Governments, like those of the Mahratta, there is no other mode of proceeding. I have seen the Duke of Wellington (who conciliated as much as any man) more than once order a storming party to parade for the attack of a fortified village of our good ally the Peishwah, and it has been on its march to the attack, before the gates were opened or supplies granted. . . . I am more vexed than I can express at the delay I have encountered ; but I am now proceeding with one tent, and will be stopped by nothing that an elephant can pass.'

" He had made up his mind to cross, and he carried out his resolution. After exploring the stream for some distance, he found a place where it seemed possible for an elephant to pass. 'For seven or eight hours,' he wrote, 'three of these animals kept going backwards and forwards through the stream, loaded with baggage, men, women and children. Besides what were on their backs, half a dozen held on by ropes from them, and other ropes fastened to these animal-bridges hauled over horses and camels. The whole was a scene for the pencil of Hogarth.' It was something better too—it was a great obstacle bravely overcome. Malcolm was all eagerness now to push on ; so taking with him only his aide-de-camp Low, and Williams the amateur with one small tent for the accommodation of the three, he left his camp behind him and rode on as rapidly as the state of the roads would allow him to advance. He 'was nobly mounted on a grey Persian horse called Sultan, of great beauty, strength, and spirit.' On these wearisome marches he said he could not bear to find himself on the back of any other horse, though he had several noble animals with him."

At length, on the 23rd of September, he reached the tents of his friend Mr. Jenkins, the Resident of Nagpore, who met him twelve miles from the city. Next morning they moved towards the city, and as they approached it, they were met by the Raja Appa-Sahib, the successor of that Ragojee Boonsla, whom General Wellesley had beaten at Assaye. Here, as usual, he made himself popular. The following characteristic specimen of the conversation between the Raja and Sir John is given by Mr. Kaye in a note :—

“The following account, in one of Malcolm’s letters, of a conversation with Appa-Sahib, is amusing and characteristic : ‘The Itajah was uncommonly kind to me, and at the last visit, though his wife was very ill, and he really looked sorry, I succeeded in making him laugh aloud in public durbar. He inquired about my family. ‘A wife and five children.’ ‘Sons or daughters?’ ‘One son and four daughters.’ ‘How old is the son?’ ‘Eight years of age—a fine boy—very wicked.’ (A laugh.) ‘Why were not my family with me?’ ‘The children were educating.’ ‘What! daughters!’ ‘Yes—our ladies were educated, and became as clever, often cleverer, than our men. We admitted female succession to the throne. It was probable that ere long a female would wear the British crown—as several had done before,’ ‘Strange!’ (With smiles.) ‘Why was not my wife with me?’ ‘It was fortunate, at present, she was not.’ ‘How!’ ‘Her absence made me more able to execute the orders of my own State and of the Raja. For instance, I meant to march to Aumeer on the following day—fifty-six miles, and horrid roads. If I had a wife she would take five days for such a journey.’ A loud laugh, and the Maharaja concluded by saying, ‘Malcolm-Sahib makes fun of everything!’”

Having now completed his tour of the great native courts at Hyderabad, Poonah and Nagpore, and made arrangements as to the ways in which the Nizam, the Peishwah and the Boonsla were to co-operate with us, Malcolm’s political functions were at an end; and it was with a high-bounding heart that he buckled on his armour, and found himself for the first time in high military command. On the 29th of October he joined the army at Hurda, and in the absence of Sir Thomas Hislop, assumed the command of the troops. On the 10th of November, he was relieved of the supreme command, by the arrival of Sir Thomas, and on the 15th, Sir John Malcolm crossed the Nerbudda, at the head of a light field force, in pursuit of the Pindarees.

Some months before this Malcolm had written to his wife : “I would glory more in being the means of contributing to the “annihilation of this system of murder and plunder, than in all “the great victories that were ever achieved.” But he was, for all that, too much of a sportsman not to wish for larger game

than these "small deer;" and his wish was about to be gratified, Mr. Kaye labors to prove that it was our preparation on so large a scale for the extirpation of the Pindarees that first alarmed the great Mahratta chiefs, and that their suspicion that we aimed at them, led them to assume a hostile attitude towards us. It may be so, or it may not; certainly the extent of these preparations was caused by the fact that Lord Hastings believed that these chiefs were meditating war. Be this as it may, the Peishwah took the initiative. He rejected the counsel of his chief minister, Mooroo Dikshut, who was friendly to the English, and gave himself up to the guidance of Gokla, the bitterest of their enemies. At his instigation the Peishwah made insolent demands of the British Resident, which Elphinstone was not the man to grant. The Residency, which had been moved to Kirkee, was attacked. The Mahrattas were beaten; "re-inforcements were sent to the assistance of Elphinstone" and the brigade. The Mahratta camp was attacked; the "enemy were dispersed; Poonah was occupied by British troops, "and the Peishwah was a fugitive."

We must now attend to the position of the pieces on the board, on the Mahratta side of the game. The Peishwah had, as we have just said, assumed an attitude of hostility, and had suffered defeat. The Boonsla was either hesitating, or playing a double game. But at last he openly declared against us, attacked the British Residency, was beaten and fled. Scindia had been equally undecided; but was proved to have intrigued, not only with the Peishwah, but also with the Nepaulese. But Lord Hastings advanced on his capital, and he had nothing for it but to submit. Holkar (not Jeswunt Rao, but Mulhar Rao, a boy of eleven years of age) was under the tutorship of a woman named Toolsee Bhace, who had been the favorite wife or concubine of Jeswunt, and had gained a complete ascendancy over him. This lady, who was young, beautiful and clever, but licentious and vindictive, was reported to be in favor of English interests. But the soldiery could not be controlled. In fact, the state of things was precisely that which existed in the Punjab before the last war. The Sirdars, with or without the consent of the regent, collected their troops at Rampoor, and marched to Mehidpore. On hearing of their movement, Malcolm, anticipating the orders of his chief, resolved to relinquish the pursuit of the Pindarees, and join Sir Thomas Hislop. Accordingly on the 12th of December, he united his division with the main body of the army at Oujein. Two days after, the army moved and took up a position at Gunnye, twenty miles from Mehidpore, where the hostile army lay. Here negotiations were entered upon and terms proposed, which, after the usual amount

of vacillation and chicanery, were refused, and the wakeels of Holkar were on the 10th of December dismissed from the British camp. It does not clearly appear whether Toolsee Bhace had really any leaning to British interests; but the chiefs supposed that she had. They therefore seized her on the same day on which the negotiations were broken off. "As day broke on the 20th, Toolsee Bhace was taken from the tent in which she had been confined, carried down to the banks of the Sepree river, where the beautiful head of the unhappy woman was struck from her body, and her bloody remains cast into the stream." And now the die was cast. War to the knife was now without alternative. On the 20th the British army moved from Gunnye, and encamped at Hurneal. On the 21st, the same day of the year on which the battle of Ferozeshuhr was fought twenty-eight years later, they went on, Sir John Malcolm leading the advanced division, to attack the enemy at Mehidpore.

It was one of the shortest days in the year, but long enough to admit of great achievements. The battle of Mehidpore was one of the most decisive ever fought in India; and the main brunt of it fell on Malcolm's division. Every advantage, in numbers, position, and weight of artillery, was on the side of the enemy; but nothing could stand against the charge of our troops, when led on by a man of Malcolm's spirit and gallantry. They trusted him, and he trusted them. And in those days our sepoys were worthy of trust. It is somewhat remarkable that Malcolm should have been the virtual commander in the only pitched battle that he ever saw. His want of practice and training as a soldier in a subordinate position might have militated against his success, had the battle been of a different complexion. But what was wanted at Mehidpore was "hard fighting," and for *that* Malcolm required no special education. We cannot give a better comment on this brilliant action than was given by Mr. Canning in the House of Commons:—

"This brings me to the battle of Mehidpore—the only great general action which occurred in the course of the campaign. Of this battle I feel myself incompetent, even if it were necessary, to enter into the military details: the gazettes furnish a more perspicuous account of it than I could pretend to offer. But I may be permitted to say, that more determined gallantry, more inflexible perseverance, or greater exertion of mind and body on the part of every individual engaged, were never displayed, than in the battle of Mehidpore. The result was the defeat and dissolution of the army of the enemy—though not without loss on our side deeply to be deplored. This victory recommends to the gratitude of the House the name of Sir Thomas Hislop, by whose conduct and under whose auspices it was won; and that of Sir John Malcolm—second in command on that occasion;—second to none in renown—whose name will be remem-

bored in India as long as the British tongue is spoken, or the British flag hoisted throughout that vast territory"—*Hansard*, vol. 39.

Dr. Southey, in one of his light pieces addressed to his children, described himself as "Laureate to them and the King;" and we confess that we like some of the verses that he composed in the former capacity, better than any of the more ponderous productions that he put forth in the latter. In like manner we do not value the despatch in which Sir John Malcolm, Brigadier-General, had the honor to report to the Adjutant-General of the army, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, &c., &c., so highly as we do the following letter to his son George, now a boy of about eight years :—

"To his son, George Malcolm, then a child at school, he wrote, two or three months afterwards: 'You bade me promise to write to you if ever I went to battle. I have been at battle. Mamma will tell you I have tried to behave so that you should not be ashamed of papa. If you became a soldier, you must recollect this, and behave so that papa will not be ashamed of you.' What follows is too characteristic to be omitted: 'I have a little horse not bigger than a mastiff dog. He trots into the tent, and eats off the table, which he can just reach. I take hold of his fore-legs, he rears up, and walks on his hind-legs round the tent. We have a monkey who sometimes rides this pony. It is such fun. I often wish that you were here. I was running after him and the monkey, some days ago, when my old Moonshee (Persian writer) came out and looked quite pleased. A gentleman asked him the reason, and he said: 'This sight brings back to my mind old times—twenty-six years ago, when I first came to my master—only, that it is but seldom he plays in this way now. Then he did nothing else.' I have a number of fine horses; and I hunt almost every day—hares, foxes, and jackals. Four days ago I started an elk as high as a horse. I rode after him more than three miles, till he was quite tired, and then coming up, I threw a large spear into him, which killed him on the spot. There are many nice gentlemen who live with me; and play and hunt with me. But not one that is not a good scholar. So take care and be a good scholar or papa will not let you play and hunt with him.'"

The battle of Mehidpore closed the war. It was now the time for negotiation, which, of course, devolved upon Malcolm. He dictated terms, which were severe and humiliating indeed, but which, after the usual amount of vacillation, were accepted; and young Holkar descended quietly into the position of a "protected" Prince. Holkar being thus subdued, the feudatory chiefs and the Pindarrees submitted one after another, and in a very short time the country that had been so long a scene of anarchy and tumult, was restored under Malcolm's administration, to peace and prosperity. It is on his achievements as Governor-General's Agent in Malwa that Malcolm's fame especi-

ally rests. If "peace has its victories, not less renowned than war," we cannot but place the name of Malcolm at the head of a very select list of the servants of the East India Company, whose names deserve to be, and will be, held in perpetual remembrance. Malcolm and Munro, Colonel Dixon, Mr. Thomason and the two Lawrences, have been the greatest pacificators of India. We name these six without fear of doing prejudice to the fair fame of many others who have labored, and labored well and successfully, in the same field, of each of whom it may be said, as of one of David's captains of old, "he was more honorable than the thirty, but he attained not to the first three."

While Malcolm was going on, striving hard, and with good measure of success, to establish the reign of peace, justice, and prosperity in the Malwa territories, he learned that the Peishwah was on the move at the head of a large army, and that there was a probability that it would fall to his lot to stop his progress. But it did not at first appear whether he were to be stopped by war or by treaty:—

"It was soon apparent, however, that it was with diplomacy, not with war, that Badjee Rao was to be met. Late on the 17th of May, an emissary from the Peishwah arrived in Malcolm's camp at Mhow with a letter from his master. The conference between the Mahratta Envoy and the British General lasted during a great part of the night. Everything that could be urged in favor of the Peishwah was urged, but with no avail, by the former. Malcolm could not hold out any hope that the British Government would consent to restore Badjee Rao even to a state of nominal sovereignty. He had forfeited by his conduct all claim to title or dominion. But immediate submission, it was added, by hastening the termination of the war which he had so unjustifiably provoked, might even then induce them to consider, with all clemency and generosity, his fallen state. Finding that he could not move the officer, the Mahratta agent then endeavoured to touch the heart of the man. He appealed to Malcolm's old feelings of personal friendship. 'That friendship,' it was answered, 'was disregarded when it might have saved, I warned him of his danger, but my advice was thrown away. I shall still, however, be rejoiced to be the instrument of saving him from total ruin. All opposition is now fruitless. Let him throw himself upon the bounty of the British Government, and he will save himself, his family, and his adherents, from total destruction.'

"The Mahratta Envoy, then, instructed by his master, implored Malcolm to visit the Peishwah in his camp. But the proposal was peremptorily rejected. 'It would have shown,' said Malcolm, 'a solicitude for his submission which would have operated against the object which it was meant to promote. Besides, it would have removed me from the position where I could best employ the means at my disposal for the reduction of the Peishwah, if I had been driven to war.' Instead, therefore, of himself proceeding to Badjee Rao's

camp, he despatched a confidential officer to communicate upon his part with the Peishwah, and especially to urge upon him the necessity, as a preliminary to negotiation, of moving forward from the position which he then occupied in Scindiah's dominions and in the neighbourhood of Asseerghur, a fortress held by a party of our enemies, which we were afterwards compelled to reduce."

The negotiations that ensued cannot be contemplated without exciting the most painful feelings. The poor old man had brought ruin upon himself, no doubt ; but still ruin was on him. And, moreover, he had brought it on himself more by that weakness and incompetence which led him to give himself up to the guidance of profligate men, than by any peculiarly large amount of personal profligacy. After sending various messages to Malcolm's camp, he begged for a personal interview, which being conceded, they met in the Peishwah's camp on the 1st of June, and, after the usual ceremonies, retired to a small tent pitched for the purpose. "The Mahratta prince was attended by two of his confidential advisers ; the British General went alone."

All through the evening of that hot June day, the painful conference lasted. It was a representation in miniature of the relations between India and England. On the one side, there was the imbecility of effete royalty, now blustering about dignity, and now cringing and fawning in utter helplessness ; on the other, there was the manly and hearty sympathy of a large soul, but united with the stern inflexibility of a nation destined to conquer. In the state into which the Peishwah had reduced himself, the Friend could counsel nothing better than that he should accept the terms which the General offered. "The sacrifice demanded from you is, in fact, only the resignation of a power which you do not possess, and which you can never hope to regain ; and your abandonment of a country which has been the scene of your misfortunes. This is all that you sacrifice ; and in return you are offered a safe asylum, a liberal provision for yourself, and such of the most respectable of your adherents, as have been involved in your ruin." Eminently sound reasoning this, viewed merely as reasoning. But, rightly or wrongly, men will do something else than reason. They will occasionally feel a little. And we cannot very strongly condemn the Peishwah, if he did not at once *reasonably* leap down the precipice which he knew that he must descend, but fluttered the wings of feeling a little, in order to break his fall. And Malcolm felt for him. He was not the man to triumph superciliously over fallen greatness, even if the fall were occasioned by political profligacy. Yet the thing must be done, and the sooner it were done the better. Belisarius begging for an obolus,—Marius among the ruins of Carthage—Cardinal Wolsey bidding farewell to all his

greatness,—was not a more pitiable spectacle than was the head of the Mahratta race, whispering in Malcolm's ear not to leave him, as his troops were not to be trusted, and it was only in Sir John's presence that he considered himself safe from their violence. At ten o'clock Malcolm returned to his own camp, and early next morning sent the Peishwah the following conditions of surrender :—

“ ‘First.—That Badjee Rao shall resign for himself and successors all right, title, and claims over the Government of Poonah, or to any other sovereign power whatever.

“ ‘Second.—That Badjee Rao shall immediately come with his family, and a small number of his adherents, to the camp of Brigadier-General Malcolm, where he shall be received with honor and respect, and escorted safe to the city of Benares, or any other sacred place in Hindostan that the Governor-General may, at his request, fix for his residence.

“ ‘Third.—On account of the peace of the Deccan, and the advanced state of the season, Badjee Rao must proceed to Hindostan without one day's delay; but General Malcolm engages that any part of his family that may be left behind shall be sent to him as early as possible, and every facility given to render their journey speedy and convenient.

“ ‘Fourth.—That Badjee Rao shall, on his voluntarily agreeing to this arrangement, receive a liberal pension from the Company's Government for the support of himself and family. The amount of this pension will be fixed by the Governor-General; but Brigadier-General Malcolm takes upon himself to engage that it shall not be less than eight lakhs of rupees per annum.

“ ‘Fifth.—If Badjee Rao, by a ready and complete fulfilment of this agreement, shows that he reposes entire confidence in the British Government, his request in favor of principal Jagheerdars, and old adherents who have been ruined by their attachment to him, will meet with liberal attention. His representations also in favor of Brahmins of remarkable character, and of religious establishments founded or supported by his family, shall be treated with regard.

“ ‘Sixth.—The above propositions must not only be accepted by Badjee Rao, but he must personally come into Brigadier-General Malcolm's camp within twenty-four hours of this period, or else hostilities will be recommenced, and no further negotiations will be entered into with him.”

Having sent off these terms, Sir John Malcolm waited the result with agonizing anxiety. He had made a disposition of his forces that would have ensured the destruction of the Peishwah's force, and it is not to be doubted that military fame was on the cards, if the Peishwah should be so infatuated as to maintain a hostile attitude; such thoughts would arise in his mind, but they were determinedly repressed. On public grounds it

could not be doubted that submission on the part of the Peishwah was far better than war both for him and for us ; and Malcolm was a soldier, not a butcher. The terms were sent to the Peishwah at day-break, on the 2nd of June ; with an announcement that his failure to present himself to Malcolm at noon on the following day, should be regarded as a rejection of the terms and a declaration of hostilities :—

“ Having sent out horsemen along all the roads which led to his camp to turn back any envoys or messengers from the Peishwah who might be coming with new overtures or excuses for delay, Malcolm prepared to move forward at the appointed hour. By nine o'clock he had reached the ground at the foot of the hill on which Badjee Rao was encamped. At a short distance from our camp one of the Peishwah's principal agents was seen advancing upon horseback. He was about to dismount, when Malcolm arrested the movement. ‘ Is your master coming ? ’ he asked eagerly. ‘ It is an unlucky day,’ replied the envoy. ‘ It will, indeed, be an unlucky day for the Peishwah,’ cried Malcolm, indignantly, ‘ if he is not here within two hours.’ ‘ He is afraid of guards and sentries,’ said the envoy. ‘ He thinks that the orders of the Governor-General may compel you to place him in personal restraint, which will degrade him in the eyes of his people. Send some one to assure his mind, and he will come.’ ‘ What nonsense is this ? ’ asked Malcolm. ‘ The Peishwah is no fool. He cannot suspect us of placing guards and sentries over him to prevent his escape from the best situation in which he could be placed. I have received no such orders from the Governor-General. I have ventured, in anticipation of my instructions, to offer him the most liberal terms. But what does he do in return ? After calling me from Malwah, after proclaiming me his only friend, he finishes by making me his dupe. It is the last time that he will ever be treated with by an English agent. Begone ! ’ added Malcolm in a loud voice, and in the presence of a large concourse of hearers, ‘ and tell your master what I have said.’

“ The envoy hesitated to depart. He had still another appeal to make. ‘ Will you not,’ he said, ‘ send one of your Brahmins to the Peishwah to satisfy his mind ? ’ ‘ If,’ replied Malcolm, ‘ he is really coming to my camp, I will not only send one of my Brahmins, but my assistant, Lieutenant Low, shall go out to meet him ; and I will myself visit him unattended, whenever he approaches my camp.’ The envoy departed, mounted his horse, and galloped to the Peishwah's camp. The Brahmin speedily followed. Soon tidings came in to the effect that a cavalcade was approaching, and that Badjee Rao himself was one of the party. On this, Low was sent forward to meet them, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of June, the camp of the Peishwah was close to the British lines.

“ Malcolm waited upon him. The fallen Prince appeared gloomy and desponding ; he spoke of his hard fate—of the misconduct of others, which had forced him into this humiliating position—of the sufferings that were before him. But Malcolm spoke cheerfully and

consolingly to him; said that, although further resistance might have delayed the hour of his final downfall, that fall would have been when it came at last—and nothing could prevent its coming—far more calamitous both to himself and his adherents; that now he was received as a friend of the British Government, a liberal provision had been made for him, and he would pass the remainder of his days in security and comfort; whereas another appeal to arms could have had but one result—it would have involved himself and his friends in irretrievable ruin, and made them outcasts and wanderers for the rest of their days.”

And so Badjee Rao, the last of the Peishwahs, became a pensioner of the British Government, and he vegetated on his £80,000 a year for a quarter of a century. It is evident that Lord Hastings would have preferred that the quarrel should have been settled by the sword. But he was heartily glad that it was settled; only he was staggered by the amount of the pension; and it must be admitted that, in this instance, as in others, Malcolm devised liberal things.

Badjee Rao was much depressed when he entered Malcolm's camp, but Malcolm was just the man to animate and enliven him. His bearing towards him, it need scarcely be said, was that of a gentleman to a gentleman, and Badjee soon became contented and cheerful, and perhaps as happy as his nature admitted of his being in any circumstances. It is but a small measure of happiness that is competent to men of his stamp. He was never, even in his best days, a ruler of men—of himself or of others, and it was quite as pleasant to be ruled by an English gentleman as by a native Wazir.

And so the Ex-Peishwah marched along with Malcolm, encamping at a little distance from him. His troops gradually melted away and returned to their homes. But there was one body of his army that could not so easily be got rid of. These were Arabs, who were guarding the mountain passes, and who now rushed in from all sides, clamouring for their arrears of pay; and Malcolm saw that it would be necessary for the safety of his prisoner that he should take the matter into his own hand:—

“Still tenacious of his dignity—still eager to make a show of power—Badjee Rao had declared that all would be well, and that he could manage his adherents. But at noon, on the 9th of June, a messenger entered the English camp, and announced that the Peishwah's tent was surrounded by his mutinous soldiery, clamorously demanding their arrears of pay, and threatening to resort to acts of violence if their claims were not promptly satisfied.

“Though the main body of Malcolm's troops had marched as usual in the morning, he had kept in the rear, under the belief that their services would be required, a detachment consisting of a regiment of cavalry, a battalion of infantry, some guns, and about six

hundred irregular horse. They were ready to act in a moment against the mutineers; but Badjee Rao still declared that he could induce, by promises of payment, the refractory troops to march towards their homes, and implored Malcolm not to attack them lest they should sacrifice his life to their resentment. For seven hours, therefore, the British troops were kept under arms, but inactive. Still the turmoil was unabated; still the language of the chief mutineers was loud and defiant. So Malcolm sent an express to recall the troops which had marched in the morning, and in the meanwhile exhorted the Peishwah, who was in an extreme state of alarm, to compose himself during the night, for that next day he would assuredly be relieved from the danger which then threatened him. At the same time, Malcolm sent messages to the chiefs of the mutineers, warning them of the certain destruction they would bring upon themselves by committing any acts of violence; but promising them, on the other hand, that if they would depart in peace, the pledges voluntarily made to them by the Peishwah, should be amply redeemed.

"The night passed quietly away. On the morning Malcolm went out to reconnoitre the neighbourhood of the Peishwah's camp. It was at a distance of about a mile and a half from our own headquarters, pitched upon a spot of low, jungly ground on the banks of a watercourse, which, flowing in a serpentine direction, surrounded three sides of the encampment. The low trees and brushwood on the banks of the nullah, and the uneven, stony surface of the ground, were favorable to the operations of the irregular Arab troops who occupied it. But Malcolm's quick soldierly eye discerned at a distance of some two hundred yards from the front of the encampment a spot on which he could form his force, with the left of his line resting on the watercourse, and his right extending to a hill, the crest of which commanded the whole camp. As soon as he received intelligence that the troops which he had recalled were close at hand, he made his formations and prepared for action. His object, however, was rather to overawe the mutineers than destroy them. There was no doubt of the result of an engagement. But the lives of the Peishwah and all his family were in danger. The mutineers encompassed his tent. His attendants and followers, including numbers of women and children, were hemmed in by the refractory troops. To have opened a fire upon them would have been to have destroyed scores of innocent lives. The moment was one of extremest anxiety. Malcolm had nine six-pounder guns loaded with grape, and if he had opened upon the mutineers, the massacre would have been dreadful. He abstained to the extreme limits of forbearance. An Arab picket fired on our men, and two of our grenadiers were wounded. Still Malcolm would not fire a shot, or suffer a man to move. The display of force was sufficient. The chiefs of the mutineers were now coming forward, to sue for terms. Galloping forward, and stopping the fire of their men, they advanced towards the English general. He told them, in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the Peishwah had already paid them a large sum of money; that other points for

which they had contended had been guaranteed to them on the faith of the British Government; and that, therefore, as they had no longer any pretext for continuing in a hostile attitude, if they did not immediately draw off their troops from the tents of their late master, our batteries would open upon them and they would be destroyed to a man.

"They implored him to be patient for one more moment. They asked only that he would suffer them to return to their lines and bring with them the principal jemadars of the force to hear Malcolm's promises confirmed. The permission was granted; and the jemadars came. 'Give these men your hand,' said the chief, Syud Zein by name; 'promise them that, if they release Badjee Rao, you will not attack them, and all your commands shall be obeyed.' To one after another Malcolm gave his hand and the promise they required to assure them; and then they hastened to their lines. In less than a quarter of an hour, their tents were struck, their troops had moved off: and Badjee Rao, attended by his own Mahratta guards, came up to the front of the English line, where Malcolm received him with a general salute.

"The Peishwah, who had been overwhelmed with terror, was now in a corresponding state of joy. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. He called Malcolm the saviour of his honour—the saviour of his life; and declared that he would, for the remainder of his days, be guided in everything by the advice of his preserver. There was no blessing in life, he said, equal to that of a true friend."

After crossing the Nerbudda, the Peishwah was sent off, under the escort of Captain Low, to Benares, where, as we have stated, and at Bithur, he lived for about a quarter of a century. It is not unworthy of notice, as shewing the respect of the English for their engagements, that, although the Governor-General had strongly disapproved of the amount of pension allowed him,—although an element of Malcolm's justification was the age and debility of the Peishwah, so that it was almost assumed in the treaty that he should not live any thing like so unreasonable a time, and although it may safely be assumed that abundance of pretexts might have been found for colouring a breach of faith, yet the pension was strictly and duly paid during all these years, in the course of which it must have amounted to somewhere about two crores of Rupees, or two millions sterling.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the legacy which Badjee Rao left us was the execrable Nana Saheb. This inhuman monster is the adopted son of the last of the Peishwahs.

And now Malcolm, having got rid of Badjee Rao, resumed, with his wonted energy, the work of civilizing Malwah. His head-quarters were at Mhow, whence he exercised "a military and political control over the greatest part of Malwah, and as far south as the Taptee." This territory he ruled with great

judgment, and had the gratification of seeing order and happiness take the place of anarchy and all its consequent evils.

But we have seen nothing of the "Boy Malcolm" for a long time. Here is a specimen, which is well worthy of preservation, were it only for the allusion it contains to the Duke of Wellington's Hindostani. Writing to the Duke on the 25th of September, Malcolm says :—

"The day before yesterday the whole of the officers in camp dined with me to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Assye; and it was celebrated with proper enthusiasm by men who were sensible to all the advantages the Indian army derives from having its fame associated with your history. I have never yet written any poetry about you, and therefore expect pardon for making you the subject of a song for the day, a copy of which I enclose.* It is the same measure as that in which Moore has made the Genius of Erin call upon you to relieve her land, and sings equally well with the appropriate air of 'Paddy Whack.' If Moore is very Irish, you will perhaps say I am very Asiatic.

"Our Assye festival did not finish with my dinner. My native aide-de-camp, Sabadar Syud Hussein, a gallant soldier, owes his rise to that day. He was the leading havildar of the fourth cavalry in the charge; and he afterwards dashed into the centre of a party of the enemy's horse, and bore off their standard. His commanding officer, Floyer, brought him and the standard to you; and upon the story being told, you patted him upon the back, and with that eloquent and correct knowledge in the native language for which you were celebrated, said, 'Acha havildar; jemadar.' A jemadar he was made; and though the anecdote has no doubt been expelled from your memory to make room for others of more interest, it holds an important place in Syud Hussein's; and amid all his subsequent successes in Persia and in India, which have raised him to medals, pensions, and a palanquin from Government, his pride is the pat on the back he received at Assye; and he told me the other day with great *naivete* that he felt raised by your actions, as your increasing fame gave increasing value to the notice you had once taken of him. This grateful soldier followed my feast by one on the 24th to two hundred subadars, jemadars, havildars, and naicks of my division; and a grand nautch which he gave in the evening to about four hundred spectators, was attended by all the English officers in camp. A very good transparency of your head, with the word Assye, which had ornamented my bungalow, was put up by him in a large tent, and the Persian name of Wellesley Sahib Bahudur, in Persian characters, announced to those who had not seen the light of your countenance in the original, for whom the picture was intended. The subadar was pressed to call you the Duke

* The song which Malcolm wrote on this occasion—one of the most spirited of his poetical compositions—will be founded in the Appendix. It was sung by Captain Fleetwood, of the Rocket Corps.

of Wellington; but he said (and I think very justly) that was your European name, but your Indian name was, Wellesley Bahadur."

"P. S. —Since writing this letter, all the Pariahs at head-quarters met and gave a feast, to help which they purchased thirty bottles of Pariah arrack. Led by the riot they made to the place of meeting, I went with some others to see what was the matter. A drunken mehtur came up and said, 'We all get drunk for Wellington name.'"

This song is given by Mr. Kaye in his Appendix. He characterizes it as one of the most spirited of Malcolm's poetical compositions. Malcolm could do better things than write poetry, but poetry he could not write.

It was his peculiar faculty of putting every one around him into good humour that constituted one great element of Malcolm's success. Thoroughly in earnest as to the work he was engaged in, disposed always to look at the brighter side of every picture, acting on the principle that as a man he had an interest in all human things, confident in his own powers, and preferring the accomplishment of the end to the establishment of any pre-conceived theory respecting the means, he effected vastly more than a man of a different temperament could have achieved, and enjoyed the highest gratification that is permitted to men in this evil world, the sight of great good accomplished by his instrumentality.

He was now contemplating a speedy return to England, when more stirring work detained him. On the 10th of February 1819, intelligence was brought to Malcolm that Appa-Sahib, the deposed Boonsla, or Rajah of Berar, who had for some time been hunted by our detachments, had broken from the hills, and accompanied by Chettro, the last of the Pindari chiefs, had made his way to Asseerghur, a strong fortress belonging to Scindia, the gates of which had been opened to him, but closed against his companion. Immediately on receiving this intelligence, he moved forward with his force to co-operate with General Doveton. At first it was supposed that Jeswunt Rao, the commandant of the fortress, had acted on his own responsibility, and that his conduct would be disapproved by Scindia; but it soon appeared that he acted under instructions from head-quarters at Gwalior. Jeswunt attempted, as usual, to amuse Malcolm by negotiations; but he was wide awake, and was gradually surrounding the place; and the preparations being now complete, it was intimated to Jeswunt Rao that if he did not surrender himself before the 13th of March, the fortress should be attacked on the morning of that day. A move on the part of Scindia, however, put off the actual commencement of

operations till the 18th; and the active work soon restored the force to health and spirits, which they had lost, while lying inactive at the foot of these walls in the "tremendous heat" of these equinoctial days. The assault was carried on with vigor, and despite of a few mishaps, especially an explosion in one of our batteries, which destroyed nearly a whole company of sepoys, it soon became evident that the garrison could not much longer hold out; and after striving hard to gain more favorable terms, they submitted to unconditional surrender. On the 9th of April they marched out, and the English bunting was hoisted amid the boom of a royal salute. Thus fell Asseerghur, the last stronghold of any great moment that remained in the hands of the Mahrattas. Having done his work here, and done it well, Malcolm set off to return to Mhow, to put matters in order, with a view to his quitting India for ever.

To this last step he was all the more inclined, as he had been mortified by his being once more refused the Governorship of Bombay. Mr. Kaye's statement on this subject places the matter in so clear a light that it requires no comment:—

"It has been incidentally stated that whilst Sir John Malcolm was pushing forward the operations for the reduction of Asseerghur described in the preceding chapter, he was under the depressing influence of a heavy disappointment. Perhaps, however, it is hardly right to say that he was depressed by the news which arrived from England of the appointment of Mr. Elphinstone to the chief seat in the Bombay Government. The feeling with which he regarded his supersession was of a more active kind. It was a strong sense of unmerited injury, not altogether unmingled with resentment. He conceived not only that his just claims had been slighted, but that he had been dealt falsely with by men in whom he had reposed confidence—that if no actual pledge had been violated, there was still something of an implied or constructive promise which had been broken by the authorities at home.

"The expectation, which he had long cherished, of being appointed to succeed Sir Evan Nepean, was a reasonable one. It was reasonable, whether viewed in relation to Sir John Malcolm's distinguished services and just claims, or to the degree of encouragement which had been held out to him both by the Court of Directors and the Board of Control. Malcolm, it is true, was a man of a sanguine temperament; but he had not, in this instance, viewed the amount of support, fairly indicated by the assurances he had received, through any magnifying medium of his own. With a full knowledge of all that passed before he left England, and all that was written to him after his return to India, I cannot see how he could have formed any other conclusion than that he would be appointed, on Nepean's retirement, Governor of Bombay. If he had just ground for this belief in 1816, surely the events of the two following

years, which had strengthened his claims, might also reasonably have strengthened his conviction that he would not be passed over.

"But, although in the peculiar circumstances of the supersession, there was something to increase Malcolm's mortification, there was much, on the other hand, to soften and subdue it. He had been passed over in favor of a younger man—of one who had fewer years of hard service on which to base his claim to such preferment. But no man in India estimated the character of Mountstuart Elphinstone more highly than John Malcolm; no man loved and respected him more. If the crown which Malcolm had coveted for himself, had been placed on the head of another, he felt in his inmost heart that the head was eminently fitted to wear it, and he rejoiced in the prosperity of his friend. "You will probably have heard," wrote Lord Hastings early in March, "that you were the losing candidate in the election for Bombay at the India House. Knowing, as I do, your feeling towards Elphinstone, I am aware this event will not be attended with the slightest degree of mortification, whilst the warm testimony rendered by all parties to your worth and services makes a speedy reparation of the disappointment certain." It was hardly possible that there should not have been some mortification; but the Governor-General saw clearly what was the honey at the bottom of the cup. Malcolm himself had in the strongest language recommended Elphinstone to the favorable consideration of the Court of Directors, and had dwelt with enthusiasm upon his eminent merits and distinguished services. But although he had often talked of Elphinstone succeeding him as Governor of Bombay, it had never entered into his calculations that there was any possibility of his friend preceding him there. He would, however, have written quite as warmly had the contingency been foreseen."

Malcolm would now have immediately retired, had not Lord Hastings strongly urged him to remain. His Lordship had before this proposed that Malcolm should be Governor of Bombay, and that the territory ceded by the Peishwah should be created into a Lieutenant-Governorship, to which Elphinstone should be appointed. As the former appointment had been given to the latter man, he was now desirous that the latter should be given to the former. In this expectation, and with the promise of the Grand Cross of the Bath, which he preferred to a Baronetcy, and which it was understood that he should receive as soon as he should attain that rank in the army which should make him capable of it, he toiled on at Mhow, converting the country which had been so long the scene of disorder and anarchy into a field of peaceful husbandry. But the hope that had sustained him was not destined to be realized. The Peishwah's territories were annexed to the Bombay Presidency. And another disappointment awaited him. Mr. Elliott retired from the Governorship of Madras in 1820, and all the exertions of

Malcolm's friends on his behalf were unsuccessful. As in the former case, his disappointment was lessened by its being Sir Thomas Munro that was appointed in preference to him. But still it was a disappointment; and it is a great thing to be able to say of him that he bore it as a man should bear disappointments:—

"And after all there was another consideration, of a local and present character, to reconcile him to the loss of the Madras Government. He could hardly have done so much good, upon any new scene, as he was then doing in Central India. At the head of the Government of a presidency, how much time must he have necessarily bestowed upon forms and ceremonies, and social amenities, and matters of detail little affecting the happiness of the people. But in Malwah he was as a patriarchal ruler among them—the father and the friend of rude but grateful communities, who blessed the name of Malcolm as that of a tutelar saint. There could be no higher object of ambition. 'I am busy with my report,' he wrote on the 3rd of April, from Nalcha, thirty miles to the westward of Mhow, 'and with all kinds of improvements. I have fixed my head-quarters in an old palace, from which I expelled (I speak a literal fact) tigers. The old ruins of this place, and the celebrated city of Mandoo, have for more than a century been shared by tigers, and Bheels more destructive than these animals in their ravages. The tigers I shoot; the Bheels are my friends, and now serve in a corps I have raised, or cultivated lands. I have made, and am making roads in every direction. A great fair at a holy place, which has not been visited for seventy years, was a week ago crowded by at least 30,000 people. I gave guards at the place, and cleared the road; and I confess that I was a little sensible to the flattery of the poor creatures making the air ring with 'Jy Malcolm jy!' (success to Malcolm), &c., &c. This, and the discovery, a few days ago, that among the Bheel ladies, tying a string upon the right arm of their children, whilst the priest pronounced the name of *Malcolm* three times, was a sovereign cure for a fever, are proofs at least of my having a good name among these wild mountaineers, which will do me as much, and more good than one in Leadenhall-street.' I am told that Bishop Heber used to relate how, when travelling in Central India, he inquired what was written on an amulet worn by a native child, and was told that it was nothing more than the word 'Malcolm,' which was considered, in that part of the country, the most efficacious of charms."

Thus cheered and encouraged, he went on with his work and occupied his scanty leisure with the preparation of a report on the history, the institutions, and the resources of Central India, which was afterwards published in a goodly quarto volume, and which has been to us and to many others, a source of much valuable information. Sir Thomas Munro brought out for him the Insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath, which he,

being now Major-General, was entitled to wear. At last, having finished his report, and made a grand tour of his province, he reached Bombay in September 1821, and was invested by Sir Charles Colville with the Grand Cross, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the whole community. On the 2nd of December, he once more quitted the shores of India, to return overland (as we now call it) to old England. On the 20th of December, he touched at Mocha, and on the 9th of January, he landed at Cosseir, whence he proceeded by land to the banks of the Nile. In the month of February, he was at Cairo, where he met Mahomet Ali. On the 25th of that month, he embarked at Alexandria on board His Majesty's ship *Cambria*, and after beating about for some time, he was obliged to leave her at Corfu, she being sent on active service. After staying a few weeks here, he obtained a passage in a Government yacht, for Italy. After "doing" Naples and Rome in the proper tourist style, though *with a difference*, he crossed the Alps. On the 26th of April, he was in Paris, and after another day or two, he was *at home*.

And now, for a time, Malcolm was to occupy a new station and to play the *role* of a country gentleman; and never was the part played with more success. At Hyde Hall, in Hertfordshire, he gathered around him the choicest Indian, and the choicest English society. The following picture is too well painted, and the subject is too agreeable, to make it possible for us to exclude it from our gallery, albeit, like that in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it be somewhat too large for our wall:—

"Happy were those days spent at Hyde Hall—joyous the scenes they witnessed. They saw Malcolm, indeed, in a new character—a character new to him; almost, it may be said, new in itself. There never was a finer mixture of the Indian nabob and the English country gentlemen. Many of the best qualities of both shone out conspicuously from him at this time. Liberal, open-handed, hospitable in the extreme, with Catholic tastes and Catholic sympathies, a man of infinite merriment, active as a stripling and playful as a child, he was an Englishman without his reserve, his exclusiveness, and his suspicion, and an Indian without his lassitude, his querulousness, and his irritability. He threw open his doors, invited many to enter, and played the host in a hearty, genial manner, as refreshing as it was spontaneous. There are men now living in high places, who look back to those days at Hyde Hall as among the happiest of their lives, and others who have gone before to their honored graves, cherishing to the last the same grateful recollections of the kindness which never failed, the cheerfulness that was never clouded—the inexhaustible love and perfect loveliness of the master of that sunny home.

"Among others who were frequent inmates at Hyde Hall were some Cambridge men—Fellows of Trinity—to whom he was much

attached. First on the list in respect of time—though in respect of love all bracketed in that tripos—was Julius Hare, afterwards Rector of Hurstmonceux and Archdeacon of Sussex. It was in Hare's rooms at Trinity that Malcolm first met Whewell and Sedgwick, now the Master and Vice-Master of that great College—Collegiate magnates of the first class, with names honored in no lower degree in the great university of the world. It seems that Malcolm had gone to Cambridge on a visit to Hare, taking with him Schlegel, whose acquaintance he had made in London, I believe, in the first instance, through Madame de Staël. Whewell and Sedgwick were invited to meet them; and the evening still dwells in the memories of the survivors as one almost without a parallel for the wonderful flow of talk that enlivened it. Schlegel, somewhat egotistical, turgid, and opinionated, threw off the lecturer and the pedant, and, under the contagious influence of Malcolm's joyousness and geniality, discoursed with a pleasant freedom and self-abandonment, not common to his nature. Malcolm himself, then as ever, had an inexhaustible fund of stories of all nations, and Schlegel did his best to cap them. They, who then saw the historian of Persia and Central India for the first time, were no less struck by the extent and variety of his information than they were charmed by his geniality of manner. The impression thus made was strengthened at every subsequent meeting, and has not been obliterated by death.

"Hare, Whewell, and Sedgwick became, as I have said, frequent and ever-welcome guests at Hyde Hall. Malcolm's hospitality was of that best and pleasantest kind, which made every one who came within its influence thoroughly at his ease. There was a kindness and a joyousness in it, which many said were unequalled in all their experience of mankind. The conversation in which Malcolm and his friends indulged was animated and exhilarating, but there was no leaven of ill-nature in it. 'Conversation,' wrote one whom I have named above, 'may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without anything that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, above all others, I have ever been an inmate, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one. The genial heart of cordial sympathy with which its illustrious master sought out the good side in every person and every thing, and which has found an inadequate expression in his delightful 'Sketches of Persia,' seemed to communicate itself to all the members of his family, and operated as a charm even upon his visitors.'*

"Another great charm of the conversation of Hyde Hall was, that it was so perfectly natural and spontaneous. It was not the custom there to talk for effect. Playfulness, not unmingled with wisdom of the most unobtrusive kind, was the prevailing characteristic of the society to be met in that joyous home. Grave men threw aside their gravity there, and became sportive as children. There

* Julius Hare's *Guesses at Truth*.

could not have been a better place for diggers and delvers after truth, wearied by their profound researches in the mines of science; for there was none in which such recreation was to be found—a recreation literally of energy and activity, which sent men back refreshed and strengthened to their work; and, what was more, with an enlarged humanity, a deeper love for the fellow-men for whom they were laboring with such grand results. It was no mere compliment, but a truth felt in his inmost heart, which Julius Hare wrote to Lady Malcolm, when he said, ‘It is impossible to leave Hyde Hall without being, not indeed, like the wedding guest, ‘a sadder and a wiser man,’ but certainly a wiser one, and, if one were not going away, a gladder.’ If a man could not be merry and wise at Hyde Hall, we may be sure that there was no mirth and no wisdom in him.”

It was at this period that Malcolm composed his “Sketches of Persia,” which were not published till 1827. We well remember the pleasure with which we read this book, when it was reprinted, about a dozen years ago, in *Murray’s Colonial Library*. In the autumn of 1823, he paid a visit to Ireland, on the invitation of his old friend Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant. Here he was fully occupied with “walks, dinners, Irish stories, “Indian tales, politics, sense and nonsense (which is better.”) Here also he visited Donnybrook fair, and we may be pretty sure that the “Boy Malcolm” gained the ascendant for the time over the grave Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B. In the course of his return home, passing through Wales, he was capsized in a carriage, and very nearly sent over a fifty-foot precipice. For some months after this, Malcolm was deeply engaged in Indian and Persian politics. But in the autumn of next year, 1824, he took a holiday, and set out for Scotland. We cannot resist the temptation to quote the following letter, so genial is it, and so well does it shew the happy, kindly nature of the man:—

“When we left Dollar, I went to a woman standing at the door of a house to inquire the best way to Tulibole. ‘You’ll gang just on till you come to a stane on the road; then ye’ll turn and gang straight by the Crook.’ ‘What,’ said I, ‘straight by a crook!’ ‘Ay,’ replied the dame, with an unmoved face; ‘but it’s no a crook in the road, but a crook in the river, which ye must gang by!’ Then, when ye’re doun on a wee east (about a mile), hand west for twa miles, and when ye come to a road between twa dykes, which gangs north, just go doun it and you’ll see the Toun!’ I reported the directions, at which Johnstone laughed. The Toun,* he informed me, meant the old solitary house of Tulibole, at which we at length arrived. Lady Moncreiff was not well, but I passed a most delightful day and evening with the old gentleman. Sir Harry Moncreiff, though seventy eight, retains all his faculties perfect. He is a man who mixes soun-

* The word is Saxon for a house, and the country people still use it in its original signification.—J. M.

piety with great energy, judgment, and decision. He leads, and has long led, what are mockingly called the Highflyers of the Scottish Kirk. But to this evangelical party, Scotland owes the steady resistance to those daily attacks made upon her excellent and moderate establishments. An attempt is now in progress to give favorites and Government parsons to offices, such as that of principal * of a college and minister of a large parish. It has succeeded; but so much has been done by Sir Harry, Professor Macgill of Glasgow, and others, to expose the evil tendency of acts that, by giving men more duties than they can perform, must either render them negligent heads or professors in a college, or unfaithful ministers of religion, as also the danger of making pluralists in the Scotch Establishment, that the experiment will probably not be repeated. I shall buy you Sir Harry's Sermons and works on the Evidences for Christianity, by which you will judge of the piety and strength of his mind. He has other qualities you would like. He is the most cheerful of men, and is full of entertaining anecdote, with a warm heart to his friends, and amongst the dearest of those, the Burnfoot family have ranked for forty years.

"From Tuliboli I made an excursion of thirty-five miles to see old Mr. Low, of Clatto, the father of John Low, who was so long with me in India, and ranks at the head of my list of *soldier favorites*. I had given no warning, for I was uncertain to the last whether I should be able to visit them. When I entered the drawing-room, I found a respectable-looking old lady, whom I knew from her countenance to be the mother of my friend. I announced myself, and she gave almost a shout of delight. She hastened out of the room the moment she had seated me near her daughter, and returned with one of the heartiest and happiest-looking men, on the verge of four-score, I had ever seen. His large hand was stretched out to welcome the General about whom his boys (his son William had also been with me) had written so much. Their letters, said he, have contained little, for six years, but Sir John Malcolm, and here you are at Clatto! I told him I was aware he had heard enough of me, and was therefore determined to let him see what kind of a person it was about whom his sons, particularly John, had plagued him so much. At this moment Colonel Bethune, a son-in-law who lived near, and had come in, was going to send away his horse to walk home, but I begged he would lend him to me, as I saw the spires of the auld town of St. Andrew's at about a distance of six miles. 'It is now two o'clock,' I said; 'I shall return by five, after seeing this once celebrated residence of royalty and present seat of learning. Besides, I have four old Indian friends that I must shake hands with.' 'You are welcome to the horse,' said Colonel Bethune. 'It rains,' said Mrs. Low. 'I will not halt long enough,' I replied 'at any place to get wet.' 'Go along,' said old Low. 'It is exactly as John wrote us; and bring any or all of your friends that you can persuade to dinner. I have sent for my youngest son Henry, who

* This was done in a late appointment at Glasgow, and carried by the influence of Government to please the Duke of Montrose—J. M.

is ten miles off, shooting; but the servant knows why he is wanted, and said he would find and bring him if above ground.'

" 'Away I trotted, saw the noble remains of monasteries, cathedrals and palaces at St. Andrew's, shook hands with a General Campbell, who was kind to me as a boy; with a Colonel Wilson, who was secretary to my commander when I was at *the wildest*, and whose goodness has helped me out of many a scrape; and with Captain Binny, who taught me Persian; and with Colonel Glass, a brother sportsman. They were not less surprised than delighted with this flying visit, and it gave me much gratification.

" 'I got back in time for dinner at Clatto, were I passed a delightful evening. The old gentleman, who had returned from India forty-four years, married a Miss Malcolm, bought the estate, and built the house (an excellent one), in which he has ever since lived. He, or rather she—for it is as usual the mother's work—has brought up a large family, all of whom are well settled in life. Two of the daughters married intimate friends of mine, Colonel Deas, and Colonel Foulis; another married Colonel Bethune, who has the adjoining estate; and one, unmarried, lives with Mrs. Low's sister, Lady Fettes, near Edinburgh. With the family materials I had, and the praises truth entitled me to give their sons, you may suppose conversation did not flag. But there was another source of pleasure to the old gentleman. Several officers who had been his friends as ensigns had by accident been my commanding officers when I went first to India, and I had been at the same stations he had. The revival of these personalities and localities delighted him beyond measure. He gave me Maderia sixty years old which he had brought from India. His memory was as fresh as if he had only left the scenes of which we talked a few months. 'I have to thank God,' said he, as we parted, 'for the health and happiness I enjoy; but I was really beginning to think it was but a frail tenure a man of my age held life upon. This visit, however, is like a new lease. I shall live for some years to come upon the recollections of this day.' Mrs. Low, with whom both you and your mother would be much pleased, confirmed this speech next morning at six o'clock, when she rose to get me my breakfast before I went away in the Cupar coach. She gave me more calm, but not less sincere thanks for my considerate visit. I assured her I had gratified myself as much as I had them, and went towards Edinburgh quite in good humour with myself and all the world.' "

After ten days spent in Edinburgh, he paid a visit of two days to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford; thence to Minto; thence again to Burnfoot; and in the month of November, he returned to England. In May 1825, he went to France, and was present at the coronation of Charles X. The autumn of this year he spent on the moors in Scotland. The two stories following are too good to be omitted:—

" It was on one of the land excursions to which allusion has been made (most probably on his journey through Wales), that being in the inside of a stage-coach he fell, *more suo*, into conversation with

a fellow-passenger. His companion was obviously a dignitary of the Church of England—a man of extensive acquirements, power and subtlety of argument, and force of expression. The conversation ranged over a considerable variety of subjects, sometimes eliciting concordance, sometimes antagonism of sentiment between the speakers. After some time, the conversation turned upon a topic of Indian interest, upon which there was a serious difference of opinion. Malcolm, as may be supposed, maintained his position with much confidence, and supported his arguments by the assertion that he had spent the best part of his life in India. 'It may be so,' said his companion, but 'still I cannot yield to you—I have conceded many points in the course of our conversation, but I stand firm upon this—for the very highest authority on Indian subjects, Sir John Malcolm, is on my side.' 'But I am Sir John Malcolm,' was the answer. 'It is true that I did say so; but I have since had reason to change my opinion.' Upon this they exchanged cards, and Malcolm was little less pleased than his companion, when he found that he had been arguing with the scholarly Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff.

"Another story, equally amusing, though less flattering to Malcolm, must be told in this place. Having need one day to proceed somewhere below London—in all probability to the docks—Malcolm hired, as was the wont at that time, a boat, and was sculled down the great silent highway of the Thames. He had not proceeded far when the waterman asked him if he had any objection to take in a couple of ladies who wanted a cast down the river. Malcolm's ready good-nature would have at once assented to the proposal, even if there had not been within him a spice of chivalry and a love of adventure which rendered it rather pleasing to him. But when the boatman pulled alongside the steps of Billingsgate Market, and took in two oyster-wives with their baskets, a cloud gathered over his face, he drew his cloak around him, folded his arms, and sate stately and reserved in the bows of the boat. The evident annoyance of the gentleman was not lost upon the oyster-women. They exchanged looks and gestures with each other, and presently broke out into verbal comments. 'Didst ever, Bess,' said one of them to her companion, 'go down to Margate by one of them hoys. It's rare game to see the folks aboard them. There be such differences. Some will be all chatty-like and conversable, with something pleasant to say to every one, as though they had come out to enjoy life and make the best of it. Others can't make the best o' it any how; but they gets sick, and goes to the side o' the vessel, and it's all up with them in rough water. Them I pities, poor things! Others, again, won't make the best o' it; but they thinks themselves too good for their company, and they goes into a corner, and they wraps their cloak about them, and they folds their arms, and sits silent and dignified.'

"The effect of this, accompanied as it was with a practical imitation of the old soldier's dignified demeanour, may be readily conceived. Malcolm burst into loud laughter, enjoyed the joke, pocketed the affront, and took the hint. In the course of a few minutes he was

discoursing volubly with the oyster-women about the mysteries of their profession. He was pleased, interested, instructed. Before he reached the docks he had added largely to his stores of information. And it used to be observed afterwards that Malcolm had a wonderful knowledge of the oyster trade; and people marvelled where and how he had contrived to acquire it.

“To think that I should have been such a fool in my old age,” said Malcolm, when he got home and told the story to his wife—“I, who have been all my life priding myself on my openness and accessibility!”

Although the narrative has now been brought down to the close of 1825, we must allude, however briefly, to the negotiations that were carried on in the spring of the previous year, with reference to the Governorship of Madras. Sir Thomas Munro being about to retire, Malcolm took the field as a candidate for the succession. The great obstacle to his success seems to have been the fact that his father-in-law, Sir Alexander Campbell, was Commander-in-Chief in that Presidency; and it was not without some reason that this objection was urged, although it was probably urged, not because it was reasonable, but because it was convenient. The contest was carried on for a long time with considerable asperity; and although Malcolm knew, almost from the beginning, that his cause was hopeless, and although his friends advised him to withdraw from the contest, he would not consent. The Court of Directors were on his side, the King's Government were against him. He seems to have been actually appointed by the Court, but the sanction of the Government could not be obtained. After this, there was a negotiation as to the constitution of a Central India Government; and Malcolm was nearly as good as appointed to it; but this also broke down; and it was not till June 1827, that Malcolm was appointed to an Indian Government. On the 13th of that month, he was entertained at the customary banquet by the Court of Directors, as Governor-elect of Bombay; shortly after he sailed from Portsmouth, and on the 26th of October, he arrived at Bombay. His reception there was all that could be desired. His character was well known; and all, from the highest to the lowest, rejoiced in his advent.

The most noticeable event in Malcolm's governorship was the “tame elephant” controversy, with which our Indian readers are familiar, while to others it has little interest. We quite agree with Mr. Kaye in regarding Sir John Malcolm's conduct as, upon the whole, right; and Sir John Grant's as, upon the whole, wrong. But in the progress of the controversy, there were, as is generally the case, faults on both sides. But although this unhappy controversy bulks largest in the history of Malcolm's

administration, it must not be supposed that it engrossed all his attention. The Governor of Bombay had much to do, and he did it well. He attended to everything himself, and conducted all the business of the Government with his usual zeal. Mr. Kaye judiciously sums up the character of his administration :—

“It was not in the circumstances of the times that Malcolm’s administration of Bombay should be a brilliant administration. It was permitted only that it should be an useful one. And that it was so he had an assured conviction. He had labored, though at the age of three score, with the same unabating activity that had distinguished his early efforts in the public service ; the same energy, the same courage, the same integrity, the same steady persistence in right through evil report and good report, characterised all his proceedings ; but no man knew better than Malcolm himself how small a place in history is made for the best acts of the peaceful administrator, in proportion to that which is reserved for the achievements of the diplomatist and the soldier.

“If Malcolm’s Government of Bombay had been what is generally understood as a ‘popular’ one, it would have been little less than a marvel. A ‘popular’ governor is a governor who pleases the European community of the settlement—a community mainly composed of the members of the public service. It is little to say that with the public services Lord William Bentinck was not ‘popular’—he was absolutely detested by them. The same odious work of retrenchment which, in the discharge of his delegated duty, he had carried out in defiance of popular clamour in Bengal, Malcolm had superintended in Bombay. It is true that neither Bentinck nor Malcolm was more than the instrument of a necessary economy decreed by the Home Government ; but a man who suddenly finds himself poorer by a few hundreds a year, or sees the road to lucrative promotion blocked up before him, is not in the best possible frame of mind to draw nice distinctions between the authority that directs, and the agency which inflicts, the penalty. The odium in such cases, is too likely to descend upon the Governor who gives effect to the instructions which he receives from the higher powers at home : and it requires no common tact to escape the vicarious punishment. If any man could escape, it was Sir John Malcolm, and I believe the kindness of heart which moved him by personal explanations to soften the pain and annoyance which he was compelled ministerially to inflict, carried him through the perilous ordeal without making for himself any enemies.

“There were some who, considering all the circumstances of the case, doubted the possibility of this. And when Malcolm’s friends proposed to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue in his honor, Sir Lionel Smith, who doubtless, had Malcolm’s interest and good fame at heart, besought him to arrest what he thought so injudicious a movement. The old soldier alleged that the Governor, who at such a time persevered in the course of duty without favor or affection, must have made many enemies, who would

rejoice in the failure of such a scheme, and that it was not in the nature of things that there should be any other result than failure. But there were friends of Sir John Malcolm who believed that there was sufficient good sense and good feeling in the Presidency to secure a worthy response to the proposal to do honor to such a man at the close of so illustrious a career of public service; and the noble marble statue by Chantrey which now adorns the Town Hall of Bombay, is a monument of the soundness of their judgment.

"Nor was this the only parting honor that was rendered to Sir John Malcolm. Addresses were presented to him by all classes of the community: by the natives, of whom he had ever been the large-minded and catholic-spirited friend; by the Eurasians, or people of mixed race, whose condition he had striven to elevate and improve; by the English residents, who could appreciate his many fine qualities, and estimate at its proper worth, his half-century of distinguished service; by the Asiatic Society, the members of which were eager to express their sense of his high literary qualifications, his constant and sedulous devotion to the cultivation of literature, and to the promotion of true knowledge, and the removing of error; and by the Christian Missionaries, who bore public testimony to the facilities which he had granted for the preaching of the Gospel in all parts of the Bombay territories, his honorable exertions in the abolition of *Suttees*, and to the kind manner in which he had countenanced Christian education.' He did not lay down the reins of office without the utterance, by all classes, of expressions of sincere regret at his departure, and many earnest prayers for his continued happiness and prosperity."

And now Sir John Malcolm's Indian work was done. Jack had been "at the bottom" of a very large amount of the goop that was done in the course of the consolidation of our Indian empire. Proceeding overland he reached England in February 1831, and found himself in the heat of the controversy respecting Parliamentary Reform. Mainly with the view of advancing Indian interests, he entered Parliament as member for the borough of Launceston in Cornwall, and distinguished himself considerably by his speeches against the Reform bill. On the same subject he wrote and published a pamphlet, which does not seem to have been much regarded. In fact, the cause which he advocated was unpopular, and the view which he took of it was one which could not command the sympathies even of those who were at one with him on the general question. His great object was to retain the "close" and "rotten" boroughs, that they might afford seats to men who should be able to represent Indian interests in the House of Commons,—an object unquestionably desirable, whatever may be thought of the means by which he proposed that it should be compassed.

On a dissolution of Parliament Sir John Malcolm offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the Dunfries

boroughs. He was unsuccessful in his canvass, but gained "golden opinions from all classes of men." A public dinner was given to him and his brothers, Sir James and Sir Pulteney Malcolm, by the gentlemen of Eskedale and Ewesdale, and probably never were the echoes of Langholm taxed to the same extent as when they were called to give back the cheers that greeted the "three Knights of Eskedale." Sir John was not returned to Parliament; and spent his time in superintending the repairs and additions on a house that he had bought at Warfield in Berkshire, and in various literary avocations.

But a great struggle was going on, in which Malcolm was more in his place than in contending against Parliamentary Reform. The commercial monopoly of the Company was threatened;—that Company whose salt he had eaten for more than half a century; and Malcolm was not the man to withhold whatever powers or influence he possessed, when these could be turned to account in the service of his old masters. The Queen's Government gave way to the pressure from without, so far as to propose to the Court of Directors a new charter, which was to preserve to the Company the territorial Government of India, but to deprive it of all commercial privileges. A Special Court of Proprietors was called for the 15th of April 1833 for the consideration of the ministerial proposal; and it was imposed on Malcolm, as one of the most influential of the Proprietors, to propose resolutions, signifying the acceptance of the ministerial measure on certain conditions. Suffering under a severe attack of influenza, he went to the Court, spoke for two hours, manfully and eloquently; then sat down, and fainted away. The Court being adjourned from day to day, Malcolm was for several days in his place, but took little part in the proceedings. Had Lady Malcolm been in London, it is probable, that she might have won him to that rest which he so much needed; but she was at Hastings, and it was not till the 28th of the month that he consented to quit what he considered to be the post of duty, and to join her there. In good spirits at the thought of meeting his wife and daughters, he left his home in the morning, but when the carriage stopped at the coach-office in Charing Cross, his servant opened the door and found him lying insensible on the bottom of the carriage. For some days the flame flickered in the socket; it flared up a little towards the middle of May; but on the 30th of that month it went out altogether. The warm heart ceased to beat, those inexhaustible spirits were frozen at the spring. Thus lived, and thus died, Major General Sir John Malcolm, G. C. B., a man who had few equals in his day—a great and good man.

OMAR KHAYYAM, THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA :

BY E. B. COWELL, ESQ., M. A.

1. *L'Algebre d'Omar al Khayyâmi, traduite et accompagnée d'extraits de MSS. inédits (en Arabe)*. Pairs, 1851.
2. *Dr. Sprenger's Catalogue of Arabic, Persian and Hindustani MSS., article Khayyâm.*

WE have all read in our childhood, in some form or other, the story of the crusades ; and few names are more indelibly impressed on the memory than *the old man of the mountains*,—that mysterious potentate, round whose inaccessible retreat there hung such a cloud of fable, which sober history, even in these later days, has not been wholly able to dissipate. History tries to make her lamp throw a steady gleam upon that domain of romance, and dispels some of the illusions, which the ignorant awe of the crusaders had conjured up ;—thus his very name has been reduced to the well-known *Shekh*, a symbol of patriarchal authority, not of years. But the imagination, after all, cannot give up the vision of the grey-haired sorcerer, with his impregnable castle and gardens of delight, where the young devotee was introduced intoxicated, and awoke to find himself in a fancied paradise, whose image should remain in his heart for ever, to nerve his arm for any enterprise which his chief might enjoin. These things may fade in the daylight of history, but to the imagination they must still hold their place, and the old man of the mountains will still stand in the background of the crusades—the same fierce and mysterious figure to the young student of every time, which he was to the crusaders who first heard of his name, or to the monks at home, who wrote from their lips, when they returned, histories of “God’s dealings by the Franks” * in his own land.

It is with this ‘old man’ that we have now to do ; and yet how wide seems the interval between this man of blood in his mountain home, and a poet of Persia ! It is indeed a strange piece of forgotten history, which thus joins two such different characters, and leads us to the spot, where the two streams still flowed side by side, which were fated hereafter to diverge so far.

In the middle of the eleventh century,—some twenty-five years before the Norman won the broad lands of the Saxon,—a great revolution took place in the East. The iconoclast Mahmoud of Ghazni had left his kingdom in a successor’s feebler grasp ; and the fierce Tartar tribes, which roamed beyond the Oxus in that *officina gentium* of the East, had risen against his authority, and

* “*Gesta Dei per Francos*”—the title of Guibert’s chronicle, and also of Bongars’s collection of the chronicles of the crusades.

driven him an exile southwards beyond the Hindu Kush. The sceptre of Persia thus passed to the invading chief, who, under the name of Toghrul Beg, established the Seljukian dynasty,—a memorable name amid the shadows which chase one another so rapidly across the scene of oriental history. It was the Seljukides who caused the crusades. The Caliphs of Bagdad and Egypt, and their provincial vicegerents, had found it to their interest to protect the pilgrims of the West, as they flocked to the holy city ; and they had held undisputed possession of Palestine. The Frank stranger might mourn that Omar's mosque stood on Mount Moriah, but he thankfully paid his pilgrim tax, and returned in peace to his home. But the Turkish conquerors knew nothing of the advantages of interchange and commerce,—their only law was the sword. From the hour of their rise, the pilgrims were crushed by their oppression, and returned to their several lands with dismal tales of Turkish license and cruelty. They did not complain in vain,—“a nerve was touched of exquisite feeling, and the sensation vibrated to the heart of “Europe.” *

But the crusades were still future at the time when our narrative opens. Alp Arslán, or Alp the Lion, was on the throne of his father Toghrul Beg,—in every respect the *cœur de lion* of eastern story,—when three youths were studying together under the great doctor of Islam, Mowaffak of Naishápur. One of them has left us his own account, so that we will tell it in his own words :—

“One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan was the “Imám Mowaffak of Naishápur, a man highly honoured and revered,—may God rejoice his soul ; his illustrious years exceeded “eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who “read the Koran or studied the traditions in his presence, would “assuredly attain to honour and happiness. For this cause did “my father send me from Tus to Naishápur with Abd-u-samad, “the doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. Towards me “he ever turned an eye of favour and kindness, and as his pupil. “I felt for him extreme affection and devotion, so that I passed “four years in his service. When I first came there, I found “two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar “Khayyam, and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed “with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers ; and we “three formed a close friendship together. When the Imám “rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated to “each other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a native

"of Naishápur, while Hasan Ben Sabbah's father was one Ali, "a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in his creed and "doctrine. He had long sojourned in the province of Rei, where "Abu Moslim Rázi was governor, a man of pure life and orthodox "principles, who, like a good Musulmán as he was, shewed deep "enmity to such an heretic. But Ali still kept close at his side, "and by lying oaths and protestations, sought to clear himself "from the insane words and actions laid to his charge. Now the "Imám Mowaffak was followed as an example by all orthodox "Musulmán's; and so, this unhappy man, to remove all suspicion "of his heresies, brought his son to Naishápur, and made him attend the lectures of the Imám. He himself chose a life of asceticism in a cloister; but even while there, men rumoured "speeches of heresy that he had uttered, sometimes of one kind, "and sometimes of another. But to my story,—one day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'it is a universal belief that "the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, "even if we *all* do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; "what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, "be it what you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that "to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with "the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself.' 'Be it so,' "we both replied, and on these terms we mutually pledged our "words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator "of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán."

Such is the narrative of Nizám-ul-Mulk, the famous vizier of Alp Arslán and of his son and successor Malik Shah, who gives this story of his youth in his "political will," (*Wasiyah Nizám-ul-Mulk*, i. e., *Testamentum Politicum*), which he wrote in his old age, as a manual to future statesmen.* He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the vizier's request: but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. His subsequent adventures are one of the romances of oriental history. After many mishaps and wanderings, he became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismatians*,—a party of fanatics who had

* We give the extract from Mirchond's *History of the Assassins*.

long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A. D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract, south of the Caspian sea. Here he fixed his stronghold, and it was from this mountain home that the Shekh obtained that evil celebrity among the crusaders as the old man of the mountains. From Alamút issued those fierce fanatics, who in blind devotion to their chieftain's commands, spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin* which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves (the Indian *bhang*), with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days at Naishápur. To complete the picture, we need only add, that one of the countless victims of the assassin's dagger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.

Omar Khayyám also came to the vizier to claim his share; but not to ask for title or office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." The vizier tells us, that, when he found that he was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1,200 *mithkáls* of gold, from the treasury of Naishápur.

At Naishápur thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, the poet-astronomer of Persia, "busied," adds the vizier, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high pre-eminence. Under the Sultan-ate of Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered favours upon him."

Of Omar's attainments as an astronomer we have ample proof. When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, he was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; and the result was the *Jalálí* era, (so called from *Jalál-ul-dín*, one of the king's names),—"a computation of time," says Gibbon, "which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled *Zijí-Maliksháhi*, and we have placed at the head of our article a treatise of his, on algebra, which has been lately translated and published in Europe.

Of the particular incidents of his life we know little enough

but probably there was little to know. A life, like his, spent in quiet toil,

And hiving knowledge with each studious year,

leaves little for the chronicler to record. His takhallus, or poetical name (Khayyám), signifies a tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám-ul-Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have Attár, "a druggist," Assâr, "an oil presser," &c. Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines :—

"Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned ;
The shears of fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of hope has sold him for nothing !"

We have only one more anecdote to give, and that relates to the close ; and then we shall turn from Omar, the mathematician, to the more interesting character, Omar the poet.

The following incident is given in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems ; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to Hyde's *Veterum Persarum religio*, p. 499 ; and D'Herbelot alludes to it in his *Bibliothèque* under *Khuam* :—

"It is written in the chronicles of the ancients that this king of the wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishápur in the year of the Hegira, 517 (A. D. 1123) ; in science he was unrivalled,—the very paragon of his age. Khwájah Nizámi of Samarcand, who was one of his pupils, relates the following story : ' I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden ; and one day he said to me, ' my tomb shall be in a spot, where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishápur, I went to his final resting place, and lo ! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so that the stone was hidden under them.' "

A fit grave for the poet, and to his poems we now turn. Omar Khayyám's poems are unique in the literary history of the world. It is not often that a great mathematician indulges in the relaxation of verse ; one remembers Sir Isaac Newton's scorn of " spoilt prose," and is apt to think of Urania as somewhat shy of familiar intercourse with her sisters. But in Omar we have not only an example of the perfect compatibility of the severest studies in the exact sciences with that play of fancy and

delicacy of feeling, which we associate with the poet ; this is by no means all the marvel. We find in his verses a totally different character to that which we should have naturally expected from the prevailing habit of thought in which he lived. Our "double-natured poet" is a Janus, whose two heads bear no similarity ; the one half of his life and experience contradicts the other.

Was it that the melancholy temperament which Aristotle of old attributed to all poets and mathematicians, being thus doubled in intensity by this two-fold liability, found its full utterance in these bitter tetrastichs,—turning for a while from its exact and abstract studies, with all their unreal truth,

Distinct but distant, clear but oh ! how cold,

only to find in life and time enigmas still more puzzling, and problems still more indeterminate, and uttering in these lines its sullen protest of weariness ?

"From the centre of earth to the Zenith of Saturn,
I solved all the problems of the heavens,
I leaped forth from the bonds of every snare and deceit,
And every bond was unloosed except the bond of Death.

Every other poet of Persia has written too much,—even her noblest sons of genius weary with their prolixity. The language has a fatal facility of rhyme, which makes it easier to write in verse than in prose, and every author heaps volumes on volumes, until he buries himself and his reader beneath their weight. Our mathematician is the one solitary exception. He has left fewer lines than Gray.

This little volume of tetrastichs, be their real number * what they may, occupies its own niche in Persian literature. For terseness of expression and vigour of thought, we know of no epigrams like them, even in the Greek anthology ; while for passionate earnestness and concentrated sadness, there is nothing equal to them, except Lucretius. The epicurean views which pervade them, but add a deeper gloom to the melancholy,—we know that the gaiety is unreal, and the poet's smile is but a *risus Sardonius* of despair. All things whisper in his ear of change

* The only two MSS. which we have seen, are No. 140 in the Ouseley Collection in the Bodleian Library, (a very beautiful MS. written at Shiraz, A. H. 865 (A. D. 1460), this contains only 158 tetrastichs,) and No. 1548 in the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, which probably wants a leaf or two at the end, and is negligently transcribed ; this contains 516. Von Hammer (in his *Gesch. d. Sch. Red. P.*) speaks of his own MS. as containing about 200. The Lucknow MS. mentioned in Dr. Sprenger's Catalogue, contains 408. Since this paper was written, we have met with a copy of a very rare edition, printed at Calcutta, A. H. 1252 (A. D. 1836 ;) this contains 438 tetrastichs, with an appendix containing 54 others, not found in some MSS., 492 in all.

and decay.—The sad refrain rings ever in his hearing ; every where in the world he reads the record of the inscription which Solomon, in eastern story, gave for a signet ring, when one asked him for a motto which should suit alike prosperity and adversity, —“*This also shall pass away !*”

“ Since life is all passing, what matter Bagdad or Balkh ?
If our cup be full, what matter bitter or sweet ?
Drink wine,—for long after thee and me, yon moonst
Will still fill to its full, and still waste to its wane.”

or this,—

“ Yon rolling heaven for our destruction, yours and mine,
Aims its stroke at our lives, yours and mine ;
Come, love, sit on the grass—it will not be long
Ere grass grows ouof *our* dust, yours and mine.”

This law (if one might call it so) of corporeal transmigration occurs again and again in his poems,—it seems to jar on the poet's inmost soul, and give him a peculiar pang. Elsewhere he has it in a more general shape :—

“ Wheresoever is rose or tulip-bed,
Its redness comes from the blood of kings ;
Every violet stalk that springs from the earth,
Was once a mole on a loved one's cheek.”

In this form the thought is not peculiar to the East ; we find a very similar passage in one of Shelley's poems :—

“ There's not one atom of yon earth
But once was living man ;
Nor the minutest drop of rain,
That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
But flowed in human vein.”

We will add one more of this class of tetrastichs, before we pass on to others,—in this there is a peculiar delicacy of touch, which softens the roughness of the original thought :—

“ This flask was once a poor lover like me,
All immersed in the chase of a fair face ;
And this, its handle, you see on its neck
Was once a hand that clasped a beloved.”

The extracts which we have already quoted, will give our readers an idea of Omar's poetry ; and perhaps they will, ere this, have recognised one of its peculiar features. Omar lived in an age of poetical mysticism, but he himself is no mystic. His exact sciences kept him from the vague dreams of his contemporaries ; he never loses himself in the one and the all ; he plants his foot on the *terra firma* of to-day, and builds on it as if it were rock, and not a quick sand :—

“ Sweet blows on the rose's face the breeze of the new spring,
Sweet down in the garden are the faces of the heart inflamers ;
But nought is sweet that thou canst tell of a yesterday *passed* ;
Come, be glad, nor talk of yesterday,—to-day is so sweet.”

But Omar, for all his insight, had not made the wise choice. The mysticism, in which the better spirits of Persia loved to lose themselves, was a higher thing, after all, than his keen worldliness, because this was but of the earth, and bounded by the earth's narrow span, while that, albeit an error, was a groping after the divine. There was depth in that vague mysticism which Omar's science had never sounded ; it sprang from wants and feelings, to which his own heart was a stranger ; and hence though his poetry was real, and full of passion, it moves "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" in the animal life of the senses, and seems dazzled at any prospect beyond the grave. His very ideas of death seem confin'd to the body ; he can feel, like Keats, "the flowers growing over him ;" but he rarely looks or thinks beyond. And yet it is not always so ; a few rare tetrastichs testify that Omar could not always prove a traitor to his own genius,—that sometimes it overmastered his habits, and wrung unwonted aspirations perforce from his lips :—

"Oh heart, wert thou pure from the body's dust,
Thou shouldst soar naked spirit above the skv ;
Highest heaven is thy native seat,—for shame, for shame,
That thou shouldst stoop to dwell in a city of clay !"

No wonder that gloom overshadows all Omar Khayyám's poetry ; he was false to his better self, and therefore ill it ease and sad. He was resolved to ignore the future and the spiritual, and anchor only by the material and tangible ; but his very insight became blinded and misled him, and instead of something solid and satisfying, he grasped only a "darkness that *could be felt*." We can trace the evil, running like a canker through his life ; his pleasures, his friendships,—nay, his very studies become blighted under its touch. Bernouilli could find such an intense delight in his problems, that he could say that they gave him some idea of the happiness of heaven ; his faculties were working unrestrained towards their proper object ; and pleasure, old philosophers tell us, supervenes on such harmonious action, as a finish or bloom. But in Omar there was no such internal harmony ; the diviner part within him was ignored ; and hence the very studies, in which his life was spent, failed to yield him solid enjoyment.

Had he been only a thoughtless Epicurean, we should have looked at his poetry in a very different light. The careless gaiety of Horace never loses its charm, for it was the spontaneous outburst of his nature. He floated on life's surface, with no deep passion for anything, and his poetry bears the true impress of his character. But in Omar there was a resolute will,—he was deeply earnest in science ; and to dally with doubt and Epicureanism was possible only where he was not in earnest. It

was this which caused the moral jar in his character, and hence his poetry reads to us—

“Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.”

We have said that Omar was no mystic,—we find no trace of Sufeyism in his book. His roses bloom in an earthly summer, his wine is of mortal vintage; unlike all other Persian poets, every thing with him is real and concrete. That tone of revelry which in Háfiz and Jámi was but a passing fashion under which their genius veiled its higher aspirations,—like the Petrarchan sonnet in the hands of Shakespeare or Milton,—is in Omar Khayyám the matter itself, not the form. He turns in these quatrains from his science and astronomy to drown thought in the passing moment's pleasures; he seems to forget his better self in his temporary Epicurean disguise:—

“My coming was not of mine own design,
And one day I must go, and no choice of mine;
Come, light-handed cupbearer, gird thee to serve,
We must wash down the care of this world with wine.

“Come, bring me that ruby in yon crystal cup,
That true friend and brother of every open heart;
Thou knowest too well that this life on earth
Is a wind that hurries by,—bring the wine.

“Since none can promise himself to-morrow,
Make that forlorn heart of thine glad to-day;
Drink wine, fare moon-faced, by the light of yon moon,
For oft shall it look for us and find us not.

“What, though the wine rends my veil,
While I live, I will never tear me away;
I marvel much at the sellers of wine,
For what better thing can they *buy* than what they *sell*?

“The caravan of life hurries strangely by,
Seize every moment that passes in joy;
Why, cupbearer, mourn for the morrow of thy friends?
Give the cup of wine, for the night hurries by.”

A few of the tetrastichs breathe the same spirit of contentment which we should have expected from their author's old reply to the vizier's invitations to power:—

“Some ruby wine and a *dúwán* of poems,
A crust of bread to keep the breath in one's body,
And thou and I alone in a desert,—
Were a lot beyond a Sultan's throne.

“Of all the world my choice is to crusts and a corner,
I have severed my desires from power and its pomp;
I have bought me poverty with heart and soul,
For I have found the true riches in poverty.

"Oh my heart, since life's reality is illusion,
Why vex thyself with its sorrows and cares ?
Commit thee to fate, contented with the hour,
For the pen, once passed, returns not back for thee !"

But in too many of his poems we find a settled gloom, which stands in striking contrast to the assumed carelessness. Omar is ill at ease within, and his internal discord reflects itself in an angry defiance of the world and its opinions and beliefs. Like the Roman Lucretius, his very science leads him astray ; he has learned enough to unsettle his ancient instincts, but not enough to rebuild them on a surer basis. In the sublime poem of Lucretius, we see the inevitable battle between the vague dreams of an obsolete mythology, and the progressive certainties of physical science ; and in the first intensity of the conflict, the iconoclasm extends itself beyond the idols of the old belief, to the very bases of belief itself within the soul. The arbitrary laws and tenets of the national creed are found at variance with the discoveries of science ; the idea of " laws of nature " slowly evolves itself, in its sublime simplicity and universality ; and the idle causes of phenomena, which mythology had fabricated in the personal caprices of certain deified abstractions, melt away of themselves like shadows in the light of morning. But under all these erroneous figments, there lay the primitive instinct of *some* first cause,—the obstinate unconquerable want which no created thing can fill ; and this remained untouched amidst the change, as the soul when the body is shattered. But this Lucretius did not understand ; he proceeded from the gods of mythology to demolish the very idea of a Providence at all. The very truth which he had grasped so firmly, that nature obeys certain unvarying laws, led him astray ; and it was a step reserved for a later time, to see that this grand idea is by no means at variance with the ancient instincts of the soul,—that the laws of nature, like any other laws, must imply a lawgiver's sanction and authority,—and that long before Greek or Roman science, in an unlettered people whose very name Greece and Rome despised, ancient seers had recognised the scientific principle, and yet at once subordinated it to the highest truth, when they sang of man's impotence "to break God's *covenant* * of the day and of the night, that there should not be day and night in their "season."

Omar Khayyám's scepticism seems to us to belong to a

* The word 'covenant' (*berith*) occurs several times in scripture to express the laws which God has imposed on nature, and in Jeremiah, xxxiii., 25, we have the word 'ordinances' (*hukkoth*) used in the same sense. Cf. the prayer-book version of Ps. cxlviii., 6. "He hath given them a *law* which shall not be broken."—It is singular that Lucretius uses the word *factus* in the same sense, (v. 58,) though his atheism deprives the phrase of its real significance.

similar phase of mental history with that of Lucretius. He lived in an age and country of religious darkness, and the very men around him who most felt their wants and misery, had no power to satisfy or remove them. Amidst the religious feeling which might be at work, acting in various and arbitrary directions, hypocrisy and worldliness widely mingled; and every where pressed the unrecognised but yet over-mastering reality—that the national creed was itself not based on the eternal relations of things as fixed by the Creator. The religious fervour, therefore, when it betook itself to its natural channel to flow in—the religion of the people—found nothing to give it sure satisfaction; the internal void remained unfilled. Hence this fervour naturally turned to asceticism and mysticism; the dervishes, fakirs and sufis of the Mohammedan world have risen by a law of the human mind; and we think that the scepticism of Omar Khayyám, and similar writers, is but the result of another similar law. The asceticism and mysticism failed in their turn to give solid peace to the inquirer, and they were soon overlaid by mummeries and deceits,—the earnest enthusiasts died, and their places were too often filled by impostors; and Omar Khayyám is the result of the inevitable re-action. His tetrastichs are filled with bitter satires of the sensuality and hypocrisy of the pretenders to sanctity, but he did not stop there. He could see with a clear eye the evil and folly of the charlatans and empirics; but he was blind, when he turned from these, to deny the existence of the soul's disease, or, at any rate, the possibility of a cure. Here, like Lucretius, he cut himself loose from facts; and in both alike we trace the unsatisfied instincts,—the dim conviction that their wisdom is folly,—which reflect themselves in darker colours in the misanthropy and despair, which cloud their visions of life.

Lucretius, when he resolved to follow his material science to the last, whithersoever it should lead him, built a system for himself in his poem, or rather acted as the exponent and interpreter of the Greek system, which he had embraced. His poem on nature has a professed practical aim—to explain the world's self-acting machine to the polytheist, and disabuse him of all spiritual ideas. Omar Khayyám builds no system,—he contents himself with doubts and conjectures,—he loves to balance antitheses of belief, and settle himself in the equipoise of the sceptic (ἐποχή.) Fate and free will, with all their infinite ramifications and practical consequences,—the origin of evil,—the difficulties of evidence—the immortality of the soul—future retribution,—all these questions recur again and again. Not

that he throws any new light upon these world-old problems, he only puts them in a tangible form, condensing all the bitterness in an epigram. Of this class we subjoin two of the more harmless,—some of the most daring are better left in their original Persian :—

“ I am not the man to fear annihilation ;
That half forsooth is sweeter than this half which we have ;
This life of mine is entrusted as a loan,
And when pay-day comes, I will give it back.

“ Heaven derived no profit from my coming hither,
And its glory is not increased by my going hence ;
Nor hath mine ear ever heard from mortal man,—
This coming and going—why they are at all ? ”

That Omar in his impiety was false to his better knowledge, we may readily admit, while at the same time we may find some excuse for his errors, if we remember the state of the world at that time. His clear strong sense revolted from the prevailing mysticism where all the earnest spirits of his age found their refuge, and his honest independence was equally shocked by the hypocrites who aped their fervour and enthusiasm ; and at that dark hour of man's history, whither, out of Islám, was the thoughtful Mohammedan to repair ? No missionary's step, bringing good tidings, had appeared on the mountains of Persia ; the few Christians who might cross his path in his native land, would only seem to him idolaters ; and even in Europe itself Christianity lay stifled under an incubus of ignorance and superstition ; Christendom came before Omar only in the form of the First Crusade ! These things should be borne in mind, as we study Mohammedan literature. While Arabian and Persian letters were in their glory, Europe was buried in mediæval darkness ; science and learning were in their noon-tide splendour in Bagdad and Cordova, while feudal barbarism brooded over France and England. When we read such a life as Sadi's with its thirty years of adventure and travel, it is strange to mark how entirely the range of his experience is confined to Asia and the Mohammedan world. Almost the only one point of contact with Christendom is his slavery under the crusaders at Tripoli. The same isolation runs through all the golden period of Persian literature ; it was already fast fading into tasteless effeminacy, when the two Sherleys first found their way to the court of Abbas the Great.

We now proceed to add a few of the more striking tetrastichs ; they will serve as further proofs of what we have remarked on the author's singular position among the poets of his country.

None that we know of has written fewer lines, and in none is there so large a proportion of good :—

"The spring-cloud came and wept bitterly above the grass,
I cannot live without the arghuvān-coloured wine ;
This grass is our festal place to-day,
But the grass that grows from our dust, *whose* festal place will it be ?

"Ask not for empire, for life is a moment,
Every atom of dust was once a Kai-kobād or Jamshīd ;
The story of the world and this whole life of ours
Is a dream and a vision, an illusion and a breath.

"When the nightingale raises his lament in the garden,
We must seize, like the tulip, the wine in our hand ;
Ere men, one to the other, in their foolish talk,
Say 'such an one hath seized his cup and is gone !'

"That castle, in whose hall king Bahrām* drained the cup,
There the fox hath brought forth her young and the lion made his lair
Bahrām who his life long seized the deer (*gor*)
See how the tomb (*gor*) has seized him to-day !

"By the running stream and the grass, cupbearer bright as the lamp.
Give the wine, break thy vows, and touch the lute ;
Be glad, for the running stream lifts its voice,—
'I am gone,' it cries, 'and shall never return !'

"Alas ! that the book of youth is folded,
And the fresh purple spring become December ;
That bird of joy, whose name was youth,—
Alas I know not, how he came or is gone !

"Be glad, for the moon of the Eed will be here,
All the means of mirth will soon be well,—
Pale is yon moon, its back bowed, and lean,
You would say it will soon sink in its sorrow.

"Lip to lip I passionately kissed the bowl,
To learn from it the secret of length of days ;
Lip to lip in answer it whispered reply,
'Drink wine, for once gone thou shalt never return !'

"I went last night into a potter's shop,
A thousand pots did I see there, noisy and silent ;
When suddenly one of the pots raised a cry,
'Where is the pot-maker, the pot-buyer, the pot-seller ?'

"In the view of reality, not of illusion,
We mortals are chess-men and fate is the player ;
We each act our game on the board of life,
And then one by one are swept into the box !

* Bahrām Gor, the hunter, was one of the Sassanian dynasty. He reigned A. D. 420—438.

"Yon rolling heavens, at which we gaze bewildered,
Are but the image of a magic lanthorn ;*
The sun is the candle, the world the shade,
And we the images which flit therein.

"Last night I dashed my clay cup on the stone,
And at the reckless freak my heart was glad,
When with a voice for the moment out spake the cup,
'I was once as thou and thou shalt be as I !'"

We would conclude with two more tetrastichs, which may fitly close our imperfect sketch. Omar Khayyám, we have said, was ill-at-ease and unhappy ; his tone of revelry and enjoyment vainly masked the aching void within, and where shall we find a more melancholy dirge than the following over a wasted life, with all its knowledge and genius ?—

"If coming had been in my power, I would not have come,
If going had been in my power, I would not go ;
Oh best of all lots, if in this world of clay
I had come not, nor gone, nor been at all !"

And if the present was dark, darker still seemed the future ;
its darkness made even the present seem bright !

• "Ere Death raises his night attack on thy head,
Bid them bring the rose-red wine.
No gold art thou, poor brainsick fool,
That once buried, they should dig thee out again !"

How different from the feeling of good old Izaak Walton, when he stood by the open grave of his friend Dr. Donne, and thought of "that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust,—but I shall see it re-animated !"

* The *fānūs-i-khiyal* is explained as a lanthorn, which revolves by the smoke of the candle within, and has on the sides of it figures of various animals.

These lanthorns are very common in Calcutta. They are made of a tale cylinder with figures of men and animals cut out of paper and pasted on it. The cylinder, which is very light, is suspended on an axis, round which it easily turns. A hole is cut near the bottom, and the part cut out is fixed at an angle to the cylinder, so as to form a vane. When a small lamp or candle is placed inside, a current of air is produced, which keeps the cylinder slowly revolving. — ED. "C. R."

JOHN LEYDEN.

BY GEORGE SMITH, LL. D.

1. *The Poetical Remains of the late Dr. John Leyden, with Memoirs of his Life.* By the REV. JAMES MORTON. London, 1819.
2. *Asiatic Researches, Vol. X. On the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.* By J. LEYDEN, M. D. Calcutta, 1808.
3. *Asiatic Researches, Vol. XI. On the Rosheniah Sect and its Founder Báyezíd Ansárl.* By J. LEYDEN, M. D. Calcutta, 1810.
4. *Malay Annals. Translated from the Malay Language.* By the late DR. JOHN LEYDEN, with an Introduction, by SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, F. R. S., &c., &c. London, 1821.
5. *Memoirs of Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, written by himself in the Jaghatae Turki, and translated partly by the late J. LEYDEN, and partly by WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ., with Notes and Geographical and Historical Introduction, together with a map of the countries, the Oxus and Jaxartes, and a Memoir regarding its construction.* By CHARLES WADDINGTON, ESQ. London, 1826.
6. *The Edindurgh Annual Register, Vol. IV. Biographical Memoir of John Leyden, M. D.* By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Edinburgh, 1811.
7. *The Complaynt of Scotland, written in 1548, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary.* By JOHN LEYDEN. Edinburgh, 1802.
8. *A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the Eighteenth Century.* By JOHN LEYDEN. Edinburgh, 1799.

THERE are few things so difficult in all literature as to present a fair and honest picture of the life of any man, and especially of such an one as John Leyden. To write without

life and enthusiasm, without entering into the inner nature of the subject of the sketch, and sympathising thoroughly with him in all his experiences, is to produce what is in itself repulsive, and in its results worse than useless. The tendency is rather to give way to that *furor biographicus* which insensibly seizes the pen, and to launch forth on a course of extravagant praise or undeserved and indiscriminating eulogy, in which all faults are hidden, and all drawbacks to the perfect picture kept in the background, or but obscurely hinted at. Such has been too much the usual mode of proceeding in the case of Leyden. The tendency has been to praise him overmuch, and as his biographers and admirers have been usually those of his own country, he has been naturally raised to a place of honour, considerably higher, perhaps, than he would otherwise have filled in the estimation of sober men. There was in Leyden everything calculated to awaken the enthusiasm and call forth the admiration of his countrymen and contemporaries. He appeared at a time when Scotland had ceased to deserve that high reputation for scholarship, which she had gained for herself in the middle ages throughout the whole continent of Europe; her genius for scholarship had become extinct; the spirit of Buchanan and Major, and Leslie had passed away; poverty had, instead of sending her scholars to other lands to gain at once support and renown, checked their growth altogether, and England had completely carried off from her more barren rival the palm of erudition. True, Scotland had never yielded in that which was so emphatically her own—the metaphysical sciences, but of scholarship, in the high English sense of the term, there was but little. That glorious scheme of education which Knox had elaborated and vainly striven to carry out on the absorption of the church lands by the nobles and the state, had never had fair play. Starved and stunted in its infancy, limited to Parish schools, and a few ill-endowed straggling Grammar schools, it had been still further shorn of all power as a means for raising scholars, during the anarchy and national woe of the times of Charles and the Second James. That state of things which in England introduced a ribald and artificial French literature with a foreign court, which converted Dryden into a hypocrite and a sycophant, and polluted the pure streams of our literature, produced no effect in Scotland whatever, but total barrenness and gloomy silence. The big heart of the Scotch nation ceased for a time audibly to beat, her nationality became soon politically extinguished, and her roll of great names miscrably small.

The national system of education established by Knox

was well fitted to diffuse a sound but limited education among the many, but quite unfitted to carry it on to the higher regions of scholarship. Such endowments as Wolsey and Cranmer almost wrested from Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries and previous to that time, had no existence in Scotland. There was no Edward VI., no Elizabeth, under whose fostering care education might grow up a hardy plant, bringing forth the fruits of education and high refinement. What England had in intensity, Scotland had in extension and wide diffusion; and hence from that day to this, while England can point to her many scholars and her accurate learning among the favoured few—albeit her peasantry is ignorant and her lower classes degraded, Scotland can point to her noble yeomen, her intelligent cottars, her well-read peasantry, who are at once her pride and the basis of her universal success in the world. Deficient, however, as the Scotch have generally been in scholarship, they have none the less appreciated its importance, and envied the English its possession, and have at all times been ready to recognise its existence in however modified a form among themselves, to exalt cases which did occur to an undue position, and to look upon them with too flattering eyes. Hence one great source of Leyden's reputation in his own country. He was a scholar, in their eyes a real genuine scholar, who mastered whatever he applied his mind to with wonderful rapidity, who, at an early age, was supposed to shew the fruits of ripe scholarship, and who, in an incredibly short space of time, made himself master of many oriental tongues. The Scotch could triumph with him, they could set him over against Sir William Jones, and he himself almost let them to do so, by professedly making the rivalry, aye, the surpassing of Jones, the great object of his ambition.

A second reason for the over-estimate generally formed of Leyden is the fact that, in all his peculiarities and habits, he was essentially a Scotchman, and to the last he continually gloried in his nationality. This was much more common a century ago than it is now. Placed as the Scotch continually were in the early ages of their history in continual antagonism to the English, they felt themselves driven to assert their separate and independent position, and ever to recur to the fact, circled by so many glowing memories, that they were Scotch. This was increased by the accession of a Scotch king to the English throne, and still more so by the political contests and animosities that were excited at the time of the Union. The migratory habits of the Scotch, too, but deepened this feeling, and

hard, and 'canny,' and 'dour' as they seemed, their feelings were none the less real and intense, because they were deep and seldom manifested. The exile clung to the remembrance of his native land like the Switzer, and years of absence from it only strengthened the cord that bound him to it. This was emphatically the case with Leyden. Real deep affection, and no mere sentiment, filled his breast for Scotland, for the Tweed and the Teviot and the "scenes of infancy," and in both his poems and letters this is most markedly evident. His countrymen appreciated this, and to them he was all the dearer as being emphatically one of themselves.

A third reason for the over-estimation in which, not only Leyden, but all subjects of biography are held, is that the qualities of the man as such, too often interfere with the impartiality of the judgment passed on his writings and his deeds. The 'heart' enters much as an element into the estimate in which a man is held. The warm sympathy that everywhere distinguishes Leyden is infectious, the grand enthusiasm that led him to pursue his favourite objects, to study ten hours a day when under an Indian fever, carries the critic away from soberness and calm decision. We look into his heart and see there all those social virtues that form at once the basis and the undying tie of friendship; we almost seem to feel the firm grasp of the hand of affection, and to look upon the lustrous eye that fascinates and attracts; we join in the merry laugh, or sit down at the jovial feast, and as we listen to the flow of wit and mirth and anecdote, we forget the scholar and the poet in the man, and transfer to the two former that which is only the delightful attraction of the latter. This was greatly the case with Leyden, both in his intercourse with Sir Walter Scott and the wits of the northern metropolis, and in his intimacy with Sir John Malcolm and his Indian friends.

Our estimate of such a man as Leyden is also very much affected by the circumstances and time of his death. His youth and his manhood were alike promising; he had spent no little time and labour in sowing seed, the fruits of which he might reasonably expect soon to pluck. He had laboured for results which were, in part at least, beginning to be apparent, and which he might in time hope to gather in, in all their full fruition. The eyes of scholars of other lands as well as his own were on him, and the best wishes of all accompanied him. The friends of his youth, who had helped and guided him to honours, were ready to welcome him when he returned adorned with them. He had

reached a point in his career, when the sad laborious past was giving way to a golden present, and an auspicious future. He might well have hoped for that future. But it was not so. The tree was struck when covered by blossoms, ere fruit could be gathered, and its desolate branches and riven trunk told to the world the saddest of tales—of hope frustrated, of manhood blighted, of labour lost for this world. Such a fate was well calculated to call forth sympathy, and how easy was it to transfer that from the man to the scholar, and so to raise the reputation of the latter higher than was meet, to look upon him rather as ideal, as what he might possibly have been, had he been spared, than as what he really was !

While, however, we would desire to avoid that lavish praise and indiscriminate eulogy which many, and especially his own countrymen, have heaped upon Leyden, we think that there is much that is interesting in his career as a man, and wonderful in his achievements as a linguist. Let us look a little at the details of his life, and shortly consider those works of his which have come down to posterity, and by which chiefly they may be enabled to judge of him.

He was born in Roxburghshire on the banks of the Teviot—a stream he often celebrates in his poems—September 8th, 1775. Denholm, the village in which he was born, was situated on the old estate of Cavers, whose present proprietor Mr. Douglas has lately become so well-known in religious and philosophical literature. His parents filled but a humble station in life, his father John being a farmer, not on his own account, but as the manager of a farm held by his mother's uncle. Having removed to this farm shortly after his birth, the boy spent his infancy and youth in a simple cottage at the foot of a hill, with wild and rude scenery all around. His biographer says it was such a scene as a poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Like most Scotch children in their earliest years, his home was his school, and here, like Sir W. Jones with his mother, at his grandmother's feet he learned to read, and first manifested that insatiable desire for knowledge of all kinds, which was one of the most marked characteristics of his after life. His library was but small, but was all the more used. As became a Scotch family the Bible was first and foremost, and in the pictured pages of the historical books of the Old Testament, and in the scenes of the life of Christ in the New, he took especial delight. The Bible and the History of Wallace and Bruce, with other parts of Scottish story, were all that his own cottage possessed, but among his neighbours he soon found out such books as Chapman's Homer, Sir David Lindsay's Poems, Milton's

Paradise Lost, and the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Sir Walter Scott tells a characteristic anecdote with reference to the last mentioned work—a work which had no slight influence in tinging his boyish mind with orientalism :—

"A companion had met with an old volume of the Arabian 'Nights' Entertainments, and gave an account of its contents, which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in the possession of a blacksmith's apprentice, who lived at several miles distance from Denholm, and the season was winter. Leyden, however, waded through the snow, to present himself by daybreak at the forge door, and request a perusal of this interesting book in presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He was disappointed, was obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job, and when he found him, the son of vulcan, with a caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume, and he returned home by sunset, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure, for which he would have subjected himself to yet greater privations. This childish history took place when he was about eleven years old; nor is there any great violence in conjecturing that these fascinating tales, obtained with so much difficulty, may have given his youthful mind that decided turn towards oriental learning which was displayed through his whole life, and illustrated by his regretted and too early decease. At least, the anecdote affords an early and striking illustration of the ardour of his literary curiosity, and the perseverance which marked his pursuit of the means for gratifying it."

His education was not, however, confined to books. Even at this early age he was strangely susceptible to the influences of outward nature, and to the gloom, the grandeur, and the desolation of the scenery around him. His boyish soul drank in much of the imagination and fear that spring from these, and in after life he seems to have been in the habit of astonishing his friends with his tales of the terrible and the striking, and with his affected or real belief in the superstitious and supernatural. In all respects he was a Borderer, and grew up as such, retaining all the features that characterised his ancestors in the days of feud and foray, to the last. Had he lived then he would have buckled on his sword with the best of them, blood and burning would have marked his track, the hated Southron would have been the object of his fury, and the gloomy and terrible have predominated in his stern soul. But all these qualities, that would thus have evidenced their existence in such a state of society, found vent in his mad raids into every realm of knowledge, in

his fierce onslaughts on every Eastern tongue, in his indomitable perseverance and unconquerable enthusiasm, in his rough uncouthness of manner, and love of the peculiar and *outré*, and in his warm affection and demonstrative friendship.

But the boy must go to school, and to school he went—the parish school of Kirktown, two miles distant from his cottage. In the short space of three years, during which he received instruction within its walls, he had three masters with long *interregna* between the appointment of each. Luckily they were all good at different studies; with the second he mastered the Latin rudiments, and with the third the intricacies of arithmetic. We fear that to this circumstance, as well as to the natural bent of his disposition, we must look for much of that characteristic of Leyden's mind, which prevented him from reaching the first rank of scholarship. In his early studies he was versatile and desultory, and though his capacious memory prevented him from often falling into the gross and unscholarly sin of inaccuracy, yet the whole build of his attainments was too superficial and extensive. No doubt the frequent change of masters and the long vacations were beneficial to a boy of his temperament in this respect, that they led him to depend more upon himself, to storm the strongholds of knowledge by his own strength, and scale its heights with unaided and daring step. But, on the other hand, his were the mental and social faults of the 'self-educated' man, and he lacked the benefits that glorious *discipline*, that mental training, which, while it does not interfere with the bent of genius, supplements its defects and guides it in a right path; and the habits of mind thus formed continued with him at college, and, throughout all his career. His principle is thus enunciated in his own favourite expression, "Dash it, man, never mind: if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please."

The scholastic career of Leyden at this period is eminently characteristic of that of the majority of Scottish students, and admirably illustrates the greatest of the advantages of the Scottish University system, with all its defects. Poor, almost self-educated, by no means a 'gentleman' in the social sense of the term, he could never, in those days, have dared to aspire to the society and the teaching of an English University. But to such as he, the Scotch ever open their halls with pleasure, and of such as these they make the men who, as pioneers of civilisation, have built up and consolidated our greatest Colonies and our Indian Empire. Men of action as well as thought, with sufficient scholarship to develope, but not to crush native genius, with an independence as rugged, an integrity as firm, and a perseverance as enduring as their own glorious hills, they

have paved the way for civilisation, they have filled the intellectual and working market with skilled labour, they have bound firmly to the British throne that which their stout arms have gained for it. Both classes are necessary to the great work of making this earth God's once more, and restoring the race to their allegiance to Him—both the men of intellectual action and intellectual and erudite quiet. The one can grapple with humanity on a large scale, and lift it up to the platform on which civilisation places it, the other may elevate, extend, and adorn that platform. We cannot enter into a comparison between them; we can only say that India wants, emphatically wants, the former.

Leyden's parents, like so many of the homely rustics of Scotland, wished nothing higher for their son than that he should "wag his head in a poopit," that he should enter the Church of Scotland as a Minister. His wondrous appetite for knowledge, and his past success in his studies justified them in their anticipations of his success. Previous, however, to going to the University of Edinburgh, from 1786 to 1790 he was under the training of Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, which was three miles distant from his home. Here he carried on his studies in Latin with credit, so that in 1790 he set foot within the college walls. He was at this time fifteen years of age, by no means too early, in those days, for beginning a Scotch University education. Andrew Dalzell was at that time Professor of Greek, and through both astonishment and ridicule met the boy when he first stood up in the class with his peculiarities of dress, speech, and manner, he soon won the respect of his fellows, and the approbation of his Professor, by his rapid progress and eager enthusiasm. He soon distanced many, who were ahead of him at the 'start,' and could then afford to laugh at him. Though he thought and said that "he passed muster pretty well when introduced 'to Dr. Parr,' we have no good ground for believing that his attainments in Latin and Greek corresponded with his love for them. The truth is, that his ardent and fickle mind, impelled by an unquenchable craving for a knowledge of something new, soon led him to other studies. He was not in the habit of confining himself to his own classes or his own studies for the session. Like the students of whom St. Augustine in his "Confessions" complains of at both Carthage and Rome, he roamed from lecture-room to lecture-room, but with less noise and more benefit than they. He was throughout all his life a perfect *helluo librorum*, and in the college library and circulating libraries of the city, and in the very book-stalls that so often tempt the student, he indulged to the full.

The close of the session in May did not bring to him such joys, as to the many whose hearts are more in the rest and quiet of home than in the eager pursuit of study. But he still felt a deep pleasure on his return to his native wilds. He was the same boy, yet in mind how different! He had drunk of the pure streams of knowledge, he had striven to quench his thirst at the fountain-head, and yet he was not sated. He made a bower for himself on the bank of the river with a wild cascade near him, and there, looking down on the scenery he has so well described in his scenes of infancy, in quiet he pursued his studies; there, too, he made a furnace for the purpose of pursuing practically the study of chemistry to which his ardent mind had, for a season, turned itself. Another favourite haunt of his was the Parish Church, which was small and the object of superstitious feelings to the peasantry all around. Here, day after day, he quietly ensconced himself, undisturbed and untroubled, and gained for himself the reputation among the neighbouring rustics of being "no canny." Year after year passed on much in this way, the winter was spent at college, the summer at his own home.

The University had at that time many great names connected with it among its professors and students, both of whom had not a little influence on Leyden. Among the former we have, besides Dalzell already mentioned, Playfair, the expounder of Hutton's system, and then in the chair of mathematics, and Dugald Stewart who was then at the height of his renown and usefulness. Among the latter, through the Debating Society which he early joined, he came into contact with Brougham and Horner, with Thomas Brown and William Erskine, and with Robert Lundie, William Gillespie, and Dr. Logan, who afterwards became distinguished ministers in the Church of Scotland. Many are the anecdotes told of his mistakes and difficulties in attempting to speak in this literary society, but with his usual perseverance he finally overcame them all. He was afterwards a member of the famous "Academy of Physics," which existed but two years, but numbered among its members such men as Brown, Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. It was here that his literary talents were much exercised and improved, by the practice which obtained in the society of writing abstracts of, and criticisms on, new works, a practice which finally gave rise to the idea and the plan of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Desultory and various as his studies too often were, throughout the whole of them we see a decided tendency to the linguistic. He loved the study of languages, and he loved, like Mezzofanti, the excitement and triumph of mastering

new ones. Hence he gradually obtained, during his student career, an acquaintance with the modern languages—French, Spanish, Italian, and German, while his divinity studies led him to Hebrew, and from that to Arabic and Persian. The oriental longings of his mind began to take a more definite shape at this time. In the course of his studies he had hitherto kept himself free from that occupation which consumes so many of the valuable hours of the Scotch student, but on which he is too often forced to depend for subsistence—private tuition. In 1796, at the end of the college session, instead of visiting his father and his home as in former years during the summer vacation, he was engaged in his tutorial work in Edinburgh. No work is harder and none more miserably paid—at the rate of from £1 to £2 a month for an hour daily—and yet none is more sought after by the manly and zealous student, whom poverty would otherwise pinch, or at least deprive of his books and opportunities of literary enjoyment. When the successful student meets with much patronage in this way, he too often sacrifices to it the hours that ought to be devoted to study, or, attempting to take his place in the foremost rank of his fellows, falls a prey to sickness and often death; and yet, on the whole, such a life as this raises the best of men, manly, self-dependent, self-denying fellows, who are fitted to do God's work in the earth in their day and generation. Mark Akenside and Thomas Carlyle passed through the same trials.

Leyden soon, through the interest of Professor Dalzell, obtained the permanent situation of tutor in the family of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, two of whose sons he accompanied to the old University of St. Andrew's. There he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Scotch Latinist, Dr. Hunter, by intercourse with whom he was not a little benefited. When at his own studies in the university, as he neared the goal of his parents' ambition, he still pursued his old course of studying all subjects at least superficially. He frequently attended the Medical classes, and there laid in a small stock of knowledge which was afterwards most useful to him. In May 1798, he was finally "licensed," as the Scotch call it, to preach,—licensing being distinct from ordination, and entitling the student, who is meanwhile merely a "probationer," only to preach. He is not ordained so as to have power to administer the sacraments, and to perform the rite of marriage, until he receives a "call" from a congregation to be their permanent and regular pastor. And now he was found not unfrequently in the pulpits of the Edinburgh churches, where, as a critic says, on account of the manner of his delivery and the tones of his voice, "he was not remarkably successful as a preacher, yet by the judicious

"his discourses were justly prized for the impressive vigour of their style, the originality and beauty of the illustrations, which arrested and fixed the attention, and for the sound and rational piety which they breathed." On the whole, he was not, however, an acceptable preacher, nor was his heart fully set to the profession that his parents were so anxious for him to adorn.

Leyden loved literary work and literary society, and the other characteristic of his mind at this time was an ardent longing for travel, for studying on the spot those languages which he had formed a wish to acquire. His desires were, when at St. Andrews', very much inflamed by the publication of Mungo Park's *Travels in Africa*, and the fame which that distinguished traveller had acquired for himself by those discoveries. His feelings found vent, first of all, in an attempt to collect all the information which had been gathered previous to his time regarding that mighty continent. His imagination was filled with the tales told of it, and much of his waking time spent in dreams regarding it. It was then to the learned of Europe very much what India had been to the Greeks of old—the land of myths and monsters, of tribes whose manners were as strange as their habits were barbarous. The imagination of the boy, that had been impressed by the grand and gloomy scenery of Ruberslaw and the Teviot, and had brooded over the tales and traditions of Border story, found now in the unknown and the horrible connected with Africa, a wide field for its delighted exercise. After some hasty reading he issued his first literary work—a work which, like some of the early productions of Sir William Jones, foreshadowed his future as it expressed his longings—"A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlement of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa." It was well received on its publication, for a vein of interesting story and also of the wonderful ran throughout it. It brought him into contact with the admirers of Mungo Park in a strange fashion. Sir Walter Scott thus tells the story:—

"Among Leyden's native hills, however, there arose a groundless report that his work was compiled for the purpose of questioning whether the evidence of Mungo Park went the length of establishing the western course of the Niger. This unfounded rumour gave offence to some of Mr. Park's friends, nicely jealous of the fame of their countrymen, of whom they had such just reason to be proud. And thus, what would have been whimsical enough, the dispute regarding the course of the Niger in Africa had nearly occasioned a feud upon the Scottish Border. For John Leyden happening to be at Hawick while the upper troop of Roxburghshire Yeomanry were quartered here, was told, with many exaggerations, of menaces thrown out

against him, and advised him to leave the town. Leyden was then in the act of quitting the place ; but, instead of expediting his retreat, in consequence of this friendly hint, he instantly marched to the market-place, at the time when the corps paraded there, humming surlily like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a Border Song,

" I've done nae ill, I'll brook nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray I *will* gang."

His appearance and demeanour were construed into seeking a quarrel, with which his critics, *more majorum*, would readily have indulged him, had not friendly interposition appeased the causeless resentment of both parties."

In 1817, the well-known and industrious scholar and compiler, Hugh Murray, made good use of Leyden's work in his "History of African Discoveries."

Thus launched upon the sea of literature, he was not long in entering with full relish on the pleasures of that society of literary men, in which the Scottish metropolis at that time abounded. One now looks back almost with regret on these days, when the northern wits were no mean rivals of the southern, as he sees that the great have passed away and let their mantle fall on but few successors, who are no longer united, as their predecessors were, into a band of literary brothers. London is more attractive now than Edinburgh, and even as old Holyrood was stripped of her glories and her grandeur, when a Scotch King mounted the English throne, and now stands gloomy and desolate, like a widowed queen, so is it with the University and her literary offspring. In the middle of the seventeenth century there were, in the famous "Select Society," Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, David Hume, Adam Smith, the Lord Chancellor Wedderburn, Lord Kames, John Home, Dr. Carlyle, Sir Gilbert Elliot,* Lord Alemoor and others. Of some of these, Gibbon said, "a strong ray of philosophic light has broke from Scotland "in our own times ; and it is with private as well as public "regard that I repeat the names of Hume, Robertson, and "Adam Smith." At the end of the century these men were succeeded by others, well worthy of them and of their achievements. Such names as Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Woodhouselee, Henry Mackenzie, Thomas Campbell, Francis Jeffrey, Leonard Horner, Henry Brougham, Dr. Alexander Murray, and Dr. Robert Anderson, with the associated talent of Sydney Smith and Richard Heber, are well fitted to cast a lustre on any country and any period. But, alas ! they were the last of their race. Great men there

* Afterwards Earl of Minto.

were after them, but they stood isolated and alone. The only approach to such another band was in the select circle that Professor Wilson gathered around him, the greatest of whom undoubtedly were Sir William Hamilton who has now passed away, and Thomas De Quincey, who still, from his quiet retreat near Edinburgh, occasionally delights the world with some specimen of his singular erudition and matchless style.

Leyden was in the society of Scott and the others very much what Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd was with Wilson and the "Blackwood" coterie. Their peculiarities were much the same; while the former excelled as a linguist, the latter was a true poet. Leyden's first introduction to this circle was through Dr. Robert Anderson, with whom he became acquainted and formed a close intimacy so early as 1794. Dr. Anderson was the first to make a collection of the British poets. He was, of all men then in the north, perhaps the most literary, and his advice and aid were welcomed by Leyden. He was editor of the "Edinburgh Literary Magazine," and in it appeared several of his early attempts at poetry, the first being "An Elegy on the Death of a Sister." All his pieces bore the signature "J. L., Banks of the Teviot." They at once attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, and he felt a desire to know their author, which was soon gratified. Through Dr. Anderson, Leyden became acquainted with Dr. Alexander Murray, who was a kindred spirit, and with whom he formed a warm friendship, which was broken off by the death of the latter. He was a distinguished orientalist and linguist, and no man's society was more enjoyed by Leyden than his. He died soon after he had been appointed to the chair of Hebrew in the Edinburgh University. Leyden, in a letter to Dr. Anderson on the death of his friend, thus writes:—The extract is characteristic at once of the warmth of his nature and the philological bent of his mind. "When recently engaged in researches into the several affinities of certain languages in which he was extremely conversant, I felt an anticipation of pleasure from the thought that my enquiries would in due time come under his eye, and undergo the friendly correction of his learned judgment. Alas! this expectation was utterly vain, for the possibility of its being accomplished was already past!"

Another friend who had no little influence on his future life was Richard Heber of Brasenose College, Oxford, famous enough as a scholar and antiquary, though not so well-known as his celebrated brother Reginald—the Bishop

of Calcutta. He had come to Edinburgh to pursue his antiquarian researches, and especially to make investigations into ancient Scottish literature. His introduction to him was characteristic of both parties. Like all students who are book-worms, he was accustomed to ransack the stalls of the many second-hand book-sellers who abounded in the neighbourhood of the University, and none more frequently than that of Archibald Constable.

Great as Constable afterwards was as a publisher, like Lackington in London, and the brothers Chambers in Edinburgh at the present time, he began life as the "keeper of a small book-shop." Heber was a frequenter of this shop as well as Leyden, and not only appreciated the collection of books, but their young possessor. On one occasion he was hunting for MSS. or books that might be of use to Sir Walter Scott in the publication, which he was then contemplating, of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and happening to fall into conversation with Leyden, he discovered, to his amazement, that Border Ballads and traditions were what he was quite *au fait* in. He felt that he had found out what was superior to either MSS. or books—a veritable rough diamond, and was not long in making the discovery known to Scott. Recognising in him the "J. L." of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, he was anxious to form his acquaintance. This was speedily accomplished, and thus through Heber and Scott, our hero obtained the right of *entrée* into the highest literary circles of the Scottish metropolis. All the names we have already given as constituting it, became well-known personally to him, as well as William Erskine from his own native district.

Leyden's connexion with Sir Walter Scott was throughout a most pleasant one. Scott thus describes his introduction to him: "He became intimate in the family of Mr. Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad-romance and Border Antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception." He gave great assistance to Scott in his literary pursuits, and with most enthusiastic zeal rendered him no slight service in the compilation of his "Minstrelsy." Lewis at this time (1801) was engaged in the publication of his "Tales of Wonder," and Leyden contributed to the collection his ballad "The Elf-King." To the Minstrelsy he contributed what Lockhart has called "those highly spirited pieces"—The Court of Keldar, Lord Soulis and The Mermaid. In the second volume, Scott acknowledges his obligations to him for great assistance in his Dissertation on Fairies. He had high ideas of the work that

Scott projected, and when his printer Ballantyne thought that a single volume would be sufficient for the collection of old Ballads, Leyden burst forth in his usual style "Dash it, does 'Mr. Scott mean another thin thing, like Goetz of Berchilingen? 'I have more than that in my head myself; we shall turn out 'three or four such volumes at least.'" Scott tells a characteristic anecdote of him in this matter:—

"In this labour, he was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of a whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chaunting the desiderated ballad, with the most enthusiastic gestures. It turned out, that he had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

When Scott was engaged on his "Sir Tristram" and applied to Ellis for his opinion of it, he spoke thus of Leyden: "These pages are transcribed by Leyden, an excellent young man of uncommon talents, patronized by Heber, and who is 'of the utmost assistance to my literary undertakings.'" If a subsequent letter to him he says, "Leyden has taken up a 'most absurd resolution to go to Africa on a journey of discovery. Will you have the goodness to beg Heber to write to 'him seriously on so ridiculous a plan, which can promise nothing 'either pleasant or profitable. I am certain he would get a 'church in Scotland with a little patience and prudence, and it 'gives me great pain to see a valuable young man of uncommon 'genius and acquirements fairly throw himself away."

While most active in assisting Scott, he was not a little engaged with other undertakings. He had the opportunity, in 1800, of making a tour through the Highlands with two young foreigners, and occupied his leisure in hunting for original passages of the poems of Ossian. The result was, that he was inclined to favour their authenticity, but the enthusiasm of his nature, no doubt, led him somewhat farther than his very scanty evidence warranted. The poetical fruits of his journey were seen in two ballads published in the third volume of the "Minstrelsy"—Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin. When at Aberdeen he visited Pro-

fessor Beattie, famous at that time both as a philosopher and a poet. He was possessor of the only extant copy of a Scotch Poem written in 1723, entitled 'Albania.'* Beattie allowed him to copy it, and he afterwards published it along with "Wilson's Clyde," in a volume called "Scottish Descriptive Poems," 1802. On the recommendation of Dr. Anderson and Mr. Heber, Constable employed him to prepare a new edition of the old work, the "Complaynt of Scotland," described as "an ancient and singularly looking tract bearing that title, writ-

* Mr. John Hill Burton, in his History of Scotland, thus speaks of it:—

"Though the poet's countrymen preserved no notice of his individuality, the poem in its day attracted the notice of Aaron Hill, who said of its author—

"Known, though unnamed, since, shunning vulgar praise,
Thy muse would shine, and yet conceal her rays"

The commencement, though so common a thing as an invocation, is expressed with so much beauty and power, that had there been a feeling to appreciate poetry, it must have at once stood prominently forth from the current literature of the day.

"O loved Albania I hardy nurse of men,
Holding thy silver cross, I worship thee
On this thy old and solemn festival,
Early, ere yet the wakeful cock has crowed.
Hear I goddess hear I that on the beryl stood
Enthroned of old, and 'mid the waters' sound,
Reign'st far and wide o'er many a sea-girt spot.
Oh smile I—whether on high Dunedin thou
Guardest the steep and iron-bolted rock,
Where, trusted, lie the monarchy's last gems—
The sceptre, sword, and crown that graced the brows,
Since father Fergus, of a hundred, kings:
Or if, along the well-contested ground
The warlike border land thou marchest proud
In Teviotdale, where many a shepherd dwells,
By lovely winding Tweed or Cheviot brown."

The most curious peculiarity of this poem, perhaps, is that, with patriotic aspirations and picturesque allusions to the wild local superstitions, there is interwoven a kind of inventory of the material productions of Scotland, in which the author handles the most humble domestic elements with a beauty that reminds one of the lobsters and flounders in the Raphaelite arabesques.

"And hence the loving sea thy eastern coast
Supplies with oysters soft and lobsters red,
And turbot, far-requested for his white
And mellow flesh—sea-pheasant often named;
And bearded cod, and yellow ling Nor now
Can I rehearse the kind of mackerel streaked,
Omen of derth if too abundant found;
Nor angel fish, vivacious and broad,
Hung up in air and seasoned with the wind;
Nor perch, whose head is spangled red and blue,
Foreboding woeful wars, as fishers swear;
Nor ravenous seal, that suckleth on the shore
Her hairy young, unawed by eye of man
Her meeting oft at sunset on the coast
Of Angus fruitful land of vital grain,
The wanton damsel mocks, and children join
Insultant to provoke with rustic names."

"ten by an uncertain author about the year 1548." Few old works* needed so many comments and explanations as this, so that Leyden had full opportunity to pour forth that mass of curious erudition which he had accumulated in his desultory reading. He shewed himself to be a thorough Scotch Antiquarian, and attracted the notice of the notorious Ritson, who so snarled at Bishop Percy, the Venerable Bishop of Dromore.

Ritson's general bad temper, and especially his hatred to Scotchmen, were well-known. Still, in a journey which he made to Scotland the summer after the publication of the 'Complaynt,' he sought out Leyden, was delighted with him, and actually strove to be amiable:—

"The friendship, however, between these two authors was broken off by Leyden's running his Border hobby-horse a full tilt against the Pythagorean palfrey of the English antiquary. Ritson, it must be well remembered, had written a work against the use of animal food ;

* Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary," in his exquisite description of the arts by which Jonathan Oldbuck was in the habit of possessing himself of rare works, alludes to the "Complaynt of Scotland." The whole passage is so characteristic of the habits of the students and scholars of those days, that we give it entire. Oldbuck is displaying his collection to his friend Mr. Lovel, and after alluding in terms of high admiration to the happy, thrice happy, snuffly Davie, who had a reputation and a success as a collector far above his own, he thus speaks:

"Even I, sir, though far inferior in industry and discernment and presence of mind to that great man, can shew you a few, a very few, things^d which I have collected, not by force of money, as any wealthy man might—although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained in a manner that shews I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them an hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm book, Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the Complete Syren, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland, I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, Saint Mary's Wynd, —wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling on a half-penny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article!—how have I trembled lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise! And then, Mr. Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the consideration, and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference, while the hand is trembling with pleasure!—Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by shewing them such a treasure as this—(displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primer) to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile under a veil of mysterious consciousness our own superior knowledge and dexterity—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and sedulous attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands!"

Leyden, on the other hand, maintained it was a part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether the substance was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked; and he concluded a tirade to this purpose, by eating a raw beef-steak before the terrified antiquary, who never afterwards could be prevailed upon to regard him except as a kind of learned Ogre. This breach, however, did not happen till they met in London, previous to Leyden's leaving Britain."

Leyden added to his other literary pursuits the editorship of the *Scott's Magazine*, in which he was assisted by Hugh Murray. Scott tells us that he was first introduced to the poet Campbell by Leyden. Leyden and Campbell, however, afterwards quarrelled. When Scott repeated 'Hohenlinden' to him he said—"Dash it, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Scott says in his journal, "I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation.' The feud was therefore in the way of being taken up. 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said 'Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!'"

This introduces us to Leyden in his relationship to India, and we only regret that we have been able to find out but little information on this interesting subject, beyond what is generally given by authors who have already sketched his life. The Indian part of his career is, in recorded incident, naturally the most meagre, for he had no longer such a friend and admirer by his side as Scott, and few records have been preserved of his Indian career beyond what he himself gives us in his letters. The only men who could have filled up the outline with rare anecdote and interesting story were Malcolm, Erskine, and Sir J. Mackintosh, and they have now passed away. The first of these saw much of him, and not a little wondered with a sort of admiration at the eccentricity of his genius, the depth of his perseverance, and the warm sympathies of his nature. The second has, like Leyden, left but little fruit, considering the extent of his scholarship and the expectation of his friends, while even at his short distance of time it is difficult to get at the leading facts of his own life. The third, Sir J. Mackintosh, did not come much into contact with Leyden, being always at Bombay, though his unpublished researches into philological subjects and languages were (on his departure from India) handed over by him to Leyden, that he might make use of them in his own publications.

Of these friends William Erskine was perhaps, when in Scotland, the most intimate with Leyden. He, as well as Sir

John Malcolm, and Lord Minto, the Governor-General who was Leyden's kind patron, came from Leyden's district—the banks of the Teviot, and after spending the greater part of his youth and early manhood at Edinburgh, he went along with his friend Sir J. Mackintosh to Bombay, on his being appointed Recorder of that Presidency. There his friend soon appointed him to an office in his court, and he subsequently presided over the Small Cause Court, strengthening still further his intimacy with Mackintosh by becoming his son-in-law. Like Leyden he entered on the pursuit of Oriental studies with burning enthusiasm, devoting his attention more especially to the early and to the Mohammedan History of India. With Leyden, as we shall afterwards see, he translated the "Memoirs of the Emperor Baber," and his "History of India under Baber and Humayoon" * gave promise of great results. But like Leyden, though not so early, he was cut off ere he could realize the well-founded hopes of his admirers, and give to the world a complete and worthy history of the Mohammedans in India.

Leyden had now been a few years a "Probationer" in the Church, and had not yet obtained any definite employment in it. He began to feel that he must have some more stable staff on which to lean through life than his literary efforts, which, after all, were more by way of recreation than as a means of support. We have already seen how his attention had been directed to Africa, and how his imagination had been fed, and his desires excited by the publication of Mungo Park's Travels. He went so far in his scheme, that he actually offered himself to the Sierra Leone Company, that he might be appointed to undertake a journey of discovery. All his friends objected, but he used to answer them in the words of Ossian "Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead." This was in 1802. His friends, seeing that his ardent spirit could not be checked, turned his attention to India, as a sphere where his abilities might be better appreciated, and he would have many opportunities of adding to his stock of linguistic knowledge. All of them, accordingly, interested themselves in the scheme, and none more so, nor with better success, than Sir Walter Scott. We find him writing at this time to his new friend George Ellis, the well-known author of "Specimens of the Early English Poets." "Some prospect seems to be open for getting Lyden out to India, under the patronage of Mackintosh, who goes as chief of the intended academical establishment at Calcutta. That he is highly qualified for

* Reviewed in Volume XXV., p. 285.

"acting a distinguished part in any literary undertaking
"will be readily granted; nor do I think Mr. Mackintosh
"will meet with many half so likely to be useful in the
"proposed institution. The extent and versatility of his talents
"would soon raise him to his level, even although he were
"at first in a subordinate department. If it be in your power
"to second his application, I rely upon Heber's interest
"with you to induce you to do so." A month later he again
writes, "I am infinitely obliged to you, indeed, for your in-
"terference in behalf of our Leyden, who, I am sure, will do
"credit to your patronage, and may be of essential service to
"the proposed mission. What a difference from broiling him-
"self, or getting himself literally broiled, in Africa 'Que diable
"vouloit-il faire dans cette galère?' His brother is a fine
"lad, and is likely to enjoy some advantages which he wanted,
"I mean by being more early introduced into society." Scott
again and again returns to the subject in his letters at this
period, and uses all his influence in behalf of his friend. On
27th December 1801, he again writes, Ellis, "I am truly
"anxious about Leyden's Indian journey, which seems to hang
"fire. The various kinds of distress under which literary
"men, I mean such as have no other profession than letters,
"must labour, in a commercial country, is a great disgrace
"to society. I own to you, I always tremble for the fate of
"genius when left to its own exertions, which, however power-
"ful, are usually, by some bizarre dispensation of nature, useful
"to every one but themselves. If Heber could learn by
"Mackintosh, whether anything could be done to fix Leyden's
"situation, and what sort of interest would be most likely to
"succeed, his friends here might unite every exertion in his
"favour."

The influence of Scott, Heber and Ellis, was effectual. The well-known William Dundas was at that time in the Board of Control, and he at once met the wishes of Leyden's friends. But the only appointment that was left, the last of the season, was that of Assistant Surgeon in the Madras Presidency. Leyden had no regular medical knowledge, and it was necessary that in six months he should pass for the degree of M. D. This, which to any other man would have been a blow, was to Leyden a grand opportunity of following the bent of his mind, and manifesting his power of will and intense application. He at once set himself to the study of medicine, and laboured at it incessantly. He was assisted by Mr. John Bell, then the most distinguished Surgeon in Edinburgh, and in six months obtained his diploma as surgeon in what was then the highest of Medical Schools, and obtained it, too, with

credit. With his usual frankness he boasted of the deed, which effectually prevented his obtaining his degree of M. D. in Edinburgh. He gained it at St. Andrew's. He was now all the physician, and ludicrous stories are told of him at this time, even as of Dr. Goldsmith in similar circumstances. It may be remembered that Dr. Milner, the quondam employer of the latter at the Peckham School, promised to use his influence with an East India Director to obtain him an appointment in India, and he was nominated "Physician and Surgeon to one of the factories on the Coromandel Coast," with a salary of £100, and prospects of private practice to the extent of £1,000. But, alas, for Goldsmith, though perhaps happily for his future patients, the appointment was given to another candidate, and his patron died. There is much that is like Leyden's career in the life of Goldsmith at this period :—

"The sudden change of his profession gave great amusement to some of his friends, especially when a lady having fainted in a crowded assembly, Dr. Leyden advanced to her assistance, and went through the usual routine of treatment with all the gravity which beseeemed his new faculty. In truth, the immediate object of his studies was always, in season and out of season, predominant in Leyden's mind ; and just about this time he went to the evening party of a lady of the highest rank with the remnants of a human hand in his pocket, which he had been dissecting in the morning, and on some question being stirred about the muscular action, he was with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained. The character of Leyden cannot be understood without mentioning these circumstances that are allied to oddity ; but it is not so easy to body forth those qualities of energy, application, and intelligence, by which he dignified his extravagancies, and vindicated his assumption of merit, far less to paint his manly, generous, and friendly disposition."

Though Leyden had thus satisfied the India House as to his medical acquirements, it was never intended that his time in India should be devoted to the practice of the profession which he had thus, so to speak, stormed. The merits and capabilities of Leyden were well understood by Dundas, and he knew that in sending Leyden to India, he was advancing the then rising cause of Orientalism in all, but especially its linguistic forms. He was appointed, however, to the Madras medical service, and great was his joy when he felt secure of being raised above that poverty which he had lately begun to contemplate with fear, of being freed from that dependence on mere literary effort which has been well termed, by one who had felt it to be so in his bitter experience,—a crutch,—and of having opportunities of pursuing his studies and

distinguishing himself as an Orientalist, of which he had often dreamed, but which he had hardly dared to hope he would ever obtain.

Amid all his pleasure in the anticipation of a bright Indian career, he felt not a little, for the moment at least, as he said farewell to that circle of friends which his genius had created, his eccentricities amused, and his warm enthusiasm had attached to himself. At the close of 1802, he revisited the old haunts which he was even at that time engaged in marrying to verse, certainly not immortal, and took a last farewell of those scenes towards which he often looked longingly in imagination afterwards when in a foreign land, and of which he sometimes sung, as in his Ode to an Indian Gold Coin :—

“ By Chérical’s dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my walking dreams
Of Teviot lov’d while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous pil’d
By Esk or Eden’s classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smil’d
Uncurs’d by thee, vile yellow slave !”

Then, too, he bade his parents adieu, and we can understand the stern, old, honest yeoman, his father, resigning his son as a matter of duty, and as he checked the paternal tear and hurried the paternal farewells, sending him forth with his blessing. •

He had fairly started but—

“ Some accident changed his purpose, and his unexpected arrival at Edinburgh was picturesque and somewhat startling. A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk over his merits, and to drink in Scottish phrase, his *bonallie*. While about the witching hour they were crowning a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman’s cloak and travelling cap, covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tone with which he exclaimed, “Dash it, boys, here I am again !” The start with which this unexpected apparition was received, was a subject of great mirth at the time, and the circumstance has been often recalled by most of the party with that mixture of pleasure and melancholy which attaches to the particulars of a last meeting with a beloved and valuable friend.”

Scott thus writes on the subject of Leyden’s departure, “How truly vexatious that such a man should embark, not for “the *finēs Atticæ*,’ but for those of Asia ; that the Genius “of Scotland, instead of a poor *Complaint*, and an address “in the style of ‘*Navis, quæ tibi creditum debes Virgilium—* “*reddas incolumem, precor ;*’ should not interfere to prevent

"his loss." A few months before Leyden left, he had accompanied Scott to the Borders. They returned "loaded with the treasures of oral tradition." At the close of 1802, Leyden left Scotland for ever, and went up to London to make all necessary arrangements for setting out for the East. There, through the kindness of George Ellis and Richard Heber, he met with many friends. He accompanied Heber to Oxford, and by him was introduced to his brother Reginald—the future Bishop, Bishop Cleaver, and several of the Professors. In London he was introduced to Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Abercorn and the Honorable Mr. Greville. By them he received strong recommendations to Lord William Bentinck who had just been appointed Governor of Madras. Leyden afterwards found these recommendations of great use to him.

He received orders to leave about the middle of January 1803, by the *Hindustan*, but could not set sail in her as he was unwell when the time came for embarkation. He gives a humorous account of the whole in a letter to Mr. Ellis:—

"You will no doubt be surprised at my silence, and, indeed, I cannot account for it myself; but I write you now from the lobby of the East-India House, to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for without his interference I should certainly, this precious day, have been snug in Davy's locker. At my arrival in town, or rather on my journey. I was seized with violent cramps in the stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid*, told me either to proceed to the Downs, or to vacate the appointment. Neither of these alternatives were much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least 50*l.* or 60*l.* sterling, which I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the water, would not return even after many days. I, however, passed the principal forms, and was examined by Dr. Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success, but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from ten till four each day, that Dr. Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Tamalic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the *Hindustan* without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence out of town, and Ellis, even in the

distressed state of his family, as Lady Parker is just dying, and several others dangerously unwell of his relations, was my only resource. That resource, however, succeeded, and I have just got permission to go in the *Hugh Inglis* to Madras, and am at the same time informed that the *Hindustan*, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About fifty individuals have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb, "He that is born to be hanged," &c. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever."

He finally arranged to go by the *Hugh Inglis*, which left on 7th April 1803. Meanwhile he continued to employ his time in preparing for the press his "Scenes of Infancy," which he intended to leave as a legacy to his friends and his native land. Its concluding portions are filled with allusions to many of these friends, and give vent to his feelings as he contemplated his departure. He chose Ballantyne as his printer, and was enabled to correct the final sheets ere he left. Dr. Thomas Brown who himself had tasted, if he had not drunk deep of, the Pierian spring, conducted the work through the press, and at Leyden's request exercised his critical skill on it, but in a manner that called forth a playfully indignant remonstrance from the author when it was too late. He had at first intended to call the poem "The Vale of Teviot," but exile with its sadness, bringing, as it does, the associations of the past crowding into the present, caused him to change its name.

He sailed from Portsmouth in April 1803, and found to his delight, in those days of tedious Indian voyages, much in the society of his fellow passengers that made the hours pass quickly by. He especially enjoyed intercourse with Robert Smith the brother of Sydney, who with his wife was looking towards Bengal. He reached Madras on the 19th of August—rather a speedy voyage for these times. The most striking incident in the course of it was a mutiny, in putting down which Leyden gave the most courageous assistance. He must himself describe his first impressions:—

"We landed after passing through a very rough and dangerous surf, and being completely wetted by the spray, and were received on the beach by a number of the natives, who wanted to carry us from the boat on their naked, greasy shoulders, shining with cocoa oil. I leapt on shore with a loud buzza, tumbling half a dozen of them on the sand, but the sun was so excruciatingly hot, that my brains seemed to be boiling, for which reason I got into a palankeen, and proceeded to the principal inn. On my way thither, wishing to speak to one of my messmates, I overset the palankeen by leaning incautiously to one side, and nearly tumbled head foremost into the street. At the inn I was tormented to death by the impertinent persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar as long

as you are reckoned a griffin, or new-comer. I then saw a number of jugglers, and fellows that play with the hooded snake a thousand tricks, though its bite is mortal; and among the rest I saw a fellow swallow a sword. You are not to suppose, however, that this was a Highland broad sword, or even a horseman's sabre; it was only a broad piece of iron, perfectly blunt at the edges. I then set out to survey the town in the self-same palankeen. The houses had all of them an unearthly appearance, by no means consonant to our ideas of Oriental splendor. The animals differed a good deal from ours, the dogs looked wild and mangy, their hair stood on end, and they had all the appearance of being mad. The cows and bullocks had all bunches on their shoulders, and their necks low, and apparently bowed beneath the burden. The trees were totally different from any that I had seen, and the long hedges of prickly aloes, like large house leeks in their leaves; and spurge, whose knotted and angular branches seemed more like a collection of tape worms than any thing else. The dress of the natives was so various and fantastic, as quite to confuse you; and their complexions of all kinds of motely hues, except the healthy European, red and white. Can you be surprised that my curiosity was so thoroughly satisfied that I even experienced a considerable degree of sickness, and felt all my senses so dazzled and tormented, that my head ached, and my ears tingled, and I was so completely fatigued by the multitude of new sensations which crowded on me on every side, that to free myself from the torment, like an ox tormented with gad-flies, I took to the water, and got again on ship-board with more satisfaction than I had desecried land after a five months' voyage. The first night I slept ashore I was waked by my side smarting very severely, and rolling myself on my side, discovered, with very little satisfaction, that the smart was occasioned by a large animal, which I imagined to be a snake. As the chamber was dark, I disengaged myself from it with as little hustle and violence as possible, not wishing to irritate such an antagonist. With great pleasure I heard it make its way from the couch to the floor, and with great *sang-froid* lay down to sleep again as quietly as my blistered side would permit. On the morn, however, I discovered it to be a large lizard, termed a blood-sucker here, which nods with its head when you look at it, and it saluted me with a nod from the window like Xailoun's cousin, the Karduan in the Arabian Tales, which saluted him so kindly, though it would not condescend to enter into conversation."

And now Leyden was fairly in India. He had reached the land of his longings and of his dreams—"perhaps the first "British traveller," Scott says, "that ever sought India, moved "neither by the love of wealth nor of power, and who, despising alike the luxuries commanded by the one, and the "pomp attached to the other, was guided solely by the wish of "extending our knowledge of oriental, literature, and distinguishing himself as its most successful cultivator." The only British traveller it may be, but Wilford and the younger Schlegel,

the former a Hanoverian and the latter an Austrian, may be included in the list.

Like all newly-arrived assistant surgeons, Leyden at first did duty in the Madras Hospital,—and duty in reality, not nominally as is too often the case, for he had almost sole charge of it for four months. But though his pursuits were much more of a professional character than he had expected, or indeed his friends had bargained for, he lost not a moment in setting himself to the study of the languages of South India. We have seen that he had before leaving England, received very strong recommendations to the favourable notice and assistance of the Governor of Madras—Lord W. Bentinck. He interested himself in him, and appointed him to an office more suited to his genius and his likings, than his temporary duties in the hospital. The war with Tippoo Sultan had resulted, in 1799, in placing the whole of his territories at our feet, so that we became masters of the whole of Mysore. Wellesley, even with all his genius and daring, felt no little difficulty in disposing of it, though there was his ally the Nizam to share it with him. In the division that he finally made, a large share fell to the Nizam; a second kingdom was created yielding in revenue thirteen lacs of pagodas, which was made over on certain conditions to the direct male descendant of the ancient Mysore Rajahs, who had been imprisoned by Hyder Ally and Tippoo. He was a mere child, and the conditions on which he received the honour were such, that the English could at any moment put down any attempt against their own power on his part, and use him as an ally in their contests with other states. The third part the Governor-General kept for the the British, to pay the expenses of the war, and to afford security against future aggression on the part of the native states. He selected the districts to be annexed with much foresight and political prudence. They ran contiguously from coast to coast, connecting the British territory on the east with that on the west; they comprehended a vast extent of the Malabar coast and the whole of Coimbatore and Daramporam; they included all the principle strongholds, passes, and forts in the Ghauts, Wynaad, and Seringapatam itself. Such were the arrangements made by the Partition Treaty of Mysore.

Lord William Bentinck, when at the head of the Madras Government in 1808, was anxious that the whole of this valuable territory should be carefully surveyed and reported on, and a Commission was accordingly appointed with Major Mackenzie at its head. Leyden was nominated to the desirable post of Surgeon and Naturalist to the Commissioners, with whom he set out on the 9th of June of that year. This was

really the first starting point in his Indian history, which was brought to so sudden a close three years afterwards. Their route lay through Bangalore and Seringapatam, Soonda, close to Goa, and south by the western Malabar Coast to Cape Comorin. Such a road laid open to the delighted eyes of Leyden the whole of South India, and gave him opportunities of mastering its dialects, such as few had previously enjoyed. Nor did he confine his observations and studies to languages. True to his new profession and the office that he held, he studied the diseases and cures of the natives, the geological or rather,—as Geology was then but little known as a science, the mineralogical character of the strata, and the agricultural capabilities of the districts through which he passed. Much of the information that he thus collected he sent in, formally, to the Government that had appointed him. How much is it to be regretted that records were not published in those days, as now. He met with not a few adventures, also, in a country much of which had never yet been visited by a European.

But the excitement and fatigues of a Survey party were too much for his constitution, and after five months of these, he was obliged to leave his fellows just when entering the districts of Wynaad and Coimbatore. He returned to Seringapatam, the subject of what has sent so many Europeans to an early grave, and so many back to their own land—liver complaint. He was most kindly received by Colonel Wilks, whose acquaintance he had made when there before, and he met with Sir John Malcolm who was his countryman and fellow Borderer. Malcolm was at this time returning to his old appointment of Resident of Mysore, looking forward to rest and leisure for the composition of his *History of Persia*. He pounced upon Leyden, and considered him a perfect treasure amid the dullness as well as the literary labour on which he was about to enter, and at once carried him off from his Assistant's house to his own. There Leyden speedily recovered, and almost renewed the days of his early life in the Hawick country, and his intercourse with the Edinburgh wits. The following, mentioned by his biographer, gives us an insight into the pleasant life that he led :—

“When Leyden was at Mysore, an occurrence took place, which shewed that ill-health had neither subdued his spirit, nor weakened his poetical powers. His host, Sir John Malcolm, one morning before breakfast, gave him back his poem of the “*Scenes of Infancy*,” which he had borrowed a few days before ;—on looking at the title-page, Leyden observed that Sir John had written with a pencil the stanzas which follow :—

"Thy muse, O Leyden, seeks no foreign clime,
For deeds of fame, to twine her brow with bays;
But finds at home whereon to build her rhyme,
And patriot virtues sings in patriot lays.

'Tis songs like thine that lighten labour's toil,
That rouse each generous feeling of the heart,
That bind us closer to our native soil,
And make it death from those we love to part.

'Tis songs like thine that make each rugged wild,
And barren heath, to Scotia's sons more dear
Than scenes o'er which fond nature partial smil'd,
And rob'd in verdure thro' the varied year.

'Tis songs like thine that spread the martial flame,
Mid Scotia's sons, and bid each youth aspire
To rush on death, to gain a deathless name,
And live in story like his glorious sire.

While the clear Teviot thro' fair meads shall stray,
And Esk, still clearer, seeks the Western main;
So long shall Border maidens sing thy lay,
And Border youths applaud the patriot strain."

"Leyden read these verses once or twice over, with much apparent satisfaction, and then exclaimed, 'What! attack me at my own trade; this must not be. You gentlemen,' addressing himself to two or three who were in the parlour, 'may go to breakfast, but I will neither eat nor drink, until I have answered this fine compliment.' He retired to his room, and in less than half an hour, returned with the following lines, addressed to Colonel Malcolm:—

"Bred mid the heaths and mountain swains,
Rude nature charm'd my early view;
I sigh'd to leave my native plains,
And bid the haunts of youth adieu.

Soft as I trac'd each woodland green,
I sketch'd its charms with parting hand;
That memory might each fairy scene
Revive within this eastern land.

Careless of fame, nor fond of praise,
The simple strains spontaneous sprung,
For Teviot's youths I wrote the lays,
For Border-maids my songs I sung.

Enough for me if these impart
The glow to patriot virtue dear;
The free born soul, the fearless heart,
The spirit of the mountaineer.

Torn from my native wilds afar,
Enough for me if souls like thine,
Unquench'd beneath the eastern star,
Can still appiaud the high design.

We shall soon see how his intimacy with Malcolm was renewed in different circumstances. Having, as he thought, almost completed his recovery, he set out towards the Malabar Coast, passing through Coorg, Cheral and Cotiote, determined to perfect his health by a sea-voyage. He reached Cananore, and being deterred by the monsoons from sailing, as he had intended, to Bombay, spent a few months with great delight amid the temples, tongues, and peoples of Calicut, Cochin, and Travancore. Sanscrit, Persian, and Hindustani had been occupying not a little of his leisure, in addition to the list of languages which he himself details,—Arabic, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian. He was particularly *au fait* at Tamal, translating some inscriptions in an old dialect of it, and written in a character called "Lada Lippee, or Verraggia," which he made out by 'comparison.' His versatility is farther seen from his successful attempt to interpret the "Tambuca Shashanas, or brazen inscriptions, belonging to the Jews of Cochin." At the end of September he embarked at Quilon in a Parsee vessel for Penang, which he reached on the 22nd of October. Amid all this, his friends in Scotland had not forgotten him. Scott writes to George Ellis that he had heard news of his bad health, "such, indeed, as to give room to apprehend the very worst."

This introduces us to the *second* period of Leyden's short Indian career—his residence at Penang. During his stay in the Madras Presidency, and his rambles throughout its wide and then little known extent, he had had opportunities of studying with all his characteristic ardour, and at the same time his unscholarly versatility, the South Indian, or, as they are now called, Dravidian family of languages. He had now an opportunity of acquiring on the spot and in circumstances even more favourable than the great Indo-Chinese linguist, Marsden, had enjoyed, the whole class of Malay dialects and tongues; and to their study he devoted himself with the greatest eagerness and success. In 1805, the Court of Directors had resolved to form an establishment in Penang, and entertained high hopes of its value and importance in the future, which have never been realised. He found the infant Government in full order, and with the leading members of it he speedily became intimate. The society consisted in the beginning of 1806, only of Mr. Philip Dundas, the Governor; Mr. John Oliphant, first member of Council; Mr. Pearson, Secretary, and Mr. Raffles, Assistant Secretary. While all of these, and especially the Governor, shewed Leyden not a little kindness, a warm friendship at once sprang up between him and Raffles.

He was his guest during the greater part of his stay in the island, and together they pursued their linguistic studies, while each thoroughly appreciated and entered into the tastes of the other. The fruits of his studies, assisted by Raffles, were shortly seen in his Dissertation, and in his translation of the "Malay Annals."

In the verses "The Dirge of the Departed Year," which he addressed on his departure from Penang to 'Olivia,' the wife of Mr. Raffles, he expresses his regret at leaving the island, and the friends whose society he had so much enjoyed. The melancholy induced by his frequent sickness had not passed, and in its sadly closing lines, we have his own anticipations as to an early grave,—

"Friends of my youth, for ever dear,
Where are you from this bosom fled?
A lonely man I linger here,
Like one that has been long time dead.

"Foredoom'd to seek an early tomb,
For whom the pallid grave flowers blow,
I hasten on my destined doom
And sternly mock at joy or woe."

With the departing 1805 he left Penang for Calcutta, the *third* scene of his Indian experiences. He sailed in a Portuguese vessel, the "*Santo Antonio*." In his Journal we find the usual traces of a mind that was ever active and observant, that was ever restless in its search after "Eastern lore." Confined for three weeks amid the disagreeables of a country trader, he passed his time in noticing the crew, speculating as to their origin, and making enquiries as to Macao, the settlement from which most of them had come.

On the eighth day of February 1806, John Leyden landed in Calcutta. His reputation, and, we may add, his notoriety, had gone before him, and his firm friend, Sir John Malcolm, was ready to receive him and introduce him to the scholars who then adorned Calcutta society by their genius and their learning. Sir W. Jones had landed in 1783, with similar desires to sound the depths of Oriental lore, but with a higher enthusiasm, for he had a brighter destiny before him, and a more accurately trained and extensively cultivated mind. In 1794 he died, but left behind him his works, his followers, and the Asiatic Society, as monuments of the most distinguished scholar that England has yet sent to the East. Twelve years after his death, when Leyden visited Calcutta, the fruits of his labours were still evident, and the Asiatic Society was still worthy of its founder. The

College of Fort William was still what Wellesley had wished it to be—a nursery of scholars and the promoter of Orientalism, and Lord Minto was a worthy successor of Wellesley. In the brilliant society of the capital, Leyden found many of congenial tastes and habits, and many so far advanced in the Sanskrit class of languages, that he was quickened to increased exertion in what to him was almost a new study. For more than a year his health was not sufficiently recovered to allow of his filling any office. A large part of this time he devoted to the compilation of a Dissertation on the “Indo-Persian, Indo-Chinese, and Dekhani Languages,” embracing the three classes of tongues which he had studied. We have not been able to meet with it; probably it was never printed, as it was presented to the Council of the College of Fort William, and sent up by them to the Secretary of Government, with a recommendation that its author should be created a Professor in the College. He was accordingly appointed to the Professorship of Hindustani—a language which his previous Persian studies, and his pursuits in South India, seem to have made him master of.

Lord Minto was at this time Governor-General, and being greatly interested in, and a liberal patron of, Oriental scholars, and being not only a countryman of Leyden but a fellow Borderer, he proved a kinder friend to him than even Lord W. Bentinck had been at Madras. We do not think that this nobleman has always received justice at the hands of historians and writers upon India. Two circumstances have united to depreciate him—his repressive policy with regard to Missions, and the general moderation and caution of his administration. The former is, we admit, in itself indefensible, but may be at least apologised for by the position which the question of Missions held during the English part of the Earl’s career as a statesman, and the traditionary policy on the subject, which at that time was universally supreme in both England and India. Personally no man more admired the Serampore Missionaries than Minto, and no one was more liberal in assisting them in the publication of their translation of the Scriptures with the funds of Government than he. As Sir Gilbert Elliot, he had been one of the most distinguished of that literary circle which attracted all eyes to the metropolis of Scotland in the middle of last century, and as an English statesman—as president of the Board of Control, he had gained an Indian reputation for himself ere he set foot in the country. The Commons had shewn their confidence in him and appreciation of his character and abilities, by appointing him as one of the managers to conduct the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and he was also to have discharged the same office in

the case of Sir Elijah Impey. Thus the prosecutor of the great Governor-General became himself his successor, and learned to modify considerably those opinions that had led him to take so prominent a part in the impeachment. The peculiar position of political parties at home on the death of Pitt, the collision between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control as to the appointment of a Governor-General on the death of Lord Cornwallis, and the odium excited by the supersession of Sir G. Barlow and his removal to Madras, beset the early part of Lord Minto's Indian career with difficulties and misunderstandings. Nor was he to blame in the matter of the Pindaree, Ghoorika, and Burmese wars. These were not only a heritage from former wars, but the necessity of our destiny urged them on, and had he not been checked by the delays consequent on a reference to England, all of them would have been brought to a much more successful and speedy conclusion. His great claims on posterity are, his conquest of the Eastern Archipelago and his munificent patronage of Oriental literature. In this latter respect he well deserves to be named with Warren Hastings and the Marquis Wellesley.

Such was the man, who, with all the power and patronage of the Governor-General, manifested great interest in Leyden. Leyden was too independent a Scotchman to seek for offices. As Sir John Malcolm says—"He never solicited favour, but "was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and "patron—Lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of shewing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly "virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion." We regret that we can find no records of his Professorship. Its duties he was well qualified to discharge, and they must have been a source of pleasure to him, for he looked upon everything—money, comfort and health, as subservient to his linguistic pursuits. He lived in comparative plainness; like Sir W. Jones, not a little of his income was spent on his pundits and on the purchase of Oriental MSS.; while he never forgot his duty to his parents at home, to whom he was, like many other sons in India before and since, in the habit of remitting a considerable part of his salary.

He was tempted, however, at the request of Lord Minto to change his office in the College for the somewhat dissimilar one of "Judge of the twenty-four Pergunnahs of Calcutta." * His

* Sir Walter Scott, the firmest of all the friends Leyden left behind him in Scotland, thus writes on this subject to Ellis, "Leyden, by the by, is triumphant at Calcutta—a Judge of all things!—And making money! He has flourished like a green bay tree, under the auspices of Lord Minto, his countryman.

duties here were as much military as magisterial, partaking largely of those of a Commissioner for the suppression of Dacoity. That this should be to him a most congenial employment will not seem strange to one who is acquainted with his early life. In such a pursuit all his Border enthusiasm found vent, and with full zest he entered on duties that were as new to him as they were delightful. As if on some Border foray like his ancestors of old, he chased the dacoits repeatedly out of his own jurisdiction, and restored the peace of the districts around Calcutta. They were then in a very different state from what they are now, and the power of Britain had not then reached the elevated platform on which it now is, and from which a rebellion, unparalleled in Asiatic history for its extent and intensity, has not been able to shake it. On the last occasion of his chasing these "freebooters," as his biographer terms them, up to Nuddea, he received the thanks of the Governor-General in Council. He was afterwards, for some months, also Magistrate of Nuddea, where he was still frequently engaged in "bush-fighting in the jungles." In these posts his knowledge of the vernacular availed him much, and he was thus enabled to perfect it colloquially. In the beginning of 1809 he was nominated one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests in Calcutta, an office which entailed on him harder work than either of those which he had previously filled, and which called forth all his knowledge of the language in use in Northern India. But with restored health and rising spirits, he was enabled not only to discharge his duties successfully, but to devote himself with renewed zeal to his oriental pursuits. As a member of the Asiatic Society, as the correspondent of Malcolm, Mackintosh, Erskine, and others in India and at home, and as the intimate friend of Henry Colebrooke, at that time President of the Asiatic Society, he was in the very midst of the duties that pleased him best.

The last mentioned orientalist had a most salutary influence on Leyden, guiding him by his more matured scholarship and Indian experience, directing his studies into channels of utility and accuracy, and preventing him, with his ardent nature, from falling into those errors of rashness in speculation and carelessness in the collection of materials with the help of deceiving Pundits, which so ruined the character of the equally enthusiastic Wilford. It is evident that the short Calcutta period of his Indian life was for him the best. He was then not only the most zealous, but the most accurate and scholarly in his studies, and to Colebrooke must much of it be ascribed. He wrought hard at Persian, Arabic, and Sanskrit, translating largely from all

he wrote several philological papers, and, while contemplating the compilation of several grammars, certainly completed two—those of the Malay and Prakrit. The list of situations that Leyden filled in Calcutta is completed by that of Assay Master in the Mint, to which he was promoted—for promotion it was as to emoluments—two years after. In writing his parents, who were anxious, like Jacob, to see their son once more ere they died, he spoke of probably returning to them, and in announcing his new appointment, thus wrote, “I have laid aside the scales of Justice for those of Mammon; and instead of trying men and their causes, I have only to try the baser, but much less refractory, metals of gold and silver.” He filled this new office, like the former, not quite two years.* Lord Minto seems to have ever kept him in his eye with a view to advancing his interests.

We come now to the *fourth* and last period of Leyden's Indian career—to the event which put an end to his life, and blasted the expectations of himself as well as the hopes of his friends—the British expedition under Lord Minto to the Eastern islands. Our readers know how great was the power and influence of the French in South India in the middle of last century, and how, at one time, it seemed doubtful whether they, or the Protestant English, were to be the civilisers of her millions. Clive shattered her power into fragments, and his successors, and especially the great Wellesley, swept them, with the exception of a few stragglers in the service of native princes, from the face of the continent. Still from their position in Mauritius and Bourbon, and the new power which they acquired by the cession of the Dutch possessions in the Indian Archipelago consequent on the subjection of Holland to their parent country, they had considerable power. Sir Thomas Stamford—then Mr.—Raffles was the first to suggest to Lord Minto the propriety of crippling the French fleet in the Indian seas, and stripping France of all the possessions that she then had in these quarters. The French had, moreover, long played the game of pirates, so that navigation in the Indian Ocean was rendered dangerous to all British vessels. The merchants of Calcutta were roused by their

* In a letter to Raffles he says: “The civilians of the Mint Committee have already discovered me to be a very devil incarnate, and the greatest mischief-maker in the land. They will be very glad to see the back-seams of my hose at all events.” At the time of the fitting out of the expedition for Java, Leyden was of the most essential service in advancing the interests of Raffles with the Governor-General, and thus strove to make some return for all the hospitality of Penang. In the same letter he says: “Indeed, Raffles, he has always talked of you to me, with a kindness, very uncommon in a Governor-General, and says that he is pleased with thinking he will be able to arrange matters very much to your satisfaction, when he arrives. I am glad that I have been able to keep him tight up to this point.”

losses, the Court of Directors at home felt them not less severely, while the ministry were influenced by the strongest of political motives, to agree to the recommendation that the Governor-General had sent home, not only to take Bourbon and Mauritius, but also the whole of the Dutch possessions in the Straits, of which they had made themselves masters. The former was soon accomplished, though Bourbon was afterwards restored to the French.

Minto shewed less than his usual caution in the expedition against the Straits. He was prepared to set out before the receipt of an answer to his recommendation, and when an answer did come, the instructions so limited him, and were drawn up, evidently, in such ignorance of the circumstances and even of geography, that he determined, urged by the advice of Raffles, to annex the whole of what the Dutch had formerly occupied, to the British Crown. On the fitting out of the expedition he immediately appointed Leyden to the honorable, and to him delightful post of interpreter, naturalist, and investigator general into the language, literature, manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands. Of all men then in India, he was best fitted for this office by his former studies and opportunities when resident in Penang. As the Naval force started from Madras, he left Calcutta to join it.* After spending thirty tedious days on the voyage, and fifteen at Madras, he set sail. There are few periods in the bye-history of British India so exciting as this, either in romantic adventure or personal exploit. But we must confine our attention to that part of the force in which Leyden was.

From Madras, they went to Penang, and from Penang to Malacca, where he met with his friend Raffles, and renewed that intercourse that had been broken off by his departure from

* "During this voyage he gave a striking proof of that rash intrepidity which formed always a conspicuous feature in his character. Two of his fellow passengers, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, offered to bet with him sixty gold mohurs, that he durst not climb up to the top-gallant-royal of the vessel; a plan having been privately formed to have him bound there until he should purchase his release by paying a fine. Leyden, whose courage was equalled by an unfortunate passion for displaying it, which sometimes made him appear to disadvantage, accepted the wager, and fearlessly mounted to the top; when, perceiving the intended sequel of this insidious joke, he made a desperate but successful effort to frustrate it. He hastily grasped a coir rope, with the assistance of which he threw himself down, though, as it slid through his hands, it cut them most severely. It must be added, that though he had thus more than won the wager, he refused to take the money, but having received a written order for the sum, immediately destroyed it. Such were the virtuous and strictly honorable principles in which he had been brought up, that he looked upon it as in some degree disgraceful to gain money by wagers, or other species of gaming, or in any way in which it could not be regarded as an equivalent for the performance of useful services."

Penang. As they remained here for a short time, Leyden, as usual, set off on an excursion of six days' duration, into the interior. As they threaded their way among these islands, they received both visits and letters from the Rajahs round about. Leyden's linguistic acquirements were sometimes put to a severe test by the letters in different dialects that he had to translate. He speaks in his letters of Malay, Javanese, Bugis, and Bali. The third of these is the dialect of a people, who live in *Bony*, a town in Celebes, standing at the head of Bay Buggees. The people who speak it are to these islands what the Cossacks are to Russia—the great traders and general carriers of the Straits. They are the most civilized of the neighbouring tribes. The Bali is the tongue of the Bali people, in a little island separated from Java by a strait of the same name. Amboyna of infamous memory, the Bandas to the south-east of it, and Ternate being taken, the conquest of the Molucca group of islands was completed, and the last and greatest prize alone remained to be seized from the unwilling hands of the Dutch and the French.

The conquest of Java was so important, and the advantages arising from it were so evident, even without the enthusiastic representations of Raffles, that Lord Minto was himself at the head of the expedition directed against it. The king's regiments that had been engaged against the French islands, some from Bengal, some sepoys, and the Governor General's Body-Guard, constituted a large force, which was placed under the Madras Commander-in-Chief, Sir Samuel Achmuty. Malacca had been the rendezvous, and when all were assembled, the force set out in two divisions, under Gillespie and Gibbs. The Governor General, like more famous examples in recent times, went as a volunteer. Napoleon, anticipating an attack, had sent out as large reinforcements as he could then spare, under General Daendels as Governor, but ere the attack took place, he was superseded by Jansens, who was transferred from the Cape of Good Hope when it fell into our hands. On the 4th of August, the fleet, under Rear Admiral Stopford, anchored in the Bay of Batavia, and preparations were made for effecting a landing at Chilingyi, ten miles to the east of the town of Batavia. Leyden, with all his curiosity roused, and eager with excitement, was the first to touch the ground, leaping into the surf and triumphantly rejoicing in the exploit. They marched in two divisions on Batavia and on Cornelis. Jansens had abandoned the former for the latter fort, which he was busily strengthening.

When Batavia was thus quickly taken possession of, Leyden lost no time in pursuing his search after books, MSS., anti-

quities, and whatever could throw light on the literature and customs of the Javanese. There was a library in the town, which was reported to be rich in MSS. such as he wished to lay his hands on. On his way to it, his attention was directed for a little to a "godown," or low room in one of the Dutch public offices, which was a repository of their records, and in which several Javanese curiosities were said to be kept. It had been long shut, and the air of the room was most deadly. In this place, and not in the library as is sometimes asserted, Leyden caught that ague and fever which prostrated him at once, and finally carried him off three days after, on the 28th of August 1811,* in the thirty-sixth year of his age. No men in the expedition were more affected by the sudden stroke than Lord Minto and his attached friend Mr. Raffles. They carried him to the grave, and, with their own hands, consigned his body to its sad resting-place.

"A distant and a deadly shore
Has LEYDEN's cold remains."

Leyden's death was in keeping with his life, and was truly one befitting a linguist. He was a martyr to his too eager pursuit of that orientalism, which had been the dream of his youth and the study of his manhood, and had formed the basis of anticipations, which, if they were sometimes extravagant, owing to the honest integrity and frank expression of his character, had a more solid foundation than perhaps those of any scholar in the East, save Jones, Colebrooke and Wilkins, and, if we look at him merely as a linguist—save Jones alone. His former kind patron Richard Heber, and his intimate friend William Erskine, were

* On the very day that Leyden was seized by his mortal sickness, Sir Walter Scott wrote him, introducing to him Lady Hood, the wife of Sir Samuel Hood, who was appointed to take the naval command in the Indian seas, and who had first formed a high opinion of Leyden, and, as Scott says, gained his own heart, by her admiration of the 'Scenes of Infancy.' The letter is most interesting. It was returned unopened by Lady Hood, when she heard of his death, accompanied by a letter on the subject from herself, and one from Sir J. Malcolm, along with some "printed stanzas," on Leyden's untimely fate, from Henry Ellis, afterwards the Right Honorable, and, in 1836, our Ambassador at the Court of Persia. In Scott's letter he says, "my last went by favour of John Pringle (a son of Pringle of Whybank) who carried you a copy of the Lady of the Lake, a poem which I really think you will like better than Marmion on the whole, though not perhaps in particular passages. Pray, let me know if it carried you back to the land of mist and mountain? * * * The best domestic intelligence is that the Sheriff of Selkirkshire, his lease of Ashiestiel being out, has purchased about 100 acres, about three miles from Melrose. There, saith fame, he designs to bigg himself a bower, *sibi et amicis*, and happy will be he when India shall return you to a social meal at his cottage. * * * Adieu, dear Leyden! Pray, brighten the chain of friendship by a letter when occasion serves: and believe me ever yours most affectionately.

WALTER SCOTT."

his literary executors, and his life was written and poetical remains edited by a relative of his own, the Rev. James Morton. A more genial and perhaps laudatory memoir is that by Sir Walter Scott, who was better fitted to appreciate the moral characteristics and purely literary attainments of the man, than to estimate the relative acquirements of the scholar.

Our task would be but imperfectly accomplished without a glance at Leyden's works, and an attempt to assign him his position as a scholar, on the basis of these and of the other testimony that we have on the subject.

In the sketch that we have given of his life, we have made sufficiently full allusions to his purely literary works published ere he left for India. They are chiefly of a poetical cast, and at the time of their publication met with much favour from the public and from the literary men of his own country and time. We cannot agree in the estimate that was then formed of him as a poet, and that has floated down by tradition and general consent to our own day, and is now current among many who have never read his poems. Our decided opinion is, after having read with some care all his effusions, that he is not entitled to the rank of even a third-rate poet. We would hold that the few poetical essays in which Sir William Jones was accustomed to regale his leisure, to relieve the severer pursuits in which he spent his life, and to express the elegance and polish of his mind, were much, very much, superior to anything that Leyden has composed; and yet no one has ever laid claim, on behalf of Sir W. Jones, to the character of the true poet, on whom the *divinus afflatus* has conferred the rare gift. Much of Jones' poetry was composed with reference to his orientalism, and called forth by his oriental pursuits. The strains of the Persian poets demanded, in translation, a poetic dress, and few have ever been able to express in their own tongue the poetry of another so elegantly and truthfully as he. In nothing that Leyden has written, can we find the equal of what has been so often quoted as Jones' masterpiece—a translation of a Persian epigram.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smil'd;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

Now if we do not claim, and if few, but the most enthusiastic admirers of Jones, have ever claimed for him the character of a true poet, especially as such is understood in this age of the predominance of the lyric, the subjective and intensive school, when Pope's merits are not questioned, but almost decid-

edly, and, as of course, denied ; much less can we calmly and critically give Leyden even a very low niche in the poetic fane. He lived at a time when poetry was dead or but beginning to revive ; when the wretchedly artificial and immoral school of the Restoration, followed by the no less artificial, but not immoral, though less talented school of Queen Anne, had brought forth their bitter fruits in barrenness, flippancy, and conceit ; when the strains of Leyden's fellow-borderer Thomson, and those of the gentle Cowper, were just beginning to be heard, and to recall the nation to nature and to God, to the simple, the pure, and the truly poetical. Sir Walter Scott was a transition between the two schools, seeking refuge from the dreary artificialities of his predecessors in the glorious freedom and life of a semi-barbarous age. Leyden was essentially of the old and the dying school, a versifier like Pope, but not a poet ; a jingler of rhymes and a selector of appropriate epithets and artistic scenes, but destitute of self-unconsciousness, of natural elegance, of æsthetic culture, of deep feeling, of ability to 'subjectify' himself, of the gift, in a word, that raises man nearer to God than any, save inspiration, our race has ever enjoyed.

And let not this seem to be strange, because not borne out by his life, which we have seen to be that of the poet, as to character at least. Like many men he could appreciate, judge of, enjoy true poetry. But he was not a poet, a maker, a creator, one who could express in, and marry to, immortal verse his feelings and ideas. Hence he who was Scott's most able and indispensable assistant in the publication of that work, which, with those of George Ellis and Bishop Percy, constituted the dawn of the 'real' in poetry—the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, failed, when, as in the ballads he contributed to it, and in the "Scenes of Infancy," he attempted himself to describe the old life and scenery of that Border. Hence that latter work, which was his poetical *Magnum Opus*, and which he wrote under the same circumstances that occasioned some of the most glorious passages in the "Childe Harold," and after being surrounded with the same scenery and associations as Thomson had gazed on and immortalised in his "Seasons," has been well described by a critic, as "one of the heaviest descriptive poems in our language, and that is saying much." We cannot fill our pages with extracts from this poem, or from his shorter odes and occasional pieces. As a descriptive poem the "Scenes of Infancy" required but little of the power of *conception* which, after all that has been written about poetry, constitutes the one poetic pole, of which *unconsciousness* is the other. We prefer almost any of his smaller pieces to it, as is

the case so often with those who have but a doubtful title to the sacred character of *Vates*. As a fair specimen, and as an illustration of a subject which is at once Indian and admirably poetical in its capabilities, we give the following "Verses," written at the island of Sagur, in the mouth of the Ganges "in 1807":—

" On sea-girt Sagur's desert isle,
Mantled with thickets dark and dun,
May never moon or starlight smile,
Nor ever beam the summer sun ! —
Strange deeds of blood have there been done,
In mercy ne'er to be forgiven ;
Deeds the far-seeing eye of heaven
Veiled his radiant orb to shun.

To glut the shark and crocodile
A mother brought her infant here :
She saw its tender playful smile,
She shed not one maternal tear ;
She threw it on a watery bier : —
With grinding teeth sea monsters tore
The smiling infant which she bore :—
She shrunk not once its cries to hear !

Ah ! mark that victim wildly drest,
His streaming beard is hoar and grey,
Around him floats a crimson vest,
Red-flowers his matted locks array—
Heard you these brazen timbrels bray ?
His heart-blood on the lotus flower
They offer to the Evil Power ;
And offering turn their eyes away.

Dark Goddess of the iron mace, *
Flesh-tearer ! quaffing life-blood warm,
The terrors of thine awful face
The pulse of mortal hearts alarm.—
Grim Power ! if human woes can charm,
Look to the horrors of the flood,
Where crimson'd Ganga shines in blood,
And man-devouring monsters swarm.

Skull-chaplet-wearer ! whom the blood
Of man delights a thousand years,
Than whom no face, by land or flood,
More stern and pitiless appears,
Thine is the cup of human tears.
For pomp of human sacrifice
Cannot the cruel blood suffice
Of tigers, which thine island rears ?

Not all blue Ganga's mountain flood,
That rolls so proudly round thy fane.
Shall cleanse the tinge of human blood,
Nor wash dark Sagur's impious stain :
The sailor, journeying on the main,
Shall view from far the dreary isle,
And curse the ruins of the pile
Where Mercy ever sued in vain."

The two passages of his poetry that have been most praised by critics are his "Verses on the Death of Nelson," and his description of the spectre-ship in the "Scenes of Infancy." The former is not superior to the piece given above, and the latter is utterly defective in imaginative power. Viewed in the light of the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, the slave pieces of Cowper, and even the "City of the Plague" of Wilson, it is not once to be mentioned. Yet Sir Walter Scott, living at the dawn instead of the full noon-day of the poetry of the nineteenth century, praises the Scene in his notes to *Rokeby*.* The same district gave birth to Thomson, and to Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and the same scenery and early life, to Burns. The "Seasons" and "Bonny Kilmeny" and every Scotch line of Burns, now live in the hearts and on the tongues of their countrymen, but the muse of Leyden is dead, the faint breeze that swept through his lyre has ceased to blow, and its strings lie broken, useless, forgotten, on the ground. Who quotes his lines, who remembers his song? He expressed not the great thoughts, and feelings of the big heart of humanity in his verse, and humanity has let him die.

Leyden was not a poet. We do not even grant that he was a great scholar, in the sense that Sir William Jones was ; but he was a linguist, a great, even a wonderful linguist, and it is in this capacity that we admire and wonder at his powers, that we praise his perseverance and his talent, and that posterity, if it think of him at all, will remember him. We have seen that the whole characteristics and habits of his mind, the genius and aims of the nation to which he belonged, and the nature of the education which he received, unfitted him for scholarship. In the first place, he had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge of all kinds. If this is not limited and checked, or rather intensified by being confined to one channel, the necessary result is sciolism, versatility, uselessness. Such a thirst can only be regulated by discipline, and this he did not enjoy or did not benefit by.

In the second place, and as flowing from this, man's faculties and capacities being limited and unable to cope with and satisfy

the intensity of desire, he was forced to be content with what he called "scaffolding," with but partial knowledge, with but side-views of the subjects of his study. He dwelt in no single niche of the temple of truth, but wandered madly and excitedly from place to place of it, offering up his incense; he was fickle and unsteady in his attachment to this goddess and to that, and the result was that they avenged themselves by scorn, or neglect, or at most, a rare smile of approval and confidence. The necessary consequence of a clash between the limitation of man's powers, and the intensity of man's curiosity and extent of his audacity, was, in his case as in that of every other—Sciolism.

In the third place, Leyden had an excessive fondness for boasting, or rather, for stating honestly and favourably at all times and in all places what he thought his own powers and acquisitions were. Lord Cockburn, in his own exquisite way, admirably illustrates this in his "Memorials of his Time"—"This conspicuous defect used to be called affectation, but in reality it was pretension. A pretension, however, of a very innocent kind, which, without derogating in the least from the claim of any other, merely exaggerated not his own merits or what he had done, but his capacity and ambition to do more. Ever in a state of excitement, ever panting for things unattainable by ordinary mortals, and successful to an extent sufficient to rouse the hopes of a young man ignorant of life, there was nothing that he thought beyond his reach; and not knowing what insincerity was, he spoke of his powers and his visions as openly as if he had been expounding what might be expected of another person. Yet at the same time that he was thus exposing himself, he was not only simple, but generous and humble." Leyden's own declaration of himself was, "I often verge so nearly on absurdity, that I know it is perfectly easy to misconceive me as well as misrepresent me." The statement thus made by Cockburn, who was a master-analyst of character, and had the best opportunities for becoming acquainted with Leyden, is, we conceive, taken in conjunction with our two preceding remarks, as emphatic against the possibility of great Jones-like scholarship in our hero's case, as it is strong in supporting our belief that he was not only fitted to be, but was, a great and wonderful linguist. If to all this we add the consideration of the evidences of his scholarship as given us in the fruits of it which he left behind him, we shall be settled in our conviction.

During his residence in Penang, he spent much of his time in visiting the islands of the Straits, and culling information as to their inhabitants, which he afterwards arranged in the shape of a Dissertation, "On the Languages and Literature of

the Indo-Chinese Nations" read before the Asiatic Society, and published at page 158 of the Calcutta edition of the tenth volume of their Researches. In it, after approaching with wonderful closeness to the great law of Comparative Philology as an *applied* science, in the remark that the method of examining the mutual relations of the several languages current among these nations, "when applied on an extensive scale, is always the surest clue for developing the origin of a nation, and indicating the revolutions to which it may have been subjected, either by foreign conquest or colonization," he considers the Indo-Chinese languages under the three divisions of polysyllabic, monosyllabic, and the learned language—Pali.

Polysyllabic.

- 1 Malayu.
- 2 Jawa.
- 3 Bugis,
- 4 Bima,
- 5 Batta.
- 6 Gála or Tágála,

Monosyllabic.

- 7 Kukheng.
- 8 Bárma,
- 9 Mon.
- 10 Thay.
- 11 Khóhmén.
- 12 Láu.
- 13 Anám

Learned language

14—Pali.

He takes up each language, with a few of its cognate dialects, gives in many cases comparative lists of some of its vocabularies, furnishes not a little information on its literature, in the case of the most important, translates a few poems and proverbs, and states what hitherto has been done by European scholars, and especially by the Dutch, who had better opportunities than all others for the elucidation of the subject. The paper is an admirable one, especially so, when we consider the time at which it was written. Since then, the Dutch scholars, true to their first love; and again in possession of their abused dependency of Batavia, have done, and are doing much in this department of philology.

In 1810, Leyden was Deputy Secretary of the Asiatic Society, and contributed to the eleventh volume of their Researches a paper "on the Rosheniah Sect, and its Founder, Bayezid Ansári." He had been engaged in studying Pushtoo, the language of the Afghans, and in the course of his studies he met with an account of this sect and of its founder. The sect was Mussulman in its origin, and took its rise in Afghanistan, in that period of religious and political ferment which preceded the time of Akbar. BAYEZID was what may be called an Arab Afghan, and being a man of no small ability, and having been acquainted with the tenets of the

ISMAILIYAH sect who had their head-quarters in the mountains of Khorassan, he was led, like Mahomet his ideal, to set up for himself in the character of a prophet. So successful was he, that he speedily attracted all the nation to his beliefs, and soon added the character of a military adventurer to that of a religious prophet, contending successfully and long against both Akbar and Shah Jehan. He was also an elegant writer, and the first who composed a work in the Pushtoo language. Leyden takes his information from MOSHANI FANI, the author of *Dabistan-i-Marahil*, an author highly praised by Sir W. Jones, and friendly on the whole to the heretic; and from AKHUN DERWEZEH, who is just as hostile to him. Leyden translates from his MAKHZAN AFGHANI, a prose work on the "ritual and moral practice of Islam," in which there is a narrative of the life and doctrines of BAYEZID ANSARI. Originally written in Pushtoo, the work had been translated into Persian, and several copies of the translation were procured in Persia by Sir John Malcolm, and presented to Leyden. After recounting the deeds of BAYEZID, he translates literally the account that AKHUN DERWEZEH gives of the Rosheniah sect which he founded. It differed but little from the *Ismailiyah* heresy, the believers in which were simply Mussulman mystics: "they maintained Paradise to consist solely in the repose of the body from the troubles of life, and hell to be nothing but the molestation of the body, by trouble and affliction." It is said that some of the followers of BAYEZID still exist among the wild tribes of the *Yusefzei*, and in Peshawur and Cabul, that they conceal their practices and books, and that they meet by night in an old ruin where their founder formerly dwelt, and at which the orthodox Mussulman, as he passes by, throws stones with curses on the sect. The term Rosheniah is applied to them from the word *Roshan*, or the luminous, a title assumed by BAYEZID himself.

After the death of Leyden, his friend Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles resolved to publish a translation that had been made by him of the "*Sajarah Malayu*" or Malay Annals. We have had already occasion to notice the connexion that Leyden had with the islands of the Straits, and the interest that he ever took in their future civilisation by the British, based on the anger that he felt that a race, in every point of character and disposition and capability of being civilised, so superior to the Hindu, should be so down-trodden and abused by the Dutch. Indeed, if Leyden as a linguist was identified with any people, language, or class of languages, it was with the Malay, and we feel that the mission of his life, had it been longer, would have been to investigate, as has not yet been done, the Mongol or monosyllabic

class of languages (TURANIAN), and perhaps to have anticipated, with his knowledge of the Indo-European in its leading members, the farther analysis which scholars are attempting, so as to unite that family still more closely with the IRANIAN in vocables and grammatical laws. The "Malay Annals," as a posthumous publication, is a simple translation, introduced by some interesting remarks by Raffles—himself no mean Malay scholar—on the importance of the islands. We regret that our space will not allow us to give the reader a specimen of these 'Annals.' They are not a little interesting, beginning with the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, or Rajah Secander, they shew how he defeated Rajah Kida Hindi who embraced "the true faith according to the law of the prophet Ibrahim," how he married Hindi's daughter, Saaker-ul-Beriah "whose face glittered and shone like the sun, and whose understanding and qualities were equally remarkable," how a son was born to them named Arastion Shah, "who in every respect was the perfect picture of his father Raja Secander Zulkarneini, who finally, after the space of forty-five years, returned to "Makedonia." And so on, the dynasty is traced to Rajah Suran Padshah who invaded China with "one thousand and two lacs" of men, of whom the annalist says, as they marched two whole months, "the darkest night was illuminated by the light of their armour, like the lustre of the full moon; and the noise of the thunder could not be heard, for the loud noise of the champions and warriors mixed with the cries of horses and elephants." He came to Johore, near the extreme point of the Eastern Peninsula, and despairing of finding China, and anxious to become acquainted with the contents of the sea, as he had of the land, he shut himself up in a chest, was let down into it, was driven to Zeya, got out, found himself in the midst of a people named Barsam, of whom one-half were infidels and the other true believers, and married the daughter of the Rajah of the place. But we must stop. The whole book is not less wonderful in its stories than the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The last of the published works of Leyden is the part of the translation of the Memoirs of the Emperor Baber, which was revised and completed by his friend and literary executor William Erskine. These memoirs were written in the *Jaghtai* (or *Chaghatai*) Turkish language, or *Türki*, so called to distinguish it as the language of the original Türks from that of the Osmanlis or Turks of Constantinople. The language was spoken over a vast extent of country, ruled over by Jaghtai Khan, the son of the renowned Ghengiz Khan, embracing the whole of the Tartar country or Turan, from the Ulugh Tagh mountains on the north of the Hindu Kush on the south, and from

the Caspian Sea to the deserts of Cobi. We must neither on the one side, confound the Tûrki with the language of the Mongols,* nor on the other with its degraded but lately refined Turkish, so familiar to many of our officers during the Crimean war. The memoirs were written by Baber, in his own Tûrki, probably after his last invasion of India, and were so highly valued by succeeding emperors that they frequently transcribed them, that they might be more generally and easily understood. Akbar caused them to be translated into Persian by Mirza Abdal Rahim. Leyden found, probably in the library of Fort William College, or perhaps in Elphinstone's Collection of MSS., a copy of the work in the original Tûrki. Assisted by a native—a Persian Tûrk of Ganj, he began to translate it, but soon met with too many difficulties to allow him to proceed with the work at his ease. Erskine, however, sent him a copy of the Persian translation from Bombay, which greatly assisted him, and he was in the midst of the work when he was summoned to early death. His unfinished translation was left in the hands of his friend Dr. James Hare, Jr., of Calcutta, to whom Erskine applied for it. It had been sent to Richard Heber in England, and so Erskine set himself, at the earnest entreaty of Malcolm and Elphinstone, to translate the work from the intermediate Persian with the assistance of the Tûrk who had aided Leyden. He had finished it when, in 1813, he received Leyden's MS. from Heber. What was to be done? Erskine procured a copy in the original Tûrki from Peshawur through Elphinstone, and of the Persian, from Delhi through Metcalfe. Aided by Multa Firûz and some natives of Uzbek Tartary, he went over the whole again, and the result was that the English work, as we now have it, may be considered as Erskine's, though his affection for one whom he describes as "the only companion of my faithful studies and cares, whom "I have met, or can ever hope to meet, in this land of exile," and his admiration of his talents, cause him to ascribe more credit to Leyden than was perhaps justly his due. Such are the only four scholarly works of Leyden that were published. Hence the grief that many felt at his premature death. But a few years more and he would, humanly speaking, have finished those works which, like the schemes of Alexander and Cæsar, were left in embryo. Erskine in the dedication of his translation of the *Zehir-Ed-din Muhammed Baber* to Elphinstone says, and as one of his literary executors, though perhaps a too partial friend, he could say so intelligently. "The number and variety of the literary undertakings of that extra-

* See Klaproth.

"ordinary man, many of which he had conducted far towards a conclusion, would have excited surprise had they been executed by a recluse scholar, who had no public duty to perform, and whose time was devoted to literature alone."

Throughout all these works the talent of the linguist, and not of the scholar in the highest sense of the term, are evident. But we question if the linguist cannot lay claim to almost as high a place as the scholar, and whether the heaven-given power which, as we shall now more fully see, was Leyden's to a great extent, ought not excite our admiration and call forth our wonder even more than that which, though in itself more useful, and demanding the exercise of higher powers, may be less rarely met with. In looking at the testimony that we have to Leyden's linguistic power, and especially to its extent, we shall consider the powers of mind and the tone of disposition that are generally acknowledged to be necessary for success in learning to use many languages, and see what evidence there is that Leyden possessed these, and to what extent. We shall then look at the actual attainments Leyden is said to have possessed, and the character of the testimony to the extent and nature of these attainments. We may merely premise, with Dr. Russell in his admirable life of that prince of linguists—Cardinal Mezzofanti,* that "knowing" a language may be fairly said to consist in reading it fluently and with ease, in writing it correctly in prose, or still more, in verse, and above all, in being admitted by intelligent and educated natives to speak it correctly and idiomatically. The evidence for Leyden on these points is far less in extent and far less perfect in character than that of Mezzofanti, but we must remember that the latter died in a good age, when seventy-four years old, while Leyden was cut off when only thirty-six, a time of life much too early for fruit to appear in all its ripeness and luxuriance, and that Leyden also was not placed in such a prominent position as to enable his linguistic power to travel beyond the sphere of a few of his most intimate friends.

But still we would not, in any case, dare to contrast him with one who was the wonder of our age, who was *acquainted with one hundred and fourteen languages*, and *well versed in seventy-eight*. Next to him, and moving in a much more contracted orbit, we have such lesser stars as Mithridates of Pontus, who, according to Aulus Gellius, knew well *twenty-five* languages, being those of the nations who were subject to him; Jonadal, the Morocco Jew, surnamed Alkanar, "the serpent," from his

* The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti with an introductory Memoir of Eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern. By C. W. Russell, D. D, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Longman, Brown and Co. 1858.

constancy to his faith, who, according to Duret, spoke and wrote *twenty-eight* languages; Pico della Mirandola (1463) who was reported to know *twenty-two* at the age of eighteen; and Sir William Jones who knew *twenty-eight* languages. We have next to them several scholars, among whom in modern times are Niebhur, Sir John Bowring, Elihu Burrit, and Csoma de Kőrös, a Hungarian scholar, familiar to the *savans* of Calcutta forty years ago, who knew *eighteen* or *twenty*. The number who knew even *ten* is probably rarer than is generally supposed. We should certainly not hesitate to place Leyden in the list of those who knew *twenty*, and had he been spared to extend and deepen his linguistic acquisitions, he would certainly have equalled even Sir William Jones as a linguist at least.

If attention be paid to the powers of mind that are necessary for the successful acquisition of many languages, and if the lives of linguists who have attained eminence be carefully studied, it will be found that they may be reduced under Memory, and what Sir W. Hamilton calls the Elaborative, Discursive, or Logical faculty, to which belongs the power of analysis. The former of these supplies to the mind at all times, through suggestion or reminiscence (according as it acts with or without will) the data on which the latter works. Ideas, methods, and words are stored in memory, according to the vividness with which they have been first apprehended, and this vividness depends much on the emotions with which the acquisition of them may have co-existed, or perhaps on the degree of imagination that may have been exercised in the course of it. Words and methods once acquired are submitted to the analysing and generalising power of the logical faculty, and then methodically arranged in memory. The first requisite accordingly is one of character and disposition rather than mental power, and may be called perseverance, enthusiasm, power of will, power of abstraction and attention, and vividness of representation.

That Leyden possessed these in a high degree, no reader of the preceding pages will doubt. That he possessed a memory also of the highest order, there is abundant testimony in the following anecdote and statement by Sir John Malcolm, "His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore an argument occurred on a point of English history, it was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an Act of Parliament in the reign of James the First, relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute." He had referred to this document several years before as a specimen of the English style of that age, and now reproduced

it verbatim. He was, however, defective in the power of analysis, which he did not possess in so high a degree as the other necessary qualifications. Cockburn's testimony is emphatic as to his character in respect of linguistic success, especially when read in the light of the previous part of his statement which we quoted—"There is no work in life depending on ability where Leyden could not have shone. Unwearying industry was sustained and inspired by burning enthusiasm. Whatever he did, his whole soul was in it. His physical energy was as "vigorous as his mental." And this after alluding to the remark of Sir James Mackintosh, who used to call him his "wild friend," and laugh at his professing to know "only seventy languages." If every petty dialect and *patois* of the languages he really knew, and those he only partially knew, be summed up, we question if he could not have made out a good case for himself. We need not quote from Scott, Richard Heber, or George Ellis on this point.

What were his actual linguistic attainments? We have made up the following list from all the authorities we could consult on the subject, marking with an asterisk those languages which he could not be said to know *well*, and entering those dialects which cannot be counted as languages in italics. The arrangement adopts the scientific division into three classes:—

IRANIAN OR INDO-EUROPEAN.	SHEMITIC.	TURANIAN.
1 *Sansorit.	19 Hebrew.	22 Malay.
2 *Pali.	20 *Arabic.	23 <i>Malayalim.</i>
3 Bengali.	21 *Syriac.	24 <i>Javanese.</i>
4 Hindustani.		25 <i>Bugs.</i>
5 Persian.		26 <i>Bali.</i>
6 Pushtoo.		27 <i>Anam.</i>
7 *Armenian.		28 <i>Türki.</i>
8 Greek.		29 (Dravidian.)
9 Latin.		30 Tamil.
10 *Italian.		31 * <i>Ladda Lippee</i> or <i>Veraggia.</i>
11 French.		32 <i>Telugu.</i>
12 *Spanish.		33 * <i>Mahratta.</i>
13 *Portuguese.		34 * <i>Canara.</i>
14 *Italian.		
15 *German.		
16 *Icelandic.		
17 English.		
18 <i>Scotch.</i>		

* We have here a list of *thirty-four* tongues and dialects corresponding to the total one hundred and fourteen of Mezzo-

fanti. Of these we may fairly say that Leyden knew twenty-one, or those not marked with asterisks. In addition to the evidence that we have from his own works, in which occur translations from most of these and allusions to others, we have the following competent orientalists as witnesses—Dr. Alexander Murray, Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh, William Erskine of Bombay, Sir John Malcolm, the Earl of Minto, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, and Henry Colebrooke. We may add Dr. Russell also, who speaks of Leyden as a “very extraordinary linguist,” and a hypercritical writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, who certainly has no tendency to overpraise him, and says, “his genius for the acquisition of languages was, no doubt, very extraordinary.”* As to Dr. Murray, both he and Leyden on different occasions, and without the knowledge of each other, observed that there was no one in Edinburgh whom they should be so afraid to contend with in languages as each other. Erskine thus speaks of Leyden, “The facility with which he mastered an uncommon number of languages, ancient and modern, European and oriental, the extent and ingenuity of his antiquarian enquiries into the antiquities and literature of his own country, and even the beauty of his poetical genius, are surpassed by the sagacious and philosophical spirit which he evinced in the latter period of his life, in his different memoirs regarding the languages of the East, and particularly those of Hindustan, Bengal, the Dekhan, and Northern India.”

Sir John Malcolm's testimony, if not of such weight as Erskine's, is even more interesting, as it gives us a glimpse of the linguist at his work. “The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connexion with each other. It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c., into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had, in a few hours, instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call ‘one of his mechanical



'aids.'" Leyden himself, in a letter, describes some of the difficulties that he met with in the way of these mechanical aids. He well compares the orientalists of his day in India to the scholars at the Revival of Letters in Europe. He was exposed to the same tricks on the part of the natives as Wilford, but was too "canny" to be taken in as he was. "I have had a Brahmin engaged to teach me Sanskrit, who scarcely knew a syllable of the language. I have had another attempt to palm Hindustani on me for Mahratta. I have had a Brahmin likewise attempt to impose a few *slogas*, which are in the mouths of every one, on me, for the translation of an ancient inscription in the ancient Canara character. Indeed, the moral character of the Hindus—the blameless, mild, patient, innocent children of nature, as they are ridiculously termed by gossiping ignorances, who never set their eyes on them—is as utterly worthless and devoid of probity, as their religion is wicked, shameless, impudent, and obscene." Lord Minto, on the occasion of his visitation of the College of Fort William, when he returned from his Java expedition, pronounced what may well be termed an *Eloge* on John Leyden, in words which he terms a just and authorised tribute to his merits. The eulogium is noble, when we remember that it was pronounced by a triumphant proconsul and an elegant and accomplished scholar, on the son of a plebeian, who farmed a small holding on his own rich paternal estates. Well might he speak of that honest peasant's son as

"Ornamentum regionis meae."

Lord Minto speaks of "the zeal he had long nourished for exploring the philosophy of the more eastern regions of Asia; of the first steps he had already made in the prosecution of that purpose, by the construction and diffusion of vocabularies, but, above all, by methodising and reducing into system the classification of the various languages spoken on the continent intermediate between India and China, the various kingdoms and districts of which, as they recede from each of these extreme points, appear with some relation to their local approximation, or to historical affinities, gradually to have blended and assimilated their respective languages into compound dialects partaking of both the distinct and primitive tongues. In like manner, Dr. Leyden proposed to establish some principles already, perhaps, conceived in his mind, for governing his investigation of the numerous tongues and dialects of the Eastern Archipelago."

The opinion that Sir S. Raffles had of Leyden will be found in the fact of his editing his translation of the Malay Annals, and in the introduction prefixed to the work. The great

Henry Colebrooke, who was so accomplished in the Sanskrit class of languages, on more than one occasion expressed his high opinion of the Papers and Grammars compiled by Leyden.

While, then, Leyden's chief claim to that renown for which he so panted, and to that admiration which his contemporaries so showered upon him, is that he was a great linguist, we see in him not a little of the philologist. The above testimonies, and his paper on the Indo-Chinese languages, abundantly shew that, considering the position of the science of comparative philology in his days, and the plans that he formed for his future researches, he might have done much to advance it. He would at least have been supreme, as an authority on the Malay family of the Turanian languages. Marsden, who was Chief Secretary of Government in Sumatra and returned to England in 1779, had broken ground on the subject in his essay on the Polynesian or East Insular languages, and Leyden was worthily carrying out the work thus begun, when his genius and his virtues, as Minto says, were buried in the very theatre of their intended energies. At the end of the last century, Comparative Philology had not passed out of the region of data, and materials in the shape of comparative lists of words, into the higher rank of laws and reasons and scientific classification. The researches of Leyden's predecessors had been largely lexical and glossarial, and the German school, which was headed by Frederick Schlegel and took its stand on the Sanskrit, had not yet given that prominent position to "grammatical affinity," which it now justly holds. Leyden almost anticipated some of those principles which are now regarded as the fixed laws of science.

Like many men of scholarly and erudite tastes, Leyden published but little. We have three striking instances of this,—Magliabecchi who left nothing behind him, Mezzofanti of whom we have only a reprint of one or two addresses before a literary society, and Sir William Hamilton, almost all whose remains are fugitive, being originally contributed to periodicals, or editorial, as in the case of the works of Reid and Stewart. The few original dissertations appended to his edition of the former, end in an unfinished sentence. In many cases the habit of mind necessary for the acquisition and retention of extensive stores of knowledge, when disjoined from great power of will, or a certain state of the emotional part of our nature, is quite opposed to that disposition and those powers of creation and expression, which render authorship either pleasant or successful.

In passing from Leyden, his career and character, we would only add that, while his powers in the one department of languages were as solidly wonderful as they appeared to be bril-



liant, there is much in his whole temperament and bearing in India, as well as in his premature fate, to excite our sympathy and call forth our imitation. While we would never hold, with some, that great genius and unusual powers are a sufficient apology for manners that are eccentric, we cannot see in Leyden much that we would willingly have done without. Eccentric he was but never ungentlemanly or rude, never immoral or unkind; his was the eccentricity of enthusiastic zeal, deep sympathy with certain persons and pursuits, unthinking simplicity of character, and open frankness of soul. We would point the young, as they land on the shores of India, to those features of character which gained for Leyden the reputation that he enjoys—to his grand energy, to his indomitable will, to his obstinacy in the path of right, to his unswerving independence and invincible consistency, to his perseverance which conquered sickness and discomfort and apathy and disgust, and would urge them to pursue the same path and cultivate the same virtues. Nay, we would ask them to set before themselves a higher ideal than even he, and to judge rather of what he might have been, had such a disposition and such powers as his been devoted to still higher ends, and inspired by a still higher spirit. But in his sphere, he did God's work; he took his place in the front rank of civilisation, and manfully fought, immortal till his work was done. Let us believe that the day is not far distant, when those glorious islands, which, with his buried body, he seems still to claim as the heritage of a higher civilisation than they now enjoy, shall be the entrepôt of the commerce of three continents, and when, united under the sway of a people who fear God and respect the rights of humanity, they shall become a "garden of the Lord."
